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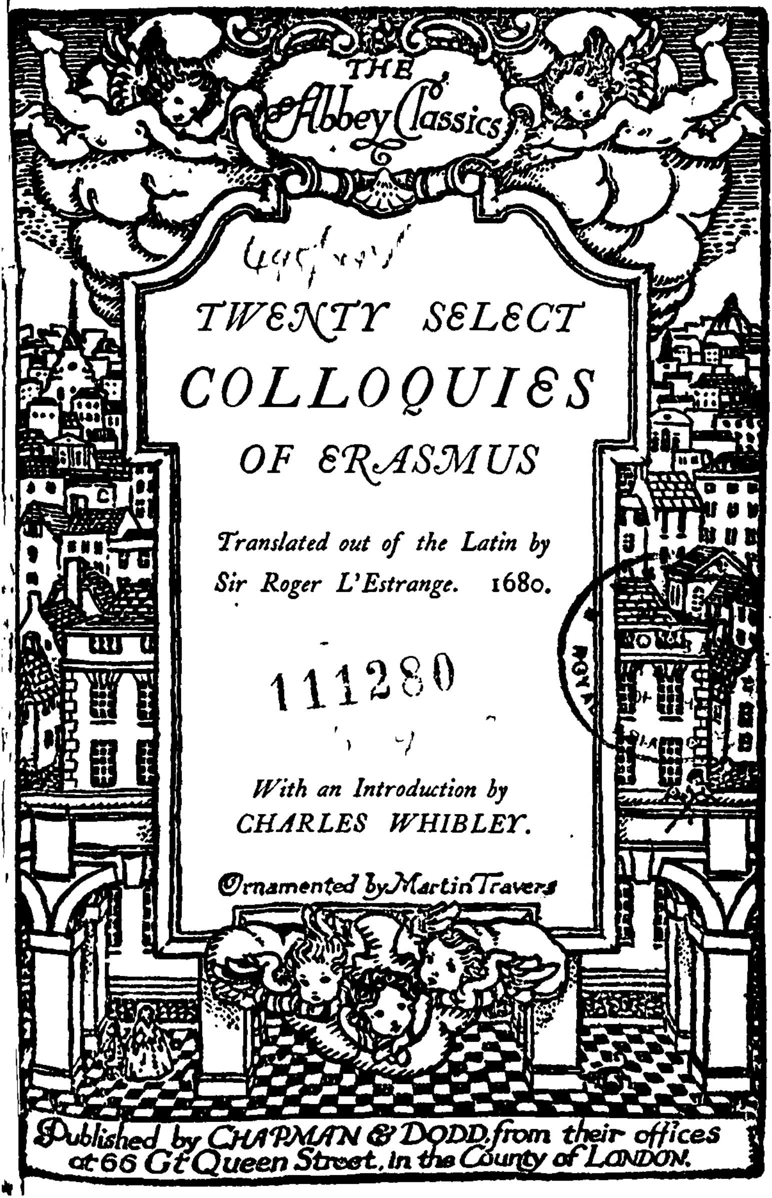
THE ABBEY CLASSICS—XVII

ERASMUS
TWENTY SELECT COLLOQUIES



THE
Abbey Classics

TWENTY SELECT
COLLOQUIES
OF ERASMUS

Translated out of the Latin by
Sir Roger L'Estrange. 1680.

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With an Introduction by
CHARLES WHIBLEY.

Ornamented by Martin Travers

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

ERASMUS, DESIDERIUS (GerritG erritsoon), illegitimate son of Gerrit Elias, *b.* Rotterdam, 1466. *Ed.* Deventer, Stein (where he took priest's orders) and Paris. His life was spent at various of the European seats of learning, chiefly in England and at Padua, Basle, Louvain and Freiburg. Though the chief of the New Learning, and inimical to the Sorbonne, the stronghold of ecclesiastical teaching, he was attacked by the Lutherans for his refusal to throw in his lot with their leader, an attitude due to his intense dislike of any form of fanaticism. It was not until late in life that he was openly acnokwledged the leader of scholarship in Europe. He died at Basle in 1536. His chief works, in addition to his *Letters*, are *Enchiridion Militis Christiani*, *Encomium Moriae*, *Colloquia*, together with his editions of *The New Testament* and the *Works of St. Jerome.*

L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER (1616-1704). *Ed.* Cambridge. During his early life he was a strong Royalist adherent, and was imprisoned by the Parliamentary party from 1644-1648. Thereafter further Royalist intrigues led to his flight to Holland. He returned to England in 1653, and was for many years an agent of Charles II as well as a strong pro-monarchy pamphleteer. After the Restoration (1663), the King appointed him surveyor and licenser of the printing presses. He also founded several news-sheets, *The Intelligencer*, *The News*, and *The City Mercury*. He became M.P. for Winchester in 1685, and was in the same year knighted. He was deprived of office in 1689, and underwent several terms of imprisonment between this date and 1696. In addition to many pamphlets, his works include translations of *Quevedo's Visions* (1667), *Aesop's Fables* (1692) and *Josephus' Histories* (1702).

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INTRODUCTION

When Sir Roger L'Estrange sat him down to translate the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, he was not persuaded to his task merely by a love of letters. He made his choice of a subject, he tells his readers, for his own sake, and not theirs. "The Fanatiques," says he, "will have me to be a Favourer of the Plot, or (as all Episcopal men are accounted now a days) a Papist in Masquerade." And true it was that all wise men moved warily in the dark hour of the Plot. Nobody was safe from the attacks of Oates and Bedloe. A half-understood danger seemed to threaten all those who touched the bitter controversy. The fear bred of ignorance and suspicion was universal, and never was it more clearly proved than in 1678 and the years that followed what agitation and false witness might achieve. There were no limits which the credulity of a panic-stricken people did not reach. Every fire which flared in London, even the Great Fire itself, was ascribed to the direct and personal malice of the Pope. "Milton was a known frequenter of a Popish Club," said Titus Oates; "Lambert a Papist of thirty years standing." Cromwell himself was in league with the Jesuits, who, having set on foot the Great Rebellion, were active in 1650 with the Presbyterians of Scotland to the undoing of Charles II. In this gallimaufry of lying and superstition, what honest man would not take fright?

Even the stalwart heart of Roger L'Estrange failed him. Although he could not restrain his hand from the controversy, he abated his ferocity before the terror of Oates, whom he treated with an unaccustomed courtesy, and assumed a tone of moderation and uncertainty, strange in one so deeply "Plot-learned" as he. He confessed that the future was dim in his eyes. "They fear, they wish, they love, they hate, they know not what," he had written forty years before, and truthfully he repeated it; "and yet against this terrible nothing, shall they engage their lives and fortunes as zealously as if their souls were at stake, and as ridiculously as if they fancied these same innovations to be an army of flying dragons and the Pope leading them on a hobby horse." And if the future was hidden from him, he knew well enough that he was a marked man. He loved not the word "Protestant." He preferred to call himself a "reformed Catholique," because he took "the Catholique to be the ancienter family of the two." He had been bold enough to say that he had known Catholics who kept their faith, and whose word might be trusted. It is not wonderful, then, that to Oates' blurred vision he was, after the Duke of York, the bitterest enemy of mankind. When the Pope was burnt in effigy, his image, with the infamous Mrs. Cellier at his side, was dragged in a car to Smithfield, as a warning to all disbelievers in the Plot.

So loud became the clamour against him, that he at last found refuge in flight—a rare act of pusillanimity (or prudence) in a long and bold career. He also protected himself after his own fashion. He wrote many an eloquent pamphlet in terms as brave as the prevailing terror would permit, and he set in a second line of defence his version of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus. He was not of those who write without a purpose. If he looked back to the past, he kept his eyes fixed resolutely upon the present. Therefore, he turned the scorn and irony of Erasmus to the useful purpose of proving himself no favourer of the Papists. If the fanatics declared that he favoured the Plot, the other side denounced him for a fanatic. "So that," in his own words, "with Erasmus himself he is crush'd betwixt the Two Extremes. Upon the sense of These Unkindnesses, he has now made English of These Colloquies, as an Apology on the One hand, and a Revenge, on the Other."

Roger L'Estrange (or R.L.S. as he liked to call himself) could have chosen no better author to translate, in justification of himself, than Erasmus, and no better book than the *Colloquies*. Not that there is any close resemblance between the two men, but that L'Estrange, a lifelong lover of exchanging blows, held himself for the moment, what Erasmus never ceased to be, an enemy of fanaticism. Of the heavy weapons, which served L'Estrange for the combat, Erasmus knew nothing. The most that can be said of him is that he forged the weapons, which others put to a use, of which he disapproved. He was a student, a man of ease and of the world, not a fighter, and though he would not suppress his opinions, he had no intention to go to the stake for them. He could not in any circumstances have grown into a pamphleteer. He preferred reason to passion; he put the growth of wisdom before violence. He stayed always within the limits of the Church; he never wavered in his allegiance to Rome; and while he held himself free to criticize whatever abuses he observed, he had no desire to destroy the system in which he had been brought up. He was one who loved learning for its own sake, a quiet scholar, who left his study, not to engage in battle, but to indulge in the love of travel, which never left him. Above all, he disliked the noisy disputes of the theologians. "Luther is no more to me," said he, "than any stranger he might meet; and as for the man's books, I have not had time to turn over more than one or two pages. And yet it is pretended—so I am told—that he had my help in his work."

L'Estrange, then, did not in tranquil times look upon life from Erasmus' point of view. He was, in his essence, a man of the market place. If he was a student, and he was in his hours, it was from a harsh necessity. Thus the sympathy of the two was complete only in a reluctance to die for an opinion. When More and Fisher went to the scaffold for a tenaciously held belief, Erasmus not only deplored the death of his friends from a full heart; he was seized by a kind of anger that men so good as they should die for so poor a hazard. And L'Estrange, you may be sure, though he would gladly have driven Oates and his gang to prison or to death, was not prepared to die himself, or to invite his friends to die for the mere exposure of an invented plot. If he had an imperfect sympathy with the love of quiet sense which shaped the mind of Erasmus, he found in the *Colloquies* the best book in the world to serve as an apology and a revenge. It is at once out-spoken and amusing. It castigates especially the follies of those who make a pretence of religion; it ridicules superstition, and it tears the mask from those who use piety as a cloak for lust and covetousness. No wonder that L'Estrange thought that the mere Englishing of such a book would absolve him from the unjust suspicion that he was something worse than a "reformed Catholique."

Erasmus himself, when he wrote his *Colloquies*, was intent to prove nothing. His purpose was to make a work of wit and humour, a work which would give full play at once to his irony and his sense of style. He wrote them at his leisure and with the greatest care. They were destined not only to entertain the reader, but to show with what ease and familiarity the Latin language could be written. The first news we have of them is in a letter written to Butt in 1500, a letter in which he speaks of "some every-day phrases, which we use in accosting each other and at table." He promises that Butt shall see them, and then a year later asks for their return. "Send all my things as soon as you have the means of doing so," says he, "and also all my Dialogues, in case I should like to complete them." Complete them he did, and some twenty years later they were given to the world. They were translated into all tongues, and read by thousands everywhere. So great was the demand for them that once upon a time, when the Sorbonne threatened to condemn them, a French publisher hastened to print 24,000 of them. And well did they deserve their popularity. With the letters to aid, they give us a vivid picture of Erasmus' intimate life. If only he had written a living language, these two works —the *Letters* and the *Colloquies*—he might have inaugurated a new literature; he might have taught future ages to say all things in a new tongue. Even in Latin they keep their freshness, as few works of their time may be said to do.

For into the *Colloquies* he put the results of long and various experience. He shows us not only what manner of man he was, but also reveals those whom he saw and the places which he visited in his journey through the world. There is Aldrich, whom he meets at the Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and Warham, whom the Cathedral of Canterbury calls to his mind: a man whom "you would take for Humanity itself, if you knew him," as L'Estrange renders it, "a person of that exquisite Learning, that Candour of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplisht Prelate." So he describes his journeys by sea and land. In *The Shipwrack* he tells you again how bitterly he hates the sea, as he has already told you in one of his letters, where he deplores that Holland is not joined to England by a bridge, "so much does he detest that frightful Channel, and the seamen more frightful still." Nor does he forget when he is at Canterbury the rapacious exaction of Empson and Dudley, who even more than the rough sea persuaded him to call the white cliffs of Dover *infames scopuli*, "a coast so infamous for cheats and piracies, that I had rather run the hazard of the worst of Rocks, or Flats, than of that people."

With a light hand he paints the life of the roads and cities, praising the hospitality of France, especially of Lyons, and deploring the rough discomfort of Germany. He wonders that people can be persuaded to leave Lyons at all. "'Tis the very place where the Sirens charm'd Ulysses and his Mates; or 'tis at least the moral of that fable. When a man is there at his Inn he's as well as if he were at his own house." In works of art he professes little interest. When he describes a visit to Kent, "that part of England that looks towards France and England," and sings the praise of St. Thomas's Church "so beautiful that it puts Religion into a man's thoughts as far as he can see it," it is not the beauty of the architecture that engrosses him, but "the bulk of the structure," and the curiosity of the treasure and the relics. In the Colloquy which he calls *Convivium Religiosum* (*The Religious Treat* in L'Estrange's English), he tells us that he saw a Cloister of Carthusians not far from Pavia, the famous Certosa, and he regards it merely as a needless encumbrance "The Chappel, within, and without," he says, "is White Marble, from the top to the bottom; the Altars, Pillars, Tombs in it . . . are all marble." He has no word to say of its exquisite workmanship. He is content to ask: "to what end was this vast expense upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary Monks to sing in?" In his eyes it was more burden than use, for it merely attracted strangers, who are a constant trouble to the Monks. The builders, he thought, were moved rather by ambition than charity, and he would, if he could, have hammered it into the heads of "those thick skull'd

Courtiers and Merchants" that they would be better employed if they bestowed their liberality upon the relief of the poor.

If he were indifferent to the masterpieces of human skill, he had a keen eye, as I have said, for the monks and soldiers whom he met by the way, and whom he included in a common dislike. And it is upon the strolling Franciscans and the idle pilgrims, upon all those, in brief, whom Erasmus believed to bring discredit on the Church, that L'Estrange gladly fastened his attention. Nor did the satire of Erasmus lose anything in L'Estrange's Englishing of it. Keeping his purpose in view, which was to outwit the "Fanatiques," L'Estrange put the question, so to say, in every page: "Am I not giving a faithful account of the Papists?" Surely a man could no longer be suspected of sympathy with Rome who called the Virgin "a lone body" (*Sola et mulier et virgo* it is in the Latin of Erasmus). And thus he made Erasmus speak for him with a ready familiarity. Nor did any pedantry about the duties of a translator stand in his way. He was resolute that whatever he Englished should pass through his brain, and come out, not only translated, but transformed. He had a short way with his original, whether it was Seneca or Erasmus, Æsop or Quevedo. Each original was bidden to speak the English tongue after the tone and manner of L'Estrange himself. He was bidden to change not only his speech, but his age. When L'Estrange was done with Erasmus, not a trace is left in the book either of Rotterdam or the sixteenth century. We feel that we are in London and curious, like all L'Estrange's contemporaries, about the Popish Plot.

And this may be said for the method of Roger L'Estrange, that, if it suppresses the style and temper of the author, it conceals with a laudable completeness all trace of workmanship. L'Estrange, in brief, followed the practice of his time, and with a greater success than the others could compass. To translate was not so much his object as to compose a fresh work upon an old theme. He was one of a band who acknowledged Dryden for their master, who gladly accepted the precepts of that great man. Now, "the qualification of a Translator worth reading," said Dryden, "must be the mastery of the language he translates out of, and that he translates into, but if a Deficience be allowed in either side it is in the Original." If L'Estrange were deficient in Greek, he was perfectly at his ease with Latin and with French, and his mastery of his own language is undisputed. Willingly also he acknowledges the force of Dryden's second good counsel. "A Translator," wrote the model of them all, "that would write with the force and spirit of an Original, must never dwell on the words of an author." It is just because L'Estrange never dwelt upon words that the force and spirit of an Original never deserted him.

Though he yielded not a jot to a pedant's respect for words, he was restrained from the excesses which marred the works of some of his contemporaries, by the taste of a gentleman. For L'Estrange was a gentleman as well as a scholar, a gentleman in blood and feeling, whom the rough and tumble of controversy had made neither coarse nor careless. The difference between him and Tom Brown, for instance, is that while he bade the authors of his choice inhabit the London of his day, Tom Brown drove them all into his favourite tavern and taught them to patter the flash of the place. When L'Estrange turned *fortassis* into "forty to one," or renders *orationem vere nauticam* by "spoken like a true Terpawlin," he makes his author willingly and cheerfully free of our speech. He could not compete in inapposite vulgarity with the translator of Cervantes, whose Tolosa masquerades as Betty, "the daughter of a cobbler in

Southwark." Compare with L'Estrange's version of the *Colloquies*, the colloquies which Tom Brown presently added to a later edition, or the *Don Quixote* turned into the slang of the gutter by John Phillips, the nephew of Milton, and you will recognise at once the superiority of L'Estrange. For not only was L'Estrange a man of taste, he was the master of a style, at once flexible and harmonious, a style which years of assiduous writing had made the ready servant of his will. So nicely had he trained himself that he could find in an instant the right words to express his own or another's thought; and while we keep him gladly in remembrance as a man of good taste and sound policy, we respect him most highly because the vigour and energy of his writings, sustained until he was past eighty years of age, have given him a firm and honourable place in the history of our prose.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

TWENTY

Select Colloquies

OUT OF

ERASMUS ROTERODAMUS

Pleasantly Representing

Several Superstitious Levities

That were crept into the

Church of Rome

In His Days.

Made English

By RO. L'ESTRANGE.

——*Utile Dulci.*

LONDON
Printed by *Tho. Newcomb*, for *Henry Brome* at
the Gun in St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1680.

TO THE READER

You will find in these Colloquies that the Church of Rome stood in great need of Reforming; even in the Judgement of Erasmus himself, who was an Eminent Member of That Communion. You will find Reason also (from the Candour and Moderation of our Learned Author) to distinguish betwixt the Romish Doctors themselves; and not to involve All Papists under the same Condemnation. You will perhaps find matter of Diversion enough besides, to mollifie the Evil Spirit, and to turn some Part of the rage and Bitterness that is now in course, into Pitty, and Laughter.

Now when you shall have found all This, in the Dialogues Themselves, you have no Obligation yet for any part of it to the translatour; who made Choice of this Piece, and of this Subject; for his Own Sake, and not for Yours. The Fanatiques will have him to be a Favourer of the Plot, or (as all Episcopal men are accounted now adays) a Papist in Masquerade. The Author of the Compendium of the late Tryals, takes him for a Fanatique: so that with Erasmus himself, he is crush'd betwixt the Two Extremes. Upon the sense of these Unkindnesses, he has now made English of These Colloquies, as an Apology on the One hand, and a Revenge, on the Other.

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I: *THE SHIPWRACK*

The Description of a Tempest. The Religious Humour of People in Distress. The Superstitious Practice of Worshipping Saints Censur'd, and Condemn'd. Adoration belongs to God alone.

ANTONIUS, ADOLPHUS

AN. A Most dreadful Story! Well! If this be sailing, I hope I shall have the Grace to keep my self upon dry Ground. AD. Why? all this is no more than Dancing, to what's to come. AN. And yet I have e'en my Belly full on't already. You have put me into such a Trembling, that methinks I'm in the Storm my self upon the very Hearing of it. AD. But yet when the Danger's over, I'm e'en well enough content to think on't. There was one Passage, I remember, that put the Pilate almost to his Wits end. AN. What was that I pray? AD. The night was not very Dark, and one of the Mariners was gotten into the Skuttle, (I think that is the name on't) at the Main-mast-Top, to see if he could make any Land: there drew near him a certain Ball of Fire; which is the worst Sign in the World at Sea, if it be Single, as, if Double, 'tis the contrary. These two Fires, were called by the Antients, Caster and Pollux. AN. What had they to do a Ship-board I wonder, when the one was a Horseman, and the other a Wrestler? AD. That's as it pleased the Poets. But the Steeresman calls out to him? Marc, says he, (the Sea-term) don't you see what a companion you have gotten beside you there? I do, says he, God send us good luck aster't. By and by, the Ball glides down the Ropes, and fowls over and over close to the Pilate. AN. And was not he frighted out of his Wits almost? AD. Sailors are us'd to terrible Sights. It stopt a little there, and then passed on by the side of the vessel, till at last it slipt through the Hatches, and so vanish'd. Toward noon, the Tempest encreas'd. Did you ever see the Alps? AN. Yes I have. AD. These Mountains are no more than Warts to the Billows of a Raging Sea. One while we were tost up, that a man might have toucht the Moon with his Finger, and, then down again, that it lookt as if the Earth had open'd to take us directly into Hell. AN. What a madness is it for a man to expose himself to these hazards? AD. When they saw that there was no contending with the Storm, in comes the Pilate, as Pale as Death. AN. There was no good towards then, I fear. AD. Gentlemen, says he, I am no longer Master of my ship, the Wind has got the better of me, and all we have now to do is to call upon God, and fit our selves for Death. AN. Marry, a cold comfort! AD. But first, says he, we must lighten the Ship, for there's no strugling with Necessity; we had better try if we can save our selves with the loss of our Goods, than to loose both together. The Proposition was found Reasonable, and a great deal of Rich Merchandize was cast overboard. An. This was casting away according to the Letter. Ad. There was in the company a certain Italian, that had been upon an Embassie to the King of Gotland, and had abundance of Plate, Rings, Diapers, and rich wearing Cloaths aboard. An. And he, I warrant you, was loth to come to a Composition with the Sea. Ad. No, not altogether so neither; but he declar'd that he would never part with his beloved goods, and that they would either Sink or Swim together. An. And what said the Pilate to this? Ad. If you and your Trinketts were to Drown by yourselves, says he, here's no body would hinder you; but never imagine that we'll endanger our lives for your Boxes; If you are resolv'd not to part, we'll throw ye over-board together. An. Spoken like a true Terpawlin. An. So the Italian submitted at length, but with many a bitter curse, upward and downward, for committing his life to so boysterous an Element. An. I am no stranger. to the Italian humour. Ad. The Winds were not one jot the better for the Presents we had made them, but soon after they tore our Cordage, threw down our Sails. An. Oh Lamentable! Ad. And then the Man comes to us again. An. With another Preachment, I hope. Ad. He gives us a Salute, and bids us fall to our Prayers, and prepare our selves for another World, for our time, says he, is at hand. One of the Passengers askt him how many hours he thought the vessel might be kept above Water. His Answer was, that he could promise nothing at all, but that three hours was the utmost. An. This was yet a harder Chapter than the other. Ad. Upon these words he cryes immediately, Cut the Shrouds; down with the mast by the board, and away with them Sails and all into the Sea. AN. But why so? AD. Because now they were only a cumber to the Ship, and of no use at all; for we had nothing to trust to but the Helm. AN. What became of the Passengers in the mean time? AD. Never so wretched a face of things! The Seamen they were at their Salve Regina; Imploring the Virgin-Mother; calling her the Star of the Sea; the Lady of the World; the Haven of Health; with abundance of other fine Titles that we hear no news of in the Scripture. AN. What has she to do with the Sea, that never was upon it? AD. In times past, Pagans gave Venus, that was born of the Sea, the Charge of Seafaring-men: and since she look'd no better after them, the Christians will have a Virgin—Prisedent to succeed her that was none. AN. You are merry. AD. Some were lying at their length, upon the boards Adoring the Sea, throwing Oyl into it, and flattering it, as if it had been some Incensed Prince. AN. Why? What did they say? AD. O most Merciful, Generous, Opulent, and most Beautiful Sea; Save us; be Gracious to us; and a deal of such stuff did they offer to the deaf Ocean. AN. Most ridiculous Superstition! But what did the rest? AD. Some were Spewing, Some were Praying, I remember there was an English man there; What Golden Mountains did he promise to our Lady of Walsingham, if ever he got safe ashore again? One made a vow to a Relique of the Cross in one place; a second, to a Relique of it in another; and so they did to all the Virgin Maries up and down, and they think it goes for nothing if they do not name the Place too. AN. Childish! as if the Saints did not all dwell in Heaven? AD. And some promise to turn Carthusians. There was one among the rest that Vow'd a Pilgrimage, bare-foot and bare-head to St. James of Compostella in a coat of Male, and begging his bread all the way. An. Did no body think of St. Christopher? Ad. I could not but laugh at one fellow there, that Vow'd to St. Christopher in the great Church at Paris, as loud as ever he could baul (that he might be sure to be heard) a Wax Candle as big as himself. (Now you must know that the Paris St. Christopher is rather a mountain than a Statue) he was so loud, and went over and over with it so often, that a Friend of his gave him a touch upon the elbow. Have a care what you Promise, says he, for if you should sell your self to your shirt, you are not able to purchase such a Candle. Hold your tongue you fool (says t'other, softly, for fear St. Christopher should hear him;) These are but words of course; Let me set foot a Land once, and he has good luck if he get so much as a Tallow-Candle of me. An. I fancy this blockhead was a Hollander. Ad. No, no, he was a Zealander. An. I wonder no body thought of St. Paul; for he has been at sea you know, and suffer'd Shipwreck, and then leapt ashore; and he understood better than other people what it was to be in that condition. Ad. He was not so much as nam'd. An. But did they Pray all this while? Ad. As if it had been for a Wager. One was at his Hail Queen; another at his I believe in God; and some had their particular Prayers against Dangers, like Charms for Agues. An. How Religious does Affliction make a Man! In Prosperity we think of neither God, nor Saint. But which of the Saints did you Pray to yourself? Ad. None of 'em all, I assure you. An. Why so, I beseech ye? Ad. I don't like your way of conditioning, and contracting with the Saints. Do this, and I'll do that: Here's one for t'other; Save me, and I'll give you a Taper, or go Pilgrimage. AN. But did you call upon none of the Saints for Help? AD. No, not so much as that neither. AN. And why did you not? AD. Because Heaven is large, ye know: As put the case, I should recommend my self to St. Peter; (as he is likeliest to hear, because he stands at the Door) before he can come to God Almighty, and tell him my condition, I may be fifty Fathom under Water. AN. What did you do then? AD. I e'en went the next way to God himself, and said my Pater Noster; the Saints neither Hear so readily, nor give so willingly. AN. But did not your conscience check you? Were you not afraid to call him Father, whom you had so often offended? AD. To deal freely with you, I was a little fearful at first; but upon recollection, I thought thus with myself, Let a Father be never so angry with a Son, yet if he sees him fall into a river, he will take him up, though't be by the hair of the Head, and lay him upon the Bank. The quietest creature in the whole Company, was a Woman there, with a Child at her Breast. AN. Why, what of her? AD. She neither Clamour'd nor Cry'd, nor Promis'd, but hugging of the poor infant, prayed softly to her self. By this time the Ship struck, and they were fain to bind her fore and aft with Cables for fear she should fall to pieces. AN. That was e'en a sad shift. AD. Upon this, upstarts an old Priest, of about threescore, (his name was Adam) strips himself to his shirt, throws away his Boots, and Shooes, and bids us provide to Swim; and so standing in the middle of the Ship, he Preached to us out of Gerson, upon the Five Truths of the Benefits of Confession, and so exhorts every man to prepare himself, either for Life, or Death; There was a Dominican there too; and they confest, that they had a mind to't. AN. And what did you? AD. I saw everything was in a hurry, and so I confest my self privately to God, condemning my own Iniquity, and Imploring his Mercy. AN. And whither had you gone do you think if you had miscarry'd? AD. I e'en left that to God; for he is to Judge me, and not I my'self: and yet I was not without comfortable hope; neither. While this past, the Steersman comes to us again, all in Tears, Prepare your selves good people, says he, for ye have not one quarter of an hour to live; the ship leaks from one end to t'other. Presently after this, he tells us that he has made a high Tower, and urges us by all means to call for help, to what Saint soever it was, that had the protection of that Temple, and so they all fell down and worshipped that unknown Power. AN. If you had known the Saints name, 'tis forty to one your Prayers would have been heard. AD. But that we did not know. The Pilate however Steers his torn and leaky Vessel toward that place, as well as he could, and if the ship had not been well girt, she had without more ado, fallen directly one piece from another. AN. A miserable case. AD. We were now come so near the Shore, that the Inhabitants took notice of our distress, and came down in throngs to the Sea-side, making Signs, by spreading their cloaks, and holding up their hats upon Poles, that they would have us put in there, giving us likewise to understand by casting their Arms into the Air, how much they pitied our Misfortune. AN. I would fain know what follow'd. AD. The vessel was now come to that pass, that we had almost as good have been in the Sea, as in the Ship. AN. You were hard put to't, I perceive that. AD.

Wretchedly. They empty the Ship-Boat, and into the Sea with it: everybody presses to get in, and the Mariners cry out they'll sink the vessel, and that they had better every one shift for himself, and swim for't. There was no time now for consultation; one takes an Oar, another a Pile, a Plank, a Tub, or what was next hand, and so they committed themselves to the Billows. AN. But what became now of the Patient Woman? AD. She was the first that got ashore. AN. How could that be? AD. We set her upon a Rib of the Ship, and then ty'd her to't, so that she could hardly be wash'd off, with a Board in her hand that served her for an Oar; we cleared her of the Vessel, which was the greatest danger, and so setting her afloat, we gave her our blessing. She had her child in her left hand, and Row'd with her Right. AN. What a Virago was that? AD. When there was nothing else left, one of the Company tore away a Wooden-Image of the Mother-Virgin (an old rat-eaten Piece) he took it in his Arms, and try'd to Swim upon't. AN. But did the Boat get safe to land? AD. No, that was lost at first with thirty men in't. AN. How came that about? AD. The wallowing of the great Ship overturn'd it, before it could put off. AN. What pity 'twas! and how then? AD. Truly I took so much care for other people, that I was near drowning my self. AN. How came that? AD. Because I staid till I could find nothing to help my self withal. AN. A good provision of cork would have been worth money then. AN. I had rather have had it, than a better thing. But looking about me I bethought my self in good time of the stump of the Mast; and because I could not get it off alone, I took a partner to assist me; we both plac'd our selves upon it, and put to sea, I held the right corner, and my companion the left. While we lay tumbling and tossing, the Sea-Priest I told you of, squabs himself down directly upon our Shoulders, it was a fat heavy fellow, and we both of us cry'd out what have we here, this third man will drown us all; but the Priest on the other side, very temperately bad us pluck up our hearts, for by the Grace of God we had room enough. AN. How came he to be so late? AD. Nay he was to have been in the boat with the Dominican; for they all had a great respect for him: but though they had confest themselves in the Ship, yet leaving I know not what Circumstances, they Confess over again, and one lays his hand upon the other; in which interim, the Boat is overturn'd; and this I had from Adam himself. AN. Pray what became of the Dominican? AD. Adam told me further of him, that having called upon his Saints, and stript himself naked, he leapt into the Water. AN. What Saints did he call upon? AD. Dominicus, Thomas, Vincentius, and one of the Peters, but I know not which: his great Confidant was Catharina Senesis? AN. Did he say nothing of Christ? AD. Not a word, as the Priest told me. AN. He might have done better if he had not thrown off his Coul; for when that was gone, how should St. Catherin know him? But go forward with your own Story. AD. While we were yet rowling, and beating near the Ship, and at the Mercy of the Waves, by great misfortune the Thigh of my Left-hand-man was broken with a nail, that made him lose his Hold; the Priest gave him his Benediction, and came into his place, encouraging me to maintain my post resolutely, and to keep my legs still going. In the mean while we had our Bellies full of Salt-water for Neptune provided us a

Potion, as well as a Bath, though the Priest shew'd him a Trick for't. AN. What was that I prithee? AD. Why he turn'd his head upon every Billow, and stopt his Mouth. AN. It was a brave old fellow it seems. AD. When we had been a while, adrift, and made some advance, Chear up, says the Priest, (who was a very tall man) for I feel ground. No, no, said I, we are too far off yet from the Shoar (and I durst not so much as hope for such a Blessing). I tell you again, says he, my feet are at the Ground, and I would needs persuade him that it was rather some part of the Wreck that was driven on by the Current. I tell you once again, says he, that I am just now scratching of the bottom with my Toes. When we had floated a little longer, and that he felt ground again, Do you what you please, says he, but for my part, I'll leave you the whole Mast, and wade for't; and so he took his opportunity, still to follow the Wave, and as another Billow came on, he would catch hold of his knees, and set him self firm against it, one while up and another while down, like a Didapper. Finding that this succeeded so well with him, I follow'd his example. There stood upon the Shoar several men with long pikes, which were handed from one another, and kept them firm against the force of the Waves; they were strong body's men, and us'd to the Sea; and he that was last, held out his Pike to the next comer; he lays hold of it, and so they retire and draw him ashore; There were some preserv'd this way. AN. How many? AD. Seven; but two of them dy'd when they were brought to the Fire. AN. How many were there of them in the Ship? AD. Eight and fifty. AN. Methinks the Tithe might have serv'd the Sea as well as it does the Priest. So few to escape out of so great a number! AD. The people, however, we found to be of wonderful Humanity; for they supplied us with Lodging, Fire, Meat, Cloaths, Money, with exceeding cheerfulness. AN. What are the People? AD. Hollanders. AN. Oh they are much more humane—and charitable than their Neighbors. But what do you think now of another Adventure at Sea? AD. No more, I do assure you, so long as I keep in my right Wits. AN. And truly I my self had rather Hear these Stories, then Feel them.

II: THE RELIGIOUS PILGRAMAGE

The vanity of Pretended Religious Pilgrimages. The Virgin-Mothers Epistle to Glaucoplutus, complaining of the Decay of Devotion toward the Saints. The History of the Canterbury Monastries; and the Inestimable Riches of the Church; with a Reproof of the Superstition, Magnificence, and Excesses of the Times. The Temple of Thomas Becket; his Monument, Reliques, and Miracles; With a pleasant Story of a Purchase of our Ladies Milk at Constantinople; notably setting forth the Practices and corruptions of that age.

MENEDEMUS, OGYGIUS

ME. What have we here? The resurrection of a Body that has been six months in the Grave! 'Tis the very man. Wellcome Ogygius. OG. And well met Menedemus. ME. From what quarter of the World art thou come? For we have all given thee for dead here, this many a day. OG. And God be thanked I have been as well since I saw thee last, as ever I was in my life. ME. May'st thou long live to confute such Stories. But what's the meaning of this Dress I prithee? these Shells, Images, Straw-works, Snakes Eggs for Bracelets. Og. Oh! you must know that I have been upon a Visit to St. James of Compostella; and after that, to the famous Lady on t'other side the water, in England, (which in truth was a Re-visit, for I had seen her three years before). Me. For Curiosity, I suppose. Og. Nay upon the very score of Religion. Me. You're beholding to the Greeks I presume, for that Religion. Og. My Wives Mother, let one tell you, bound her self with a Vow, that if her Daughter should be deliver'd of a live Male child, her Son-in-Law should go to St. James in person, and thank him for't. Me. And did you salute the Saint, only in your own, and your Mother-in-Laws Name? Og. No, Pardon me, in the Name of the whole Family. Me. Truly I am persuaded, that your Family would have done every jot as well if you had sav'd your Complement. But pray tell me what Answer had you? Og. Not a syllable; but upon the Tendering of my Present, he seem'd to smile, and gave me a gentle Nod; with this same Scallop-Shell. Me. But why that Shell rather than anything else? Og. Because there's great Plenty of these Shells upon that Coast. Me. A most gracious Saint, in the way both of Midwifery and Hospitality! But this is a strange way of Vowing; for one that does nothing himself, to make a vow that another man shall work. Put the case, that you should tie up yourself by a Vow to your Saint, that if you succeeded in such or such an affair, I should Fast twice a week for so many months. Do you believe that I would Pinch my guts to make good your Vow? Og. No, I do not believe you would: No, not if you had made the Vow in your

Name; for you would have found some Trick or other to have droll'd it off. But you must consider that there was a Mother-in-Law, and somewhat of duty in the case; and Woman are passionate you know; and I had an interest at stake. ME. But what if you had not perform'd this Vow now? What risque had you run? OG. There would have lyen no Action of the Case; but yet the Saint I must confess might have stopt his ears some other time, or brought some sly mischief into my family; (as people in power, you know, are Revengeful). ME. Prithee tell me. How is the good man in Health? honest James, what does he do? OG. Why truly, matters are come to an ill pass with him, to what they were formerly. ME. He's grown Old. OG. Leave your Fooling, as if you did not know that Saints never grow old. No, no, 'tis long of this new Opinion that is come to be so rife now in the World, that he is so little Visited; and those that do come, give him only a bare salute, and little or nothing else; they can bestow their Money to better purpose (they say) upon those that want it. ME. An impious Opinion! OG. And this is the reason that this great Apostle, that was wont to be cover'd with Gold, and Jewels, is now brought to the very Block he was made of; and hardly so much as a Tallow Candle to do him Honour. ME. If this be true, who knows but in time, people may run down the rest of the Saints too? OG. Nay, I can assure you, there goes a strange Letter about from the Virgin-Mary her self, that looks untowardly that way. ME. Which Mary do you mean? OG. She that is called Maria à lapide. ME. Up toward Basil, if I be not mistaken. Og. The very same. ME. A very Stony Saint! But to whom did she write it? OG. The letter tells you the Name too. Me. By whom was it sent? Og. By an Angel undoubtedly; and found in the Pulpit where he Preached to whom it was written. And to put the matter out of all Doubt, I could shew you the very Original. Me. But how do you know the Hand of the Angel that is the Virgin Secretary? Og. Well enough. Me. But how will you be able to prove it? Og. I have compar'd it with Bede's Epitaph, that was Engraven by the same Angel, and I find them to be perfectly one and the same writing: And I have read the Angel's Discharge to St. Ægidius for Charles the Great; they agree to a Title.* And is not this a sufficient proof? Me. May a body see't a little? Og. You may, if you'll damn your self to the Pit of Hell that you'll never speak on't. Me. 'Tis as safe as if you discover'd it to a Stone. Og. But there are some Stones that a body would not trust. Me. Speak it to a mute then. Og. Upon that condition I'll tell you; but prick up both your ears. Me. Begin Then.

Og. *MARY, the Mother of Jesus, to Glaucoplutus, Greeting. These are to give you to understand, that we take in good part your strenuous Endeavours (as a true Disciple of Luther) to Convince the World of the Vanity and Needlessness of Invocating Saints: For I was e'en wearied out of my Life with Importunities, Petitions, and Complaints. Every body comes to me; as if my Son were to be always a Child, because he is Painted so; And because they see him at my Breast still, they take for granted, that he dares deny me nothing that I ask him, for fear that, when he has a mind to't, I should deny him the Bubby.*

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* The Story goes that Charles the Great, being in a fit of Desperation, St. Giles obtained from an Angel a Pardon for him in these Words, Ægidũmerito caroliPecata remitto.

Nay, and their requests are sometimes so extravagant, that I am asham'd to mention them; and that which a young Fellow (not wholly abandon'd to his Lusts) would hardly ask of a Bawd, they have the face to desire from a Virgin. The Merchant when he is to make a long Voyage, desires me to take Care of his Concubine. The Professed Nun, when she is to make her escape, recommends to me the care of her Reputation, when at the same time she's resolv'd to turn Prostitute. The Soldier marches to a Butchery, and Slaughter, with these words in his Mouth, Blessed Virgin, put into my hands a Fat Prisoner, or a Rich Plunder. The Gamester Prays to me for a good hand at Dice, and Promises me a Snip with him in the Profit of the Cheat: and if he has but an ill run, how am I curs'd, and Raill'd at? because I would not be a confederate in his Wickedness. The Usurer Prays for Ten in the Hundred; and I am no longer the Mother of Mercy, if I deny it him. And there is another sort of People, whose Prayers are not so properly wicked, as Foolish. The Maids, they Pray for Rich and Handsom Husbands; the Wives for fair Children; the Big Belly'd, for Easie Labour; the Old Trot, for Good Lungs, and that I would keep her from Coughs and Catarrhs. He that is Mop'd and Decripte, would be Young again. The Philosopher Prays for the Faculty of starting difficulties never to be Resolv'd. The Priest for a Plump Benefice; the Bishop for the Preservation of his own Diocess; the Mariner for a Prosperous Voyage; the Magistrate, that I would show him my Son before he Dies; the Courtier, that he make an Effectual Confession upon the Point of Death (as the last thing that he intends to do;) the Husbandman for Seasonable Weather; and his Wife for her Pigs and Poultry. If I deny them any thing, I am presently hard-hearted. If I send 'em to my Son, their Answer is, if *you'll say the word, I'm sure he'll do't. How is it possible now for me, that am a Lone Body, and a Virgin, to attend Sailors, Soldiers, Merchants, Gamesters, Princes, Plowmen, Marriages, Great Bellies? and all this is nothing yet, to what I suffer. And this trouble is almost over too, (make me thank full for't) if the Riddance were not accompany'd with a greater Inconvenience; for the Money and the Reputation that I have left by't, is worth a great deal more than the leisure that I have gotten; for instead of the Queen of the Heavens, and the Lady of the World, not one of a thousand treats me now so much as with a single Ave Mary. Oh! the Presents of Gold, and Precious Stones, that were made me formerly; the rich Embroideries, and the Choice I had of Gowns and Petticoats! whereas, I am now fain to content my self with one half of a Vest, and that mouse-eaten too; and a years Revenue will hardly keep life and Soul together of the poor Wretch that lights me Candles. And all this might be born yet, if you would stop here, which they say you will not, till you have Stript the Altars, as well as the Saints. Let me advise you, over and over, to have a care what you do; for you will find the Saints better provided for a Revenge, than you are aware of. What will you get by throwing Peter out of the Church, when he comes to keep you out of Heaven? Paul has a sword; Bartlemew has a knife; the Monk William has a Privy Coat under his Habit, and a Lance to Boot. What will you do when you come to encounter George on Horseback, in his Cuirasse Arms, with his Spear an his Whinyard? and Anthony himself has his Holy Fire. Nor is there any of them all, that one way or other, cannot do mischief enough if he pleases. Nay weak as I am, you'll have much ado to compass your ends, upon me. For I have my Son in my Arms, and I'm resolv'd you shall have* *both or none. If you'll set up a Church without Christ, you may. This I give you to understand, and you shall do well to consider of an Answer, for I have laid the thing to heart.*

From our Stone-house, the
Kalends of August,
1524.

MEN. This is a terrible menancing Letter, and Glaucoplutus, I suppose, will have a care what he does. OG. So he will, if he be wise. ME. I wonder why honest James wrote nothing to him about it. OG. 'Tis a great way off, and Letters are liable to be intercepted. ME. But what Providence carry'd you again into England? OG. Why truly I had the invitation of a Fair Wind; and beside, I was half engag'd, within two or three years, after my last Visit, to give that beyond Sea Saint another. ME. Well! and what had you to beg of her? OG. Nothing but ordinary Matters; the Health of my Family, the Encrease of my Fortune, a long and happy Life in this world, and everlasting Felicity in the World to come. ME. But could not our Virgin-Mother have done as much for you there? She has a Church at Antwerp, much more glorious than that beyond the Seas. OG. It may be our Lady here might have done't; but she dispenses her Bounties, and her Graces, where, and in what manner, she pleases; and accommodates her self to our Affections. ME. I have often heard of James; but give me some Accompt I prithee of the Reputation and Authority of that beyond Sea Lady. OG. You shall have it in as few words as possible. Her name is so famous all over England, that you shall hardly find any man there, that believes he can prosper in the World, without making a yearly Present, more, or less, to this Lady. Me. Where does she keep her Residence? Og. Near the Coast, upon the furthest part, Eastward, of the Island, in a Town that supports it self chiefly upon the resort of Strangers. There is a Colledge of Canons, to which the Latins have added the name of Regulars: and they are betwixt Monks and Canons, which they call Seculars. Me. You make them Amphibious, as if they were Beavers or Otters. Og. Yes, and you may take in Crocodiles too; But trifling apart; you shall hear in three words what they are; in Odious Cases, they are Canons, in Favourable, they are Monks. Me. I'm in the dark still. Og. Why then you shall have a Mathematical Illustration. If there should come a Thunderbolt from Rome, against all Monks, then they'll be all Canons. Or if his Holiness should allow all Monks to take Wives, then they'll be all Monks. Me. These are wonderful Favours; I would they would take mine for one. Og. But to the Point, this Colledge has little else to maintain it than the Liberality of the Virgin; for all Presents of Value are laid up; but for small mony, and things of little Moment, it goes to the Feeding of the Flock, and the Head of it, whom they call the Prior. Me. What are they? Men of good Lives? Og. Not much amiss, for their Piety is more worth than their Revenue. The Church is Neat, and Artificial; but the Virgin does not live in it her self; for upon the Point of Honour, she has given it to her Son; and she has her Place however upon his Right Hand. Me. Upon his Right Hand? which way looks her Son then? Og. That's all well thought of. When he looks toward the West, he has his Mother on his Right hand; and when to the East on his Left; and she does not dwell here neither;

for the Building is not finisht; the Doors and Windows lie all open, and the Wind blows through it; and that's a bleak Wind you'll say, that comes from the Sea. ME. This is some what hard methinks; but where does she dwell then? OG. In that unfinisht Church I told you of, there's a small boarded Chappel, with a little Door on each side to receive Visitors. There's scarce any light at all to't, more than what comes from the Tapers, but a most delicious Perfume. ME. These things cannot but conduce strangely to Religion. OG. You would say something, Menedemus, if you saw it within, how it glitters with Gold, Silver, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. ME. You have set me agog to go thither too. OG. Take my word for't, if you do, you shall never repent of your Journey. ME. Is there no Holy Oyl there? OG. Well said, Simpleton : That Oyl is only the Sweat of Saints in their Sepulchres; as of Andrew, Katherin, etc. Mary, you know, was never bury'd. ME. That was my Mistake; but I pray go on with your Story. OG. For the better propagation of Religion, they shew some things at one place, and some at another. ME. And perhaps it turns to their Profit too, as we say, Many a Little, makes a Mickle. OG. And you never fail of some body at hand to shew you what you have a mind to see. ME. One of the Canons it may be. OG. No, by no means; they are not made use of; for fear that under colour of Religion, they should prove Irreligious, and lose their own Virginity in the very service of the Virgin. In the Inward Chappel, there stands a Regular at the Altar. ME. And what's his Business? OG. Only to receive and keep that which is given. ME. But may not a man chuse whether he will give anything or no? OG. Yes, he may; but there is a certain Religious Modesty in some People; they will give bountifully if any body looks on; but not one farthing perhaps without a Witness; or at least not so much as otherwise. Me. This is right flesh and bloud, and I find it in myself. Og. Nay, there are some so strangely devote to the Holy Virgin, that while they pretend to lay one Gift upon the Altar, by a marvellous slight of hand they'll steal away another. Me. But what if no body were by? Would not the Virgin call them to account? Og. Why should she take any more notice of them, than God himself does? when People break into his Temples, Rob his Altars, and commit Sacrilege? Me. The impious confidence of these Wretches, and the Patience of Allmighty God, are both of them admirable. Og. Upon the North side, there is a certain gate, (I do not mean of the Church) but of the Wall, that encloses the Church-yard; it has a very very little door, like the wicket that you see in some great Gates of Noblemens houses. A man must venture the breaking of his Shins, and stoop too, or there's no getting in. Me. An enemy would be hard put to't to enter a Town at such a Passage. Og. So a man would think; and yet the Verger told me for certain, that a Knight a Horseback, with an Enemy at his heels, made his Escape through this Door, and sav'd himself of a Sodain, and recommended himself to the Bless'd Virgin, there at hand, resolving to take Sanctuary at her Altar, if he could come at it: when, all in an instant (a thing almost incredible) he and his Horse were convey'd safe into the Church-yard, and his Adversary stark mad on the other side for his disappointment. Me. And did you really believe what he told you? Og. Beyond all dispute. Me. One would hardly have expected it from a man of your Philosophie. Og. Nay, which is more, he shew'd me the very image of this Knight in a Copper Plate that were nail'd to the Door, in the very cloaths that were then in fashion, and are to be seen yet in several old English Pictures: which if they be right drawn, the Barbers and Clothiers in those days had but an ill time on't. Me. How so? Og. He had perfectly the Beard of a Goat, and not one Wrinkle in his Doublet and Hose; but they were made so strait, as if he had been rather stitcht up in them, then they cut out for him. In another Plate there was an exact Description of the Chappel, the Figure and the Size of it. Me. So that now there was no further doubt to be made upon the matter. Og. Under this little gate, there's an iron grate, that was made only for one to pass a foot; for it would not have been decent that any Horse should afterward trample upon the Ground that the former Horsman had consecrated to the Virgin. Me. You have Reason. Og. Eastward from hence, there's another Chappel, full of Wonders, to the degree of Prodigies. Thither I went, and another Officer receiv'd me. When we had Pray'd a little, he shews me the Middle Joint of a Man's finger. First I kist it, and then I askt to whom the Relique belonged: He told me to St. Peter. What, said I, the Apostle? he told me yes. Now the Joint was large enough to have answered the Bulk of a Giant; upon which Reflection, St. Peter, said I, was a very proper Fellow then, Which set some of the Company a laughing, truly to my trouble; for if they had kept their Countenance, we should have had the whole History of the Reliques. But however we dropt the man some small mony, and piec'd up the matter as well as we could. Just before this Chappel, stood a little House, which the Officer told us, was convey'd thither through the Air, after a wonderful manner, in a terrible Winter, when there was nothing to be seen but Ice and Snow. Within this House there were two Pits brim full, that sprang (as he told us) from a Fountain consecrated to the Holy Virgin. The Water is strangely cold, and the best remedy in the World for Pains in the Head or the Stomach. ME. Just as proper as Oyl would be to quench a Fire. OG. You must consider my Friend, this is a Miracle. Now it would be no Miracle for Water to quench Thirst. ME. That shift goes a great way in the Story. OG. It was positively affirm'd that this Spring burst out in an instant, at the command of the Holy Virgin. Upon a strict Observation of everything I saw, I askt the Officer how many years it might be since that little house was brought thither. He told me that it had been there for some ages; and yet (said I) methinks the Walls do not seem to be of that antiquity; and he did not much deny it. Nor these Pillars (said I). No Sir, says he, they are but of late standing, (and the thing discover'd itself). And then, said I, methinks that Straw, those Reeds, and the whole Thatch of it look as if they had not been so long laid. 'Tis very right, Sir, says he; and what do you think, said I, of those Cross Beams and Rafters? they cannot be near so old. He confest they were not. At last, when I had questioned him to every part of this poor Cottage; How do you know, said I, that this is the House that was brought so far in the Air so many Ages ago? ME. Prithee how did he come off there? OG. Without anymore ado, he shew'd us an old Bear-skin that was tackt there to a piece of Timber, and almost laught at us to our very teeth, as people under an invincible Ignorance. Upon seeming better satisfied, and excusing our heaviness of aphrension, we came then to the Virgins Milk. Me. It is with the Virgins Milk as with her Sons Blood; they have both of them left more behind them than ever they had in their Bodies. Og. And so they tell us of the Cross, which is shew'd up and down both in publick and in private, in so many Reliques, that if all the Fragments were laid together, they would load an East India Ship: and yet our Saviour carry'd the whole Cross upon his shoulders. Me. And is not this a wonderful thing too? Og. It is extraordinary I must confess; but nothing is wonderful to an Allmighty Power; that can encrease every thing according to his own pleasure. Me. 'Tis well done however to make the best on't; but I'm afraid that we have many a trick put upon us, under the Masque of Piety, and Religion. Og. I cannot think that God himself would suffer such Mockeries to pass unpunisht. Me. And yet what's more common than for the Sacrilegious themselves (such is the Tenderness of God) to scape in this World without so much as the least check for their Impieties. Og. This is all true, but hear me on: The Milk that I was speaking of is kept upon the High Altar; Christ in the Middle, and his Mother, for respects sake, at his Right hand. The Milk, you must know, represents his Mother. Me. Can you see it then? Og. Yes, for 'tis preserved in a Crystall Glass. Me. And is it Liquid too? Og. What do you talk to me of Liquid; when 'twas drawn above Fifteen hundred years ago. It is now come to a Concretion, and looks just like pounded Chalk with the White of an egg. Me. But will they not let a man see it open? Og. Not upon any terms. Men would be of kissing it, and profane it. Me. You say very well; for all Lips are not fit to approach it. Og. So soon as the Officer sees us, he runs presently, and puts on his Surplice, and a Stole about his Neck, falls down, and Worships; and by and by gives us the Holy Milk to kiss; and we prostrated ourselves too, in the first place, bowing to Christ, and then, applying to the Virgin, in the following prayer, which I had in readiness for this purpose.

VIRGIN MOTHER! That hast deservedly given suck to the Lord of Heaven and Earth, thy Son Jesus at thy Virgins Breasts; We pray thee, that we, being purified by his Bloud, may our selves arrive at the Happy Infant State of the Simplicity and Innocence of Doves; and that being Void of Malice, Fraud, and Deceit, we may daily thirst after the Milk of Evangelical Doctrine, until it grows up to be Perfect Man, and to the Measure of the Fulness of Christ, whose blessed Society thou shalt enjoy for ever and ever, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Amen.

Me. Truly a very devout Prayer: but what Return? Og. If my eyes did not deceive me, they were both pleased, for the Holy Milk seem'd to leap and sparkle; and the Eucharist, of a sudden lookt brighter than usual. In the mean while, the Verger came to us, and without a word speaking, held out such a kind of Table as they use in Germany upon their Bridges, when they take Toll. Me. I remember those Tables very well, and have curst them many a time in my Travels that way. Og. We laid down some pieces of Money, which he presented to the Virgin. After this, by our Interpreter, one Robert Aldridge, (as I remember) a well spoken young man, and a great Master of the English Tongue, I askt as civilly as I could, what assurance they had that this was the Milk of the Virgin: which I did, with a pious intention that I might stop the Mouths of all Scoffers and Gainsayers. The Officer, at first, contracted his brow, without a word speaking; and thereupon I prest the Interpreter to put the same question to him again, but in the fair'st manner imaginable; which he did, in so obliging a fashion, that if the address had been to the Mother herself, when she had been newly laid, it could not have been taken amiss. But the Officer, as if he had been inspir'd with some Enthusiasm, expressing in his Countenance the horrour and detestation he had for so blasphemous a question; What need is there, says he, of these Enquiries, when you have so Authentick a Record for the truth of the matter? And we had undoubtedly been turn'd out for Heretiques, if we had not sweetn'd the angry Man with a few Pence. ME. But how did you behave your selves in the interim? OG. Just as if we had been stunded with a Cudgel, or Struck with Thunder. We did most humbly beg his Pardon, (as in holy Matters a man ought to do) and so went our way from thence to the little Chappel, which is the peculiar Receptacle of the Holy Virgin. In our way thither, comes one of the under Officers to us; staring us in the face as if he knew us; and after him a second, and a third, all gaping upon us after the same manner. ME. Who knows but they might have a mind to draw your picture? OG. But my thoughts lookt quite another way. ME. Why, what did you imagine then? OG. That some body had robbed the Virgins Chappel, and that I had been suspected for the Sacrilege; and therefore I enter'd the Holy place with this Prayer to the Virgin-Mother in my Mouth.

Oh! Thou alone, who among Women art a Mother, and a Virgin; the Happiest of Mothers, and the Purest of Virgins: We that are impure, do now present our selves before thee that art Pure ; humbly saluting and paying reverence unto thee, with our Small Offerings, such as they are, O that thy Son would enable us to imitate thy most Holy Life, and that we might deserve, by the Grace of the Holy Spirit, Spiritually to conceive the Lord Jesus in our Souls, and having once received him, never to lose him. Amen.

And so I kist the altar, laid down my offring, and departed? Me. What did the Virgin here? Did she give you no token that your prayer was heard? Og. It was (as I told you) but an uncertain Light, and she stood in the dark upon the Right hand of the Altar: but in fine, my courage was so taken down by the Cheque the former Officer gave me, that I durst not so much as lift up my eyes again. Me. So that this Adventure, I perceive, did not succeed so well. Og. Oh best of all. Me. You have put me in courage again, for, as your Author has it, my heart was e'en sunk into my Breeches. Og. After dinner we go to the Church again. Me. How durst you do that, under a suspicion of Sacrilege? Og. It may be I was, but so long as I did not suspect myself, all was well; a good Conscience, fears nothing: I had a great mind to see the record that the Verger referr'd us too; and after a long search, at last we found it, but the Table was hung so high, that a man must have good eyes to read it. Now mine are none of the best, nor yet the worst: but as Aldridge read, I went along with him: for I had not faith enough wholly to relie upon him in so important an Affair. Me. But were you satisfy'd in the point at last? Og. So fully, that I was asham'd that ever I had doubted of it: every thing was made so clear; the Name, the Place, the very Order of the Proceedings, and in one word, there was nothing more to be desired.

There was one William (born at Paris) a man of general Piety, but most particularly industrious in gathering together all the Reliques of Saints that were to be gotten over the whole World. This person, after he had travell'd several Countries, and taken a View of all Monasteries, and Temples, where-ever he pass'd, came at last to Constantinople, where a Brother of his was at that time a Bishop; who gave him notice, when he was preparing for his Return, that there was a certain Nun that had a quantity of the Mother Virgins Milk; and that if any of it were to be gotten, either by Art, or for Love, or Mony, it would make him the happiest Man in Nature; and that all the Reliques which he had hitherto collected were nothing to't. This same William never rested till he had obtain'd the one half of this Holy Milk; which he valu'd above the Treasure of an Empire. ME. No question of it; and a thing so unexpected too. OG. He goes strait homeward, and falls sick upon the way. ME. As there's no trust to human Felicity, either that it shall be perfect or long liv'd! OG. Finding himself in danger, he calls a French man to him; (his friend and fellow Traveller) makes him swear Secresie, and then delivers him this milk, upon Condition that if he gets home safe, he should deposite that Treasure, upon the Altar of the Holy Virgin in the famous Church of Paris; that Church that has the Seine on each side of it; as if the River it self gave place, in reverence to the Divinity of the Saint. To be short, William is dead, and bury'd, the other takes Post, and he dies too; but finding himself in extremity, he delivers the Milk to an English Nobleman, but under the strictest obligation imaginable, that the Count should so dispose of it as he himself would have done; the one dies, the other receives it, and puts it upon the Altar in the presence of the Canons of the place, who in those days were still called Regulars (as they are yet at St. Genoveve). Upon his Request, these Regulars were prevail'd upon to divide the Milk with him, one Moyety whereof was carry'd into England; and by him afterward deposited upon the Altar I told you of, as moved thereunto by a divine Impulse. ME. Why this is a story now that hangs handsomly together. OG. And to put all out of doubt, the very Bishops names are set down, that were authorised to grant Release, and Indulgencies to those that should come to see it, according to the power to them given; but not without some obligation or other in token of their Veneration. ME. Very good; and how far did that Power extend? OG. To forty days. ME. But are there days in Purgatory? OG. There is Time there. ME. But when the stock of forty days is gone, have they no more to bestow? OG. Oh you mistake the business! for 'tis not here, as in the Tub of the Danaides, which is always filling, and always empty; but here, take out as long as you will, there's never the less in the Vessel. ME. But what if they should now give a Remission for forty days to 100000 men? has every one of them his proportion? OG. All alike. ME. And suppose a man should have forty days granted him in the morning; have they wherewithal to give him forty days more at night? OG. Yes, yes, if it were ten times over every hour. ME. If I had but such a device at home, I should not ask much to set up withal. OG. You might e'en as well wish to be turn'd into a Golden Statue, and as soon have your asking. But to return to my History. There was one argument added, which methought was of great Piety and Candor, which was that tho' the Virgins Milk in many other places might challenge due Veneration, yet this was to be the most esteem'd, because it was sav'd as it fell from the Virgins Breasts, without touching the ground; whereas the other was scrap'd off from Rocks and Stones. Me. But how does that appear? Og. From the very mouth of the Nun at Constantinople, that gave it. Me. And it may be she had it from St. Bernard. Og. I believe she had. Me. For he had the Happiness to taste the milk of the same Breasts that suck'd our Saviour; so that I wonder he was not rather called Lactistuous than Mellifuous. But how is that the Virgins Milk that did not flow from her Breasts? Og. It did flow from her Breasts; but dropped upon the Rock she sat upon, it was there concreted; and afterward, by Providence, multiply'd and encreas'd. Me. You say well, go forward now. Og. We were now upon the point of marching off; but still walking and looking about us to see if there were any thing else worth taking notice of, and there were the Chappel Officers again learing at us, pointing, nodding, running up and down back and forward, as if they would fain have spoken to us, but had not the face to do't. Me. And did not your heart go pit-apat upon't? Og. No, not at all; but on the contrary I lookt them chearfully in the very eyes; as who should say, speak and welcome. At length one of them comes to me, and asks me my name. I tell it him. Are not you the man, says he, that a matter of two years since, set up a Votive Table here in Hebrew Letters? I told him I was that person. Me.

Do you write Hebrew then? OG. No, but let me tell you, they take every thing to be Hebrew they do not understand. By and by, comes (upon calling I suppose) the Prior of the Colledge. ME. What Dignity is that? have they no Abbot? OG. No. ME. Why so? OG. Because they don't understand Hebrew. ME. Have they no Bishop? OG. Neither. ME. What's the reason on't? OG. The Virgin is so poor, that she is not able to be at the charge of a Staff and Mitre; for you must know the Price is extremely rais'd. ME. But methinks at least they should have a President. OG. No, nor that neither. ME. What hinders it? OG. Because a President is a name of Dignity; not of Holiness. And therefore the Colledges of Canons will have no Abbots. ME. But this same is a thing I never heard of before. OG. You are but an easie Grammarian, I perceive. ME. I have heard of it indeed in Rhetorique. OG. Observe me now. He that is next to the Prior, is the Posterior Prior. ME. Yes the Sub-Prior. OG. That man saluted me with great Courtesie, and then fell to tell me what pains had been taken to read those Verses; what wiping of Spectacles there had been to no purpose; how often such a Doctor of Law, and another Doctor of Divinity, had been brought thither to expound the Table. One would have the Character to be Arabick, another lookt upon't as a Sham, and to signifie nothing at all; but in conclusion, there was one found out that made a shift to read the Title, which was written in Latin and Roman Capitals. The Greek Verses, in Greek Capitals; which at first sight lookt like Roman. Upon their request, I turn'd them word for word into Latin, and they would have paid me for my pains; but I excus'd my self with a

Protestation that, for the Holy Virgins sake, I would do any thing in the World; and that if she had any Letters to send, even to Jerusalem, I would not stick to go upon the Errant. ME. As if she could want Carriers, that had so many Angels perpetually waiting about her. OG. He took out of his Purse a little piece of Wood, that was cut off from the Beam the Virgin Mother stood upon, and made me a Present of it. I found by the wonderful fragrancy of it, that the thing was sacred, and could not do less than kiss it twenty times over; and in the lowest posture of humanity (bare-headed, and with the highest degree of Reverence) I put it up in my Pocket. ME. Mayn't a man see it? OG. I'm not against it; but if you have either eat or drunk to-day, or had to do with your Wife last night, I would not advise you to look upon't. ME. Shew me't however, and I'll stand the venture. OG. Why there 'tis then. ME. How happy a man art thou now to have such a Present? OG. Such a one as it is, I would have you know, that I would not change it for the Wealth of the Indies. I'll set it in Gold, and put it in a Crystal Case. Hysteroprotos, when he saw me so over-joy'd at the favour I had already receiv'd began to think me worthy of greater; and askt me if I had seen the Virgins Secrets? The expression startled me, and yet I durst not so much as desire him to expound himself, for a bodies Tongue may slip in Holy matters as well as in Profane. However, I told him that I had not as yet seen them, and that I much desir'd to see them. I am carry'd in now, as one in an Extasie; two Tapers presently lighted, and an image produc'd; of no great value for the bigness matter or Workmanship; but of wonderful Virtue. It is not the bulk that does the Miracle; yonder's Christopher at

Paris; there's a Wagon load of him, a very Colossus, nay, I might have said a Mountain, and yet I never heard of any Miracles that he wrought. Og. There's a Gemm at the feet of the Virgin, which the Latin and Greeks have not yet found a name for; the French call it a Toad-stone, from the resemblance of a Toad in it; beyond any thing that ever was done to the Life: and to make it the greater Miracle, it is but a little Stone neither; and the Image does not stand on't, but 'tis form'd in the very body of the Stone. Me. Perhaps people may phansie the likeness of a Toad in the Stone, as they do that of an Eagle, in the stalk of a Brake or Fern; or as boys do burning the Mountains, Battles, and terrible Dragons in the Clouds. Og. Nay, for your satisfaction, one living Toad is not like another. Me. Come, come, I have had enough of your Stories, you had best go with your Toad to somebody else. Og. This humour of yours Menedemus does not at all surprise me; for if I my self had not seen it with these eyes (mark me, with these very eyes) if the whole Tribe of Schoolmen had sworn it to me, I should never have believ'd 'em. But you are not curious enough, methinks, upon these Rarities of Nature. Me. And why not curious enough? because I cannot be persuaded that Assessly? Og. But do not you see how Nature entertains herself in the colours and shapes of all things; and especially of precious Stones? what admirable Virtues she had emplanted in them; and incredible too, if experience had not forc'd us to an acknowledgement of them? Tell me, would you ever have believ'd that Steel could have either been drawn by the Load-Stone, or driven away, without touching it, if you had not seen it with your own eyes? Me. Truly I think I should not, though ten Aristotles had sworn the truth of it. Og. Do not pronounce all things to be fabulous then, that you have not found so be experience. Do we not find the figure of the Bolt in the thunder-stone: Fire in the Carbuncle; the Figure of Hail, and the invincible coldness of it, (even as if it were cast into the fire) in the Hail-Stone: The waves of the Sea in the Emerald; the Figure of a Sea-Crab in the Carcinias; of a Viper in the Echetes; of a Gilt head in the Scarites; of a Hawk in the Hiersvites; of a Cranes Neck in the Germmites? In one Stone, you have the eye of a Goat; in another, of a Hog; in another, three human eyes together: in the Licophthalmus you will find the Eye of a Wolf, with four colours in't, fiery, bloudy and black in the middle, encompassed with white. One stone has the figure of a Beane in the middle; another the Trunck of a Tree; and it burns like wood too; the Resemblance of Ivy in another. One shows you the Beams of Lightning, another looks as if there were a Flame in't; and in some Stones you shall find Sparkles; the colour of Saffron, of a Rose, Brass, the figure of an Eagle, a Peacock, an Asp, a Pismire, a Bittle or Scorpion. It would be endless to pursue this subject; for there is not any element, living creature or Plant, which Nature (as it were to sport her self) has not given us some resemblance of in Stones. Why should you wonder then at this Story I have told you, of the Toad? Me. I did not think Nature had had so much spare time, as to divert herself in drawing Pictures. Og. 'Tis rather to exercise our Curiosity, and keep us frōm Idleness, or worse Diversions, as running mad after Buffons, Dice, Fortune-Tellers, and Hocus's &c. Me. All this is too true. Og. I have heard that if you put this Toad-Stone into Vineger, it shall move the Legs and Swim

Me. But why is it dedicated to the Virgin? Og. 'Tis laid at her feet, to shew that she has overcome, trampled upon, and extinguished all Uncleanness, Malice, Pride, Avarice, and Earthly Desires. Me. Wo be to us then that have so much of the Toad still in our hearts. Og. But if we worship the Virgin, as we ought, we shall be pure. Me. How would she have us worship her? Og. By the imitation of her. Me. That's soon said, but not so easily perform'd. Og. 'Tis hard, I confess, but well worth the pains. Me. Proceed now, and finish what you have begun. Og. The man shew'd us next certain Gold and Silver Statues. This (says he) is solid Gold, this only Silver Gilt, and he tells us the Weight, the Price, and the Presenter of every piece. The Man then taking notice of the satisfaction I found to see the Virgin endow'd with so rich a Treasure, you are so good a man says he, that I cannot honestly conceal any thing from you, and I will shew you now the greatest Privacies the Virgin has; and at that word he takes out of a Drawer from under the Altar, a World of things of great value; it would be a days work to tell you the particulars; so that thus far my Journy succeeded to my wish; I satisfy'd my Curiosity abundantly, and brought away this Inestimable Present with me, as a Token of the Virgins love. Me. Did you never try what anybody would give you for this Token? Og. Yes, I have; I was three or four days ago in a Treasure House, and there was a fellow so stark staring mad, that they were just about to lay him in Chains; I only laid this piece of wood under his Pillow (without his Privity) he fell into a sound sleep; and in the morning, rose as sober as ever he was in his life. Me. But art sure he was not drunk? for sleep is the best remedy in the World for that disease. OG. This is not a subject Menedemus for Raillery. 'Tis neither honest, nor safe, to make sport with the Saints. Nay, the Man himself told me, that there was a Woman appear'd to him in his Sleep, of an incomparable Beauty, that brought him a Cup to drink. ME. Of Hellebore it may be. OG. That's uncertain, but of a certainty, this man is in his Wits again. ME. Did you take no notice of Thomas the Archbishop of Canterbury? OG. Yes sure I hope I did. 'Tis one of the famousest Pilgrimages in the World. ME. If it were not a trouble to you, I would fain hear something of it. OG. Nay, 'tis so far from that, that you'll oblige me in the hearing of it.

That part of England that looks toward France and Flanders, is called Kent; there are two Monasteries in't, that are almost contiguous, and they are both Benedictins. That which bears the name of St. Augustine seems to me to be the Ancienter, and that of St. Thomas I judge to have been the Seat of the Archbishop, where he past his time with a few Monks that he made choice of for his Companions. As the Prelates of this day have their Palaces near the Church, tho' apart from the Houses of other Canons: for in times past, both Bishops, and Canons were commonly Monks, as appears upon the Record. But St. Thomas's Church is so eminent that it puts Religion into a mans thoughts as far as he can see it; and indeed it over-shadows the Neighborhood, and keeps the light from other Religious Places. It has two famous Turrets, that seem in a manner to bid Visitants welcome from afar off; and a Ring of Bells that are admir'd far and near. In the South Porch stand the Statues of three Armed Men that murther'd the Holy man, with their Names and Families. ME. Why had the Wretches so much honoür done them? Og. It is the same honour that is done Judas, Pilate, and Caiphas, and the band of wicked Soldiers, whose images and Pictures, are commonly seen upon the most magnificent Altars. Their names, I suppose, are there express'd, for fear some body else hereafter should have the glory of the Fact that had no title to't, and besides they stand there for a warning to Courtiers, that they meddle no more with Bishops or Possessions of the Church; for those three Ruffians ran mad upon the horrour of the Act, and had never come to themselves again, if St. Thomas had not been mov'd on their behalf. Me. Oh! the infinite Clemency of Martyrs! Og. The first prospect upon entering the Church, is onely the largeness, and the Majesty of the Body of it; which is free to every one. Me. Is there nothing there to be seen then? Og. Only the bulk of the Structure, and the Gospel of Nicodemus; with some other Books that are hung up to the Pillars; and here and there a Monument. Me. And what more? Og. The Quire is shut up with iron Gates, so that there's no entrance: but the view is still open from one end of the Church to the other. There's an ascent to the Quire, of many steps, under which, there is a certain Vault, that opens a passage to the North-side; where we saw a wooden Altar that's dedicated to the Holy Virgin; a very little one, and only remarkable as a Monument of Antiquity, that still reproaches the Luxury of following Ages. There it was that the good man upon the point of death is said to have taken his last leave of the Virgin. Upon the Altar, there's a piece of the Blade with which that Reverend Prelate was kill'd; and part of his Brains, which the Assassins dash'd together and confounded, to make sure work on't. We did with a most Religious solemnity kiss the sacred Rust of this Weapon, for the Martyrs sake. From hence, we past down into a Vault under ground, which had its Officers too. They shew'd us first the Martyrs Skull, as it was bor'd through; the Top of it we could come at with our lips, but the rest was cover'd with Silver. They shew'd us also a Leaden Plate inscribed, Thomas Acrensis, and there are hung up in the dark Shirts, Girdles, and Breeches of Haircloth, which he us'd for Mortification; it would make a man shrug to look at them; nor would the Effeminacy of the age endure them. ME. No, nor the Monks neither perhaps. OG. I can say little to that point, nor does it concern me. ME. But this is all Truth however, OG. From hence we return'd to the Quire; upon the Northside they unlock a private place; it is incredible what a world of bones they brought us out of it, Skulls, Chins, Teeth, Hands, Fingers, whole Arms, which with great Adoration we beheld and kiss'd; and there would have been no end, if it had not been for one of our Fellow-travellers, who indiscreetly enough, interrupted the Officer in his business. ME. What was he? OG. An English man, one Gratian Bull: (as I remember) a Learned and a Religious man, but not so well affected this way as I could have wisht him. ME. Some Wickliste, perhaps. OG. No I think not, but I found by him that he had read his Books; how he came by 'em I know not. ME. And did not your Officer take offence at him? OG. He brought us out an Arm with the flesh upon't, that was still bloudy; and he was so squeamish forsooth, that he made a mouth at it when he should have kiss'd it. Whereupon the Officer shut up all again. From hence we went to see the Table, and the Ornaments of the Altar; and after that, the Treasure that was hidden under it. If you had seen the Gold, and Silver that we saw, you would have lookt upon Midas and Crœsus as little better than Beggars. Me. And was there no kissing here? Og. No; but methought I began to change my Prayer. Me. Why what was the matter? Og. I was e'en upon wishing that I had but such Reliques as I saw there at home in my own Coffers. Me. A most Sacrilegious wish! Og. I do confess it; and I do assure you I askt the Saint forgiveness for't before I went out of the Church. Our next Remove was into the Vestry. Good God! What a Pomp of rich Vestments? What a Provision of golden Candlesticks did we see there? and there was St. Thomas's Crook; it lookt just like a Reed cover'd over with a Silver Plate; it had neither Weight nor Art, and about some three foot and half high. Me. Was there never a Cross? Og. Not that I saw. There was a silk Gown, but it was course and plain, without either Pearl, or Embrodery; and there was a Handkerchief of the Saints, which was still sweaty and bloudy. These Monuments of antient Thrift we kiss'd most willingly. Me. But do they show these Rarities to every body? Og. Oh bless me! no such matter I warrant you. Me. How came you then to have such credit with them? Og. I had some acquaintance, let me tell ye, with Archbishop Warren; and pass'd under his recommendation. Me. A man of great Humanity, they say. Og. You would take him for Humanity it self, if you knew him. A Person of that exquisite learning, that Candour of Manners, and Piety of Life, that there is nothing wanting in him to make him a most accomplisht Prelate. From hence, we are carry'd yet farther; for beyond the High Altar, there is still another

Ascent, as if it were into a new Church. We were shewn in a certain Chappel there, the whole face of the God man, all Gilt, and set out with Jewels; where, by an unexpected mischance, we had like to have spoyl'd the whole business. ME. And how was that as you love me? OG. My friend Gratian lost himself here extreamly. After a short Prayer, Good Father, (says he to the Assistant of him that shew'd us the Reliques) I have heard that Thomas, while he liv'd, was very Charitable to the Poor; is it true or not? For certain, says he, so he was; and began to instance in several Charitable Works that he had done. And he has undoubtedly the same good Inclinations still (says Gratian) unless Perhaps they may be alter'd for the better. The other agreed to't. Now (says he again) if this Holy man was so charitable when he was Poor, and wanted for his own Necessities himself; I cannot but think now he is Rich, and wants nothing, that he would take it well if some poor Woman, with Children ready to Starve, or in danger to prostitute themselves for Bread; or with a Husband, Agonizing, and void of all Comfort; if such a miserable Woman, I say, should ask him leave to make bold with some small proportion of his vast Treasure, for the relief of her wretched Family. The Assistant of the Golden Head making no Reply, I am fully persuaded says Gratian (as he is sodain) that the Good man would be glad at Heart (tho' in the other World) that the Poor in this should be still the better for him. The Officer, upon this, fell to frowning, powting, and looking at us, as if he would have eaten us: and I am confident, if it had not been for the Archbishops Recommendation, we had been raill'd at, spit upon, and thrown out of the Church: but I did however what I could, to pacifie the man, we told him Gratian was a Droll, and all this was but his way of fooling. So that with good words, and a little Silver, I made up the quarrel. Me. I cannot but exceedingly approve of your Piety, and yet when I consider the infinite Experience upon Building, Beautifying, and Enriching of Churches, I cannot in cold thoughts but condemn the unmeasurable excess. Not but that I would have magnificent Temples; and such Vestments, and Vessels, as may support the Dignity of a solemn Worship; but to have so many Golden Fonts, Candlesticks, and Statues; such a Profusion upon Organs and Church Musique, which our Brethren, and the Licing Temples of Christ, are ready to perish for want of Meat and Lodging; this is a thing I cannot allow of by any means. Og. There is no man either of Brains, or Piety, but is pleas'd with a Moderation in these Cases; but an excess of Piety is an Errour on the Right hand, and deserves favour: especially considering in the Cross humour of those people that Rob Churches instead of building them: and beside, the large Donatives come from Princes, and great Persons, and the Mony would be worse employed either upon Gaming or War. And moreover, to take any thing away from the Church, is accounted Sacrilege. It is a discouragement to the Charity of those that are inclin'd to give: and after all, it is a Temptation to Rapine. Now the Churchmen are rather Guardians of these Treasures, than Masters; and it is much a better sight, a Church that is gloriously Endow'd and Beautify'd than a Church that is sordid, beggarly, naked, and liker to a Stable, than a Temple. Me. And yet we read of Bishops of old, that were commended for selling their Plate, to relieve the poor. Og. And so they are commended at this day; but the commendation is all, for I suppose they have neither the Power, nor the Will, to follow the President. ME. But I hinder your relation; and I am now expecting the Catastrophe of your Story. OG. You shall have it in a few words. Upon this, out comes the head of the Colledge. ME. Whom do you mean, the Abbot of the Place? OG. He means a Mitre, and has the Revenue of an Abbot, only he wants the Name, and they call him the Prior, the Archbishop himself supplying the place of the Abbot: for of old, every Archbishop there was a Monk. ME. If I had the Revenue of an Abbot, I would not care tho' they call'd me a Camel. OG. He seem'd to me to be a godly and a prudent man, and to be in some measure a Scotist. He open'd us the Box, in which the remainder of the Holy mans Body is said to be deposited. ME. Did you see it. OG. That's not permitted; nor was it to be done without a Ladder. There stood a wooden Box upon a golden one; and upon the Craining up of that with Ropes, bless me, what a Treasure was there discovered! ME. What is't you say? OG. The basest part of it was Gold; every thing sparkled, and flam'd, with vast and inestimable Gems; some of them as big, or bigger than a Goose Egg; There stood with great Veneration, some of the Monks: upon the taking off the Cover, we all worshipt; the Prior, with a white Wand, toucht every Stone, one by one, telling us the name of it, the Price, and the Benefactor. The richest of them were given by Princes. ME. He had need have a good memory methinks. OG. You're in the right; and yet Practice goes a great way, and this is a Lesson that he says often over. From hence, we were carry'd back into a Vault. It is somewhat dark, and there it is that the Virgin-Mother has her Residence.

It is double raill'd in, and encompassed with iron Bars. ME. Why what does she fear? OG. Nothing I suppose but Thieves, and in my life I never saw a fairer Temptation of Booty. ME. What do you tell me of Riches in the dark? OG. But we had light enough brought us to see the Wealth of the richest Empire. ME. Is it beyond that of the Parathalassian Virgin? OG. Very much in appearance, but for what's conceall'd she her self knows best. And take this along with ye, that these precious things are only shew'd to persons of eminent quality, and to particular friends. In the end, we were conducted back to the Vestry, where was a Box with a Black Leather Cover upon it. This Box was set upon a Table, and upon the opening of it they all fell down upon their knees and worshipt. ME. What was in't? OG. Rags of old Handkerchers in abundance, that carry'd still about them the marques of the use they had been put to. These as they told us, were some Reliques of the Linnen the good Man had made use of about his Nose, his Body, and other homely purposes. Upon this, my friend Gratian forfeited his credit once more; for the gentle Prior offering him one of these Rags for a Present, as the highest obligation he could lay upon him, he only took it squeamishly betwixt his Finger and his Thumb, and with a wry mouth laid it down again; (a Trick that he had got, when he would express his contempt of anything). This rudeness made me both asham'd and afraid, but yet the Prior was so good, (tho' sensible enough of the Affront) as to put it off very dexterously; and after the Civility of a glass of Wine, we were fairly dismiss'd, and returned to London. ME. What needed that when you were nearer your own shore before? OG. 'Tis true, but it is a Coast so infamous for Cheats and Piracies, that I had rather run the hazard of the worst of Rocks, or Flats, than of that people. I'll tell you what I saw in my last passage that way; There were a great many people at Calis that took a Chaloup to put them aboard a great Ship, and among the rest, a poor, beggerly French man, and they would have two sols for his passage; (for that they'll have if they carry one but a Boats length) the fellow pleads poverty; and they in a frolick would needs search him. Upon the examining of his Shoes, they find ten or twelve pieces of Silver that were there concealed; they made no more ado, but kept the Mony, and laught and raill'd at the Frenchman for his pains. Me. What did the young man? Og. What should he do, but lament his misfortune? Me. Had they any authority for what they did? Og. The same Commission that an Innkeeper has to rob his Guests, or a Highwayman to take a Purse. Me. 'Tis a strange Confidence to do such a Villany before so many Witnesses. Og. They are so us'd to't, that they think they do well in't. There were divers in the great Ship that lookt on, and several English Merchants in the Boat that grumbled at it, but to no purpose; they take a pride in't as if it were the outwitting of a Man, and made their boasts that they had catch'd the Frenchman in his Roguery. Me. I would, without any more to do, hang up these Coast thieves, and make sport with them at the very Gallows. Og. Nay they are both Shores alike; and hence we may gather, if the little thieves be thus bold, what will not the great ones do? and it holds betwixt Masters and Servants. So that I am resolv'd for the future rather to go five hundred Leagues about than to take the advantage of this accursed Compendium. Nay, in some respects this passage is worse than that to Hell itself, for there the descent is easie, tho' there is no getting out again; but here 'tis bad at one end, and yet worse at t'other. There were at that time some Antwerp Merchants at London, and so I propounded to take my passage with them. ME. Are the Skippers of that Country then any better than their Fellows? OG. An Ape will be always an Ape, and a Skipper a Skipper; but yet compar'd to those that live upon the Catch, these men are Angels. ME. I shall remember this if ever it comes in my head to go to England; but have I led you out of your way? OG. Very good. In our Journy to London, not far from Canterbury, there's a narrow hollow, steep way, and a great bank on each side, so that there's no scaping or avoiding; upon the left hand of that way, there stands a little Cottage or Receptacle for Mendicants. Upon the noise of any Horsemen, comes an old man out into the way. He first sprinkles you with Holy Water, and then offers you the upper Leather of a Shooe with a Brass Ring to't; and in it, a Glass, as if it were some Gem: this you are to kiss, and give the poor fellow some small pieces of Mony. ME. I had rather meet a company of old Beggars in such a way, than a troop of Lusty Rogues, upon the Pad. OG. Gratian rode upon my left hand, next to this Cottage, where he had his share of Holy Water, and bore it well enough; but upon presenting him the Shooe, he askt the manner of it. This, says the poor man, is the Shooe of St. Thomas. Gratian was in Cholor upon't and turning to me, What a Devil, said he, would these Brutes have? If we submit to kiss their Shooes, by the same reason we may be brought in time to kiss their Arses too. I pitied the poor Wretch, and gave him a small Charity to comfort him. ME.

In my opinion Gratian was not angry without a cause; I should not dislike the preserving old Shooes, and Garments, as an instance of the Moderation of our Forefathers, but I am absolutely against the forcing of people to kiss 'em. He that is so zealous as to do it upon that account may be left to his liberty. OG. Not to dissemble the matter I think it were better let alone, than done; but in case of what cannot be mended on a sodain, it is my custom to make the best on't. How much I have been pleas'd with this Contemplation, that a good man is like a sheep, and a wicked like a harmful creature. The Viper, tho' it cannot bite when 'tis dead, yet the very corruption, and the smell of it is mischievous; whereas a Sheep, while it lives, feeds us with its milk, cloaths us with its Wooll; and fattens our ground with its very Ordures, and when 'tis dead, it serves us still with Mutton and with Leather. In like manner, men that are furious, and given to their lusts, while they live, they are troublesome to all, and when they are dead, what with the noise of Bells, and the pomp of their Funerals, they are still a Vexation to the Living, and sometimes to their Successors, by causing more Exactions; but the good man makes himself profitable in all respects, his Learning, and his good Counsel, inviting all men to Piety; he comforted the friendless; assisted the needy, and if it were possible, he does more good now he is dead, than he did living: He built this magnificent Church, and advanc'd the Authority of the Priesthood all over England; nay, and with this very fragment of his shooe he maintains a Conventicle of poor men. ME. This is certainly a pious Contemplation; but feeling you are of this mind, I wonder you should never go to see St. Patrick's Den, of which the World tells so many wonders, which I must confess are no Articles of my Faith. Og. Take my word for't friend, all the Prodigious things that ever you heard of it fall short of the Truth. Me. Why, were you ever in't then? Og. Yes, and I had as good have past the Stygian Lake or descended into the Jaws of Avernus, I was where I could see all that's done in Hell. Me. Do but bless me with the Story of it. Og. We have made this Dialogue long enough already, let that rather serve for the beginning of another; 'tis time for me to go home and bespeak Supper, for I have not din'd to-day. Me. You do not fast out of Conscience, I hope. Og. No, but out of spite. Me. What to your Belly? Og. No, no; but to the unconscionable Victuallers; that set high Rates upon ill Meat; and this is my way of revenge. When I am in hope of a good Supper, my Stomach wambles at dinner, and when I find a dinner to my mind, my Stomach is out of order toward Supper. Me. And are not you asham'd to shew yourself so narrow and penurious? Og. Believe me, Menedemus, in such a case as this, shame is very ill employ'd, and I have learn'd to keep mine for better uses. Me. I do e'en long for the remainder of your Story, wherefore expect me at Supper, and let me hear it out. Og. In truth I am beholden to you for offering yourself uninvited when others, though never so earnestly invited will not come. But if you will have me thank you over and over, let me persuade you to Sup at home to-night; for I have time little enough for the business of my Family: and yet, now I think on't, I'll tell you what will be better for us both; you shall invite me, and my Wife, to dinner to morrow; and then if you please we'll talk it out till Supper; or rather than fail, we will not part then neither, till you confess you have your Belly full. Never scratch your head for the matter; do but you provide and depend upon't, we'll keep touch with ye. ME. If I can't have your company cheaper, so let it be. I'll find Meat, and do you find Sauce, for your Discourse must be the best part of your Dinner. OG. But do you hear? have not I set you agog now upon travelling? ME. I do not know what you may do by time that you have finish'd your Relation; but at present I find work enough to do to maintain my Post. OG. What's your meaning for that? ME. I walk about my house, go to my Study, take care of my girls, and then again into my Shop; I look after my Servants, and so into my Kitchin, to see if anything be amiss there, and then up and down, observing how my Wife, and how my Children behave themselves, for I am very sollicitous to have everything as it should be; this is my Post. OG. Prithee ease thy self, and leave that to St. James. ME. I have Divine Authority for looking after my Family my self, but I do not find any Text for leaving it to the Saints.

III: OF RASH VOWS

The Vanity and Misery of Rambling Voyages. The Folly of Inconsiderate Vows: With some Pleasant Reflexions upon pretended Indulgences, or Pardons.

ARNOLDUS, CORNELIUS

AR. Well met once again, my dear Cornelius. 'Tis a thousand years methinks since I saw thee. COR.

What? my old acquaintance, Arnoldus? the man of the whole world I long'd to see. AR. We all gave thee for lost. But prithee where hast thou been Rambling all this while? COR. In the other World. AR. Why truly, by thy slovingly dress, and this lean gastly Carcas, a body would e'en judge as much. COR. Well! but I ha'n't been with Old Nick yet, for all that. I am come from Jerusalem. AR. And what Wind blew thee thither. COR. The very same Wind that blows other people to the same place. AR. Some whimsy, I suppose. COR. There are more Fools than one however. AR. What did ye hunt for there? COR. Misery. AR. Methinks you might have found that nearer home. But did you meet with any thing there worth seeing? COR. Why truly little or nothing. They shew'd us certain Monuments of Antiquity, which I look upon to be mostly Counterfeit; and meer Contrivances to gull the Credulous and simple People. Nay, I am not yet finished that they can so much as tell ye the precise place where Jerusalem stood. AR. What did ye see then? COR. Only Barbarity, and Desolation. AR. But the Holy Land. (I hope) has made ye a Holy Man. COR. No, nothing like it; for I am come back ten times worse than I went out. AR. You have filled your pockets perhaps. COR. So far from it, that a Snake that has cast her Skin is not so bare as I am. AR. Do you not repent ye then of so long a journey, to so little purpose? COR. As if that repentance would not be to as little purpose as the Journy. Nay, I cannot so much as be asham'd on't, there are so many other Fools to keep me in Countenance. AR. What's the fruit then of this dangerous Voyage? COR. Oh! very much. AR. Let's know it then? Cor. I shall live the more at my ease hereafter for't. Ar. You'll have the pleasure of telling old Stories when the dangers over. Cor. That's something, but not all. Ar. Is there any advantage in it else then? Cor. Yes, there is. Ar. Pray what may that be? Cor. It furnishes a man with Table-talk, and discourse upon all occasions: the History of such an Adventure. 'Tis a strange delight that one Coxcomb takes in Telling of Lies, and another in the Hearing of them. Ar. Truly that goes a great way. Cor. Nay I am well enough pleased my self to hear other Travellers amplifie upon matters that they never saw nor heard; and they do it with so much confidence too, that in things, even the most ridiculous, and impossible, they believe themselves. Ar. A perverse kind of satisfaction! But there's something however for your Mony. Cor. This is a more tolerable Course yet, than that of a Mercenary Soldier. An Army is the very Nursery of all Wickedness. Ar. But Lying is a mean and ungentleman-like humour. Cor. And yet a lye is more pardonable than a Calumny, or then either doing the Office of a Pick-thank, or encouraging it, or lavishing away a man's time, and Fortune, in Gaming. Ar. I'm of your opinion. Cor. But then there's Benefit I reap by my Travels. Ar. What's that? Cor. If I should find any friend of mine teinted with the Phrensie, I should advise him to stay at home: as a Mariner that has been Wreckt himself, bids another have a care of the place where hee miscarry'd. Ar. This Caution would have done well if it had come in time. Cor. Why? Are you sick of the same disease too? Ar. Yes, I have been at Rome my self and Compostella. Cor. Bless me! How proud I am to play the fool in such company? But what Angel put this into thy Head? Ar. What Devil rather? especially to leave a handsom young Wife, several Children, and a Family at home, and nothing in the World to maintain them but my daily Industry. Cor. It must be some mighty matter sure, that could carry ye away from all these Obligations. What was't I prithee? Ar. I'm asham'd on't. Cor. What, to Mee? thy friend and thy fellow-sufferer. Ar. There was a knot of neighborly good fellows of us drinking together, and when we were high Flown, one was for making a Visit to St. James; another, to St. Peter: If you'll go, I'll go, says one: and I'll go, if you'll go, says another, till at last, we concluded upon it to go altogether. I was willing, I confess, to keep up the Reputation of a fair Drinker: and rather than break Company, I e'en past my Promise: The next question was, whether we should march for Rome, or Compostella: and upon the debate, it was determined that (God willing) we should begin our Journey the very next morning, and visit both. Cor. A Learned Sentence, and fitter to be Recorded in Wine, then upon Copper. Ar. After this, a swinging Glass was put about, to the Bon Voyage; and when every man in his Course had done reason to't, the Vow was sealed, and became inviolable. Cor. A new Religion! But did ye all come safe back again? Ar. All but three. One dy'd upon the way; but gave us in charge to remember his humble service to Peter and James; another, at Rome, who bade us commend him (when we return'd) to his Wife and Children: the third we left desperately sick at Florence; and I believe he is in Heaven, long ere this. Cor. Was he a very good man? Ar. The best

Droll in Nature. COR. Why should ye think he's in Heaven then? AR. Because he had a whole Satchel full of large Indulgences. COR. I hear ye. But 'tis a long way to Heaven, and a dangerous one, as I am told: There are such a World of Thieves in the middle Region of the Air. AR. That's true but he was so fortified with Bulls. COR. In what Language? AR. In Latin. COR. Is he not safe then? AR. Yes, he is; unless he should fall upon some Spirit that does not understand Latin: and in that case, he must back to Rome, and get a new Instrument. COR. Do they sell any Bulls there to the Dead? AR. Yes, yes, as thick as Hopps. COR. Have a care what ye say, for there are Spies abroad. AR. I don't speak against Indulgences; and yet I cannot but laugh at the freak of my fudling Companion; he was otherwise the vainest trifler that ever was born, and yet chose rather to venture his Salvation upon a Skin of Parchment, than upon the Amendment of his Life. But when shall we have the trial of skill ye told us of? COR. We'll set a time for a little Drinking-bout, give notice of it to our Comrades. and then meet and tell Lies in our turns Helter-skelter, AR. So let it be then.

IV: THE SOLDIERS CONFESSION

The Hardship and Iniquity of a Military Life; With the Mockery of a Formal Confession.

HANNO, THRASYMACHUS

HAN. Why how now Souldier? what's the matter? A Mercury turn'd into a Vulcan? TH. What do you talk to me of your Mercuries and Vulcans? HAN. Why you went out upon the Wing and are come back Limping. TH. I'm come back like a Soldier then. HAN. A Soldier, say'st? In my Conscience, thou'st out-run a Deer, if thou had'st but an enemy at thy heels. TH. The hope of Booty makes many a man Valiant. HAN. Then 'tis to be hop'd you have made your Fortune; What Spoiles have ye brought off? TH. Empty pockets. HAN. That's light Carriage, however. TH. But then I have a huge burthen of Sins. HAN. Sin is a terrible weight indeed. The Prophet calls it Lead. TH. In my whole life I never saw so much Villany: and I had my part in't too. HAN. How do ye like Military Life then? TH. It is undoubtedly, of all Courses, the most wicked, and the most miserable. HAN. And yet some people ye see, whether for Mony, or for Curiosity, make as much haste to Battle, as to a Banquet: What do they all I wonder. TH. I look upon 'em to be absolutely possess'd; for if the Devil were not in them, they would never anticipate their fate. HAN. So one would think; for put them upon

Honest Business, they'll scarce stir a foot in't for any mony. But how went the Battles? who got the better on't? TH. What with the noise and clamour of Drums and Trumpets, Horses, and Arms, I was so far from knowing what became of others, that I could hardly tell where I was myself. HAN. But I have seen those, that after a fought Field, would paint ye every circumstance so to the life, as if they had only look'd on. Such an Officer, said this, and t'other did that; and every word, and Action, to a title. TH. I am of opinion that these men ly'd most confoundedly. In short; if you would know what was done in my Tent, I can tell ye, but for the History of the Battle, I can say nothing on't. HAN. What not so much as how ye came lame? TH. Scarce that upon my Honour. But I suppose it might be some Stone, the Heel of a Horse, or so. HAN. Well, how shall I tell you know how it came? TH. Why, who should tell you? HAN. Nobody, but I fancie it. TH. Guess then. HAN. You were e'en running away, and got a strain with a tumble. TH. Let me die if you have not hit the nail on the head. HAN. Go get ye home; and tell your Wife of your Exploits. TH. I shall be ratled to some tune, when she sees what a Trim I am come back in. HAN. I do not doubt but you had robb'd, and stoll'n sufficiently; What Restitution now? TH. 'Tis made already. HAN. To whom? TH. To Wenches, Sutlers, Gamesters. HAN. Done like a man of war: it is but reasonable that what's ill got should be worse spent. But have you kept your fingers all this while from Sacrilege? TH. We have made bold indeed with Churches, as well as private Houses; but in Hostility ye know, there's nothing Sacred.

HAN. But what satisfaction? TH. In a State of War there needs none; for all things are then lawful. HAN. By the Law of Arms ye mean. TH. Right. HAN. But that Law is the highest degree of Iniquity; nor was it Piety, but the hope of a Booty made you a Soldier. TH. 'Tis true; I took up Arms upon the common Principle of other Swordsmen. HAN. 'Tis some excuse yet to be mad with the major part. TH. I have heard a Parson in the Pulpit say, that War was Lawfull. HAN. Pulpits are commonly the Oracles of Truth: But War may be Lawful in a Prince, and yet not so with You. TH. The Rabby's held that every man may live by his Calling. HAN. Burning of Houses, Spoiling of Temples; ravishing of Nuns; robbing the miserable, and killing the Innocent. An admirable calling! TH. Why may not we as well be hir'd to kill Men, as Butchers are to kill Beasts? HAN. But did you never think what would become of your Soul if ye should be knockt on the head? TH. Truly not much; but I had a lively Faith; for I commended myself once for all to St. Barbara. HAN. And did she take ye into her protection? TH. I fancy'd so; for methought she gave me a little Nod. HAN. At what time was't? in the morning? TH. No, no, 'twas after supper. HAN. And by that time I suppose the Trees walkt, as well as the Saint nodded. TH. This mans a Witch. But Christopher was the Saint I most depended upon; for I had his Picture always in my eye. HAN. What, in your Tent? How should a Saint come there? TH. We had it drawn with a Coal upon the Canvas. HAN. So that you pray'd to Christopher the Collier: a sure Chard to trust to, no doubt! But without fooling, you can never expect to be forgiven for all this, unless you go to Rome. TH. Yes, yes, I know a shorter way. HAN. How's that? TH. I'll away to the Dominicans, and I can do my business there with the Commissaries for a Trifle. HAN. What for Sacrilege?. TH. Why, if I had robb'd Christ himself and cut off his Head over and above; they have Pardons would reach it, and Commissions large enough to Compound for't. HAN. That's well. But what if God himself should not pass the Composition. TH. Oh! he is merciful. I'm more afraid of the Devil not letting go his hold. HAN. What confessor do you intend to make use of? TH. Some Priest that has neither shame in him nor Conscience. HAN. Like to Like; and when that's over, you'll go straight away, like a good Christian, to the Communion. TH. Why not? for when I have once discharged my Iniquities into his Cowl, and cast off my Burthen, let him that absolves me, look to the rest. HAN. But hark ye, How can you be sure that he does absolve ye, when you think he does. TH. Oh, very well. HAN. But ye do not tell me how yet. TH. He lays his hand upon my head, and then mumbles something to himself; I don't know what it is. HAN. What if he should give you all your sins again, when he lays his hand upon your Head; and that these following, should be the words he mumbles to himself? I absolve thee from all the good that is in thee, which I find to be little or none at all: I restore thee to thy self, and I leave thee just as I found thee. TH. Let him take a care what he says: 'tis enough for me that I believe that I am absolv'd. HAN. But that Belief may be dangerous: and what now if he should not absolve ye at all? HAN. 'Tis an unlucky thing to meet a troublesome man that will be waking a bodies Conscience when 'tis fast asleep. HAN. But a blessed encounter, to meet a friend that gives good advice, when a body needs it. TH. How good I know not, but I'm sure 'tis not very Pleasant.

V: THE INNS

The Civility of the People at Lions, to Strangers and Travellers; and the sweetness of the Place. The Churlishness of a German Host; with a lively description of their Entertainment in their Stoves.

BERTULPHUS, GULIELMUS

BE. What's the reason, I wonder, that people will never be gotten out of Lions under two or three days stay there? for when I am once upon the way myself, I can never be quiet till I come to my journeys end. GU. Now do I rather wonder that people can be gotten from thence at all. BE. Why so? GU. Because 'tis the very place where the Sirens charm'd Ulysses and his Mates; or 'tis at least the Moral of that Fable. When a man is there at his inn, he's as well as if he were at his own home. BE. Why what's the way on't then? GU. The women are very handsom there, and the Table never without one of 'em to season the Entertainment; and with ingenious, and innocent Raillery to keep the Guests in good Humor. First came the Mistress of the House, and bad us welcome; and then her Daughter, a very fine woman, and of so pretty a Kind of Witt and Fashion, that it was impossible to be sad while she was in the Company: And you are not received there like strangers neither; but as if you were familiar Friends and old acquaintances the first minute you see one an other. Be. Oh I know the French way of Civility very well. Gu. Now because they could not be always with us, (what with business, and what out of respect to their other Lodgers) when the Daughter left us, we had to supply her place till she could return, a Lass that was so well instructed in the Knack of Repartees, she had a word for everybody, and no Conceit came amiss to her, (the Mother you must know was somewhat in years). Be. Well but how were you Treated all this while; for Stories fill no Bellies? Gu. Truly so splendidly, and so cheap that I was amazed at it. And then after Dinner, we chatted away the time so merrily, that I was still at home methought. Be. And how went matters in your Chambers? Gu. Why there we had the Girls about us again, gigling and toying, with a thousand Ape-tricks; and their main business was to know what Linen we had to wash: In one word, they were all Females that we saw there, save only in the Stable; and we had 'em there too some times. Upon our coming away, they could not have shew'd more Affection and Tenderness at parting if we had been their own Brothers. Be. This Mode may do well enough in France; but the manly way of the Germans methinks pleases me better. Gu. I never was in Germany, wherefore pray let's know how 'tis there. Be. I can tell you for as much on't as I saw; but how 'tis in other parts of Germany, I can say little. Mine Host never salutes his Guest, for fear he should be thought to have some design upon him, which is lookt upon as below the Dignity and Gravity of a German. When ye have call'd a good while at the gate, the Master of the Inn puts his head out of the Stove Window, like a Tortoise from under his shell (for till the Summer Solstice they live commonly in Stoves). Then does he expect that you should ask him if there be any lodging there: If he makes you no answer, you may take it for granted there is; and if you enquire for the Stable, without a word speaking, he points you to't, and there you may go and Curry your own Horse as you please your self, for there are no Servants there to do that office, unless it be an Inn of extraordinary note; and then you have one to shew you the Stable, and a standing for your horse, but incommodious enough, for they keep the best places for Noblemen, as they pretend, that are yet to come. If you fault anything, they tell you at next word, you had best look out another Inn. In their great Towns there's hardly any Hay to be got, and 'tis almost as dear too as Oats. When you have drest your horse, you come whole into the Stove, Boots, Luggage, Dirt and all; for that's a common Room for all comers. Gu. Now in France you have your Chamber presently appointed you; where you may change your linen, Clean, Warm, or rest yourself, as you please. Be. There's nothing of that here; for in this Stove you put off your Boots. Don your Shoes, change your Shirt, if you will; hang up your Cloaths, or set your self a drying. If you have a mind to wash the water's ready, but then you must have more water to fetch off the Dirt of that. Gu. I am clearly for these manly people (as you call 'em). Be. If you come in at four Afternoon, you must not expect to Sup before Nine or Ten. Gu. What's the reason of that? Be. They never make any thing ready till they see their whole Company, that they may have but one work on't. Gu. For brevity sake. Be. Right: So that you shall have betwixt fourscore and an hundred persons sometimes in the same stove: Horse and Foot, Merchants, Mariners, Wagoners, Husbandmen, Women and Children, Sick and Sound. Gu. Why here is the true Convent (or Cænobium) then. Be. One's combing of his head, another wiping off his Sweat, a third cleaning of his Boots, or Hob-nail shoes; others belching of Garlick: Without more ado, the Confusion of Babel for Men and Languages, was nothing to this. If they see any Stranger, that by his Train and Habit looks like a man of Quality, they stand gaping at him as if he were an Affrican Monster: nay when they are set at the Table, and he behind 'em they'l be still looking back at him, and staring him in the face till they forget their Suppers. Gu. There's none of this gazing at Rome, Paris, or Venice, &c. Be. Take notice now, that 'tis a mortal sin to call for anything. When 'tis so late that there's no hope of any more Guests, out comes ye an old gray-bearded Servant, close cropt, with a sower crabed look, and in a sordid Habit. Gu. He would make a good Cup-bearer to a Cardinal. Be. He overlooks the place; and counts to himself the number of the Guests, and the more Company, the more fire he puts in the Stove, though they were half smother'd before: For 'tis a token of respect to stew the people into a sweat. If any man that's ready to choak with the Fumes, does but open the Window never so little, mine host bids him shut it again. If he says he's not able to bear it, get ye another Inn then (cries the Master). Gu. 'Tis a dangerous thing, methinks, when mens Bodies are open'd with the heat, to draw in the Vapour of so many people together, to eat in the same place, and stay there so many houres: To say nothing of their Belching, Farting, and corrupt breaths, some of 'em teinted with secret Diseases, and every man contributing to the Contagion: Nay, they have most of 'em the French itch too, (and yet why the French? when its common to all Nations) so that a man might be as safe among so many Lepers. Tell me now, what is this sort of pestilence? Be. They are strong stout men, and laugh at these Niceties. Gu. But in the mean time they are bold at other mens Perils. Be. Why what's to be done? 'Tis a thing they are us'd to, and 'tis a point of Resolution not to depart from a Custom. Gu. And yet till within these five and twenty years nothing was more common in Brabant than hot Baths. But we have no more of 'em now, since they are found to be ill for the Scabbado. Be. Now let me go on: By and by, comes your bearded Ganimede in again, and layes ye his just number of Napkins upon the Table; no Damask (with a pox to 'em) but the remnants rather of an old Sail. There are Eight Guests at least allotted to every table; and now every man that knows the fashion of the Country places himself where he likes. Rich and Poor, Master and Servant, 'tis all one. Gu. This was the primitive Equallity which is now driven out of the world by tiranny: The very life (as I suppose) of the holy disciples with their Master. Be. When they are all seated, out comes the Dog-looking Graybeard again, counts his company over once more, and by and by brings every man his wooden dish, with a Spoon of the same mettle, and then a Glass; a while after, comes the Bread, which the Guests may Chip at leisure, while the Porridge are aboyling; for there they sit waiting perhaps some half an hour. Gu. Do none of them call for Meat in the mean time? Be. Not if they know the Country. At last, in comes the Wine, and Wine that for the sharpness and subtlety of it, is fitter for a Schoolman than a Traveller; none of the heady fuming Drink, I warrant ye. But if a body should privately offer a piece of mony to get a Can of better Wine, somewhere else, they'll give ye a look, without speaking a word, as if they would murther ye. If you press it further, they'll tell you presently, here have been such and such Counts and Marquises, that found no fault with this Wine; if you don't like it, y'ad best mend your self elsewhere. You must observe now, that they only reckon upon their own Noblemen, in effect to be Men; and wherever ye come, they are shewing you their Arms. By this time, comes in a Morsel to pacifie a barking Stomach; and after that, in great Pomp, follow the Fishes. The first, with sippets of Bread in Flesh Porridge; or if it be a fish day; in a Soupe of Pulse. After that comes in another Soupe, and then a Service of Butchers Meat, that has been twice boyl'd, or of Salt meats twice heate; and then Pulse again, or perhaps some more substantial Dish: When ye have taken off the edge of your Appetite, they bring ye either Roast Meat, or Stew'd Fish (which is not amis) but they are sparing on't, and 'tis quickly taken away again. This is the method of their Eating, which they order as Comedians do their Scenes, into so many Courses, of Chops, and Soupes; still taking care that the last Act may be best. GU. The Poets method too. BE. Now 'tis death for any man to say, Take away this Dish; here's no body Eats: For you are bound to sit out your time; which (as I take it) they measure by an Hour-glass. And at last, out comes your old Servant again, or mine Host himself (who is no better Clad) and asks ye, What cheer Gentlemen? By and by comes a can of more generous Wine. They are men of Conscience ye must know; and love those most that drink most; for (say they) you are all upon the Club; and he that Drinks most, pays no more than he that drinks least. Gu. Why these people are Wits. Be. There are many of 'em that spend twice as much for their Wine, as they pay for their Ordnary. But before I leave this entertainment, what a horrible noise and confusion of Tongues is there, when they come once to be warm in their Drink! without more words, it deafens a man; and then you shall many times have a mixture of Mimiques and Buffoms in among them: a most detestable sort of men, and yet you would not think how these People delight in 'em. There's such a Singing, Bawling, Gaggling, Leaping, and Thundering up and down, and there's no hearing of one another, and you'd think the Stove would fall upon your head; and yet this is it they take to be a pleasant life; and there you are condemn'd to sit in spite of your heart, till toward midnight. Gu. Come make an end of your Meal, for I'm e'en sick on't too. Be. Presently. At length, when the cheese is taken away (which must be rotten and full of Maggots, or they'll have none on't) In comes your Ganimede once again; with a wooden Trencher, and so many Circles, and Semicircles drawn in Chalk upon't. This he lays upon the Table, with a grim countenance, and without speaking, by his look, and by his dish, you would take him for a Charon. They that understand the meaning of all this, lay down their mony, one after another, till the Trencher's cover'd. The Servant takes notice who lays down, and then reckons it to himself. If all be paid, he gives you a Nod. Gu. But what if there should be too much? Be. Perhaps he'l give ye it again; for I have seen it done. Gu. Does no body find fault with the Reckoning? Be. Not if he be wise, for he shall quickly hear on't then. What are you for a man; (says he) you are to pay no more than other people? Gu. 'Tis a Frank Nation this. Be. If you are weary with your journey, and would go to bed; they'l bid you stay, till the rest go too. Gu. Plato's Common-Wealth! Be. And then every man had his Nest shew'd him, and in truth it is very properly call'd a Bed-Chamber; for there's nothing in't but a Bed that a man can either carry away, or steal. Gu. Every thing is clean however. Be. Just as it was at the Table. Your Sheets are washt perhaps once in six months. Gu. But what becomes of your horses? Be. They are treated much as the same Rate with the men. Gu. And is it alike all over Germany? Be. No. 'Tis better in some places and worse in others; but in general 'tis thus. Gu. What if I should tell you now how Travellers are Treated in Lombardy, Spain, England, Wales? For the English partake of the Manners both of the French and Germans, as a Mixture of both Nations; but the Welsh boast themselves to be Originals, and of the Ancient Britans. Be. Pray'e tell me how 'tis; for I was never there. Gu. 'Tis too late now, for my Baggage is aboard, and if I fail of being at my Boat by three a Clock, I shall lose my Passage, but some other time ye shall have the rest at large.

VI: THE RELIGIOUS TREAT.

Table-Discourse for Christians. All the works of Nature yield matter for Contemplation. A description of a pleasant Garden, with all the Beauties of it. The reading of Scripture recommended even at Meals. Several Texts expounded. The force of the light of Nature, in Pagan Philosophers and Poets: With Reflections upon the Excellencies of Socrates and Cicero. Charity is better bestowed upon Necessities than Superfluities; with directions how to applie it.

EUSEBIUS, TIMOTHEUS, THEOPHILUS, CHRYSOGLOTTUS, URANIUS.

EU. I wonder how anybody can endure to live in a smoaky Town, when every thing's so fresh and pleasant in the Country? Such delicious Flowers, Meadows, Rivers, Fountains, &c. TI. Several men, several humours; and beside, a man may like the country well, and yet like something else better. For 'tis with pleasure as 'tis with Nails, one drives out another. EU. You speak of Usurers perhaps, or of covetous Traders, which in truth are all one. TI. Not of them alone, I assure you, but of a Thousand other sorts of People; to the very Priests and Monks, that make choice still of the most populous Cities for their Habitations. It is not Plato or Pythogoras, that they follow in this Practice, but the blind beggar rather, who loves to be where he's crouded: For, says he, the more people the more profit. EU. Pre'thee lets leave the blind Beggar then, and behave our selves like Philosophers. TI. Was not Socrates a Philosopher? And yet he was for a Town-Life; where a man might learn what he had a mind to know. In the Country, 'tis true, ye have Woods, Gardens, Springs, and Brooks, that may entertain the Eye; but these are all Mute; and there's no edification without discourse. Eu. Socrates puts the Case, I know, of a man's walking alone in the Fields; not as if any of the works of the Creation wanted a Tongue, for every part of it, speaks to the Instruction of any man, that has but a good will, and a Capacity to learn. Do but consider the native Glories of the Spring, how they set forth and proclaim the equal Wisdom and goodness of the Creator! How many excellent things did Socrates, in his retirement, both teach Phedrus, and learn from him? Ti. A Country Life, I must confess in such company, were a Paradice. Eu. If you have a mind to make trial of it take a Dinner with me to morrow, a step here out o' th' Town: I have a plain little house there, but I'le promise you a cleanly and a hearty welcome. Ti. We are enow to eat ye up. Eu. Never fear that, so long as the Melons, the Figgs, Pears, Apples, and Nuts last: And 'tis but gaping neither, to have the Fruit fall into your mouths. In one word, you are to expect only a Garden treat, unless perhaps we should search the Hen-roost for a Pullet; the very Wine grows on the place too; so that there's not one penny of money in the case. Ti. Upon these Terms wee'l be your Guests. Eu. Let every man bring his friend too, and then we are the just number of the Muses. Ti. A Match. Eu. And take notice that though I find Meat, you are to bring Sauce. Ti. What do you mean Pepper and Sugar? Eu. No no: a thing that's both more savory, and cheaper. Ti. What may that be? Eu. A good Stomach. A light Supper to night and a Walk to-morrow morning, does it. (for the Walk you may thank me)

But what hour will you eat at? Ti. About Ten; before the heat of the day. Eu. I'le give order for't.

Servant, Sir, the Gentlemen are come. Eu. You're welcome, my Masters, for coming according to your words; but you're twice as welcome, for coming so early, and bringing the best Company in the World along with ye. It is a kind of unmannerly Civility, methinks, in some people, to make their Host wait. Ti. We came, so much the sooner, that we might have time enough to look over all your Curiosities; for they say you live like a Prince here, and that the very contrivances about your house, speak you to be the Master of it. Eu. And you will find it a Palace (I can assure you) worthy of such a Prince: This nest is, to me, more than an Imperial Court; and if Liberty be a Kingdom, here do I reign. But what if we should take the Cool of the morning now, to see the Gardens, while the wench in the Kitchin provides us a Sallad? Ti. Never was any thing in better order. The very Design of this Garden bids a man welcome to't. Have you any more than this? Eu. Here are Flowers, and Greens, that will serve to put by a worse sent. Let every man take freely what he likes; for this place lies (in a manner) in Common; I never shut it up but at nights. Ti. St. Peter Keeps the Gate, I perceive. Eu. A Porter that pleases me much better than the Mercuries, Centaurs, and Fictitious Monsters that I see in other places. Ti. And more suitable to Christianity too. Eu And he's no Mute either, for he accosts you in three languages. Ti. What does he say? Eu. You may read it yourself. Ti. 'Tis too far off for my eyes. Eu. Here's a Glass then will make ye see through an Inch-board. Ti.

I have the Latin. *Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva Mandata.* Mat. 19. 17. *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments.* Eu. Now read the Greek. Ti. I see the Greek, but that does not see me. Let Theophilus speak to that point; for he's never without Greek in's mouth. Th. Μετανοήσατε κὰι ἐπισρέψατε· *Repent and be Converted.* Act 3, 19. Ch. Now leave the Hebrew to me. *In Truth and Righteousness.* Eu. You'le take him perchance for an unmannerly Porter, that at first dash bids ye turn from your Iniquities, and applie yourself to Godliness: And then tells ye that Salvation comes not from the works of the Law, but from Faith in the Gospel; and the observance of Evangelical Precepts. Ti. And see the Chappel there on the right hand that he directs us to; it is a very fine one: There's Jesus Christ upon an Altar, pointing up to Heaven, with his Right hand towards God the Father, and the Holy Ghost; and with his Left, he seems to court and Invite all Comers. Eu. And he Greets you in three Language too, *Ego sum Via, Veritas, et Vita. I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.* ἐγω ἕιμι τὸ Αλφα Κὰι Τὸ Ω. *I am Alpha and Omega. Come ye Children unto me; I will teach ye the fear of the Lord.* Ti. This Greeting looks like a good Omen. Eu. And it is but just, and devout to pay back an Acknowledgment with Supplications to our blessed Saviour, that he will vouchsafe (since we can do nothing of our selves) by his infinite Goodness, to keep us in the right Way, and bring us by the Truth of the Gospel to everlasting Life; drawing us, by himself, to himself, all superstitious Vanities, and Delusions apart. Ti. It is most reasonable that we should pray, and the very place invites us to't. Eu. Strangers are generally pleased with this

Garden; and hardly a man that passes by this place without an ejaculation, instead of the Infamous Priapus, I have committed, not only my Gardens, but all my Possessions, both of Body and Mind, to the Protection of my Saviour. This bubling Fountain of Living Waters represents that only Fountain of Life that refreshes all that are weary, and opprest, with its divine Streames: the Fountain, which the languishing Soul longs for, as the Hart, in the Psalmist, does for the Brooks; The Fountain which whoever Thirsts for may have his fill gratis. Some that come hither, make it a matter of Religion to sprinkle themselves with it, and others to drink of it. You are loth, I perceive, to leave this place: But let's go on, and I'le shew you a square wall'd Garden here beyond, that's better worth your seeing. After Dinner wee'l view what's within dores, for till towards Evening 'twill be so hot, there's no looking out of our shells. TI. Bles me, what a voluptuous Prospect is here! EU. And so it ought to be, for this Garden was design'd for Pleasure, but for Honest Pleasure; the Entertainment of the Sight, the Smell, and the Refreshment of the very Mind. You have nothing here but sweet herbs, and those only choice ones too; and every kind has its bed by it self. TI. I am now convinc'd that the Plants are not Mute, as you were saying e'en now. EU. Y'are in the right: My house was never made for Magnificence, but for Discourse. So that I can never be alone in't, as you your self shall confess when you have seen it through. As I have rang'd my several Plants into several Troops, so every Troop has its Standard to it self, with a peculiar Motto. The Marjorams word is *Abstine Sus, non tibi Spiro*: My Perfume was never made for the snout of a Sow;

being a Fragrancy to which the Sow has a natural Aversion. And so every other herb has something in the Title, to denote the particular Virtue of the Plant. Ti. I have seen nothing yet that pleases me better than this Fountain. It is the Ornament, the Relief, and Security of the whole Garden. But for this Cistern here that with so much satisfaction to the Eye, waters the whole Ground in Chanels at such equal distances, that it shows all the Flowers over again, as in a Looking-glass; this Cistern, I say, is it of Marble? Eu. Not a word of that, I prithee. How should Marble come hither? 'Tis only a Paste that's cover'd over with an Artificial Counterfeit. Ti. And where does this delicious Rivulet discharge itself at last? Eu. Just at the rate of Human Obligations, when we have serv'd our own Turns: so it is with this delicate Brook: when we have had the Pleasure, and the Benefit of it in the Garden, it washes the Kitchin, and then passes through the Sink into the Common Shore. Ti. A most inhuman Cruelty, as I am a Christian! Eu. And I should think it so too, if the Bounty of Providence had not appointed it in Common for all these Uses. If you call this a Cruelty, what shall we say of those that with their Lusts, and Appetites, Pollute the Fountain of Divine Truth, which was given us for the Composing, and purging of our minds, and abuse the unspeakable goodness of the Almighty? Ti. You speak Reason. But how comes it that all your Made-Hedges are green too? Eu. Because I would have everything green here. Some are for a mixture of Red to set off the other. But I am still for Green; as every man has his phancy, though it be but in a Garden. Ti. The Garden is very fine of it self, but these three Walks, methinks, take off very much from the lightsomness and Pleasure of it. Eu. There do I either study, or walk or talk with a friend, or eat a dish of meat, according as the humour takes me. Ti. Those speckled particolour'd Pillars there, are not they Marble? Eu. Out of the same Quarry with the Cistern. Ti. 'Tis a pretty Cheat; I should have sworn they had been Marble. Eu. Take it for a warning then that you swear nothing rashly, for you see how a man may be mistaken. What I want in my purse, I am fain to supply with Invention. Ti. And could ye not content your self with so neat and well-finish'd a Garden in Substance without more Gardens in Picture, over and above? Eu. First, one piece of Ground will not hold all sorts of Plants. Secondly, 'Tis a double pleasure to compare painted Flowers with the Life. In the one we Contemplate the admirable work of Nature, in the other, the Skill of the Artist, and in both, the Goodness of God, who gives us all things for our use, and shews himself to be Wonderful and Amiable together. And lastly the Painting holds fresh and green all the Winter when the flowers are dead, and wither'd. Ti. But what sweetness is there in a Picture? Eu. Consider on the other side that it requires no dressing. Ti. It only delights the eye. Eu. But then 'tis beautiful in all Seasons. Ti. Pictures themselves grow old. Eu. They do so, but yet they'le outlive us; beside that whereas we are the worse for Age, they are the better for't. Ti. That's too true, if it could be otherwise. Eu. These walks serve me to many purposes. In one of them I take the benefit of the Morning-Sun, in another, I take Sanctuary against the Heats of the Meridian, and refresh my self in the cool of the shade. And in the Third, I sit airing my self sometimes. But if you please, we'l take a view of 'em nearer hand. See how green 'tis under foot, and ye have the beauty of painted Flowers in the very Chequerings of the Pavement. Here's a Wood now in Fresco; there's a strange variety of matter in't; so many Trees, and but one of a sort; and all exprest to the Life; And so for the Birds too, especially if any way remarkable. As for Geese, Hens, and Ducks, they are not worth the drawing. Underneath, are Four-footed Creatures, or such Birds as live upon the ground, and keep them company. Ti. The Variety indeed is wonderful, and every thing in Action; either doing, or intimating something. There's an Owl sits peeping through the Leaves, with a Label in her mouth. What says she? Eu. She's an Athenian her self, and so speaks Greek; σωφρόνει. sayes she, Οὺ πὰσιν τπτυμι. Be wise, I do not fly to all. She bids us do nothing rashly. There's an Eagle Quarrying upon a Hare, and a Bittle interceeding, but to no purpose. The Wren, that mortally hates the Eagle, seconding the Bittle. Ti. That swallow, what has she got in her mouth? Eu. A Leaf of Celandine, (don't you know the Plant?) She cures the Eyes of her young ones with it. Ti. What an odd kind of Lizard is there? Eu. You're mistaken, 'tis a Chameleon. Ti. Not the Chameleon there's so much talk of. I took that for a beast twice as big as a lyon. The name on't is twice as long too. Eu. This Chameleon is always hungry and gaping, especially near a wild-fig-tree, for that's his Aversion. He's otherwise harmless, and yet the little Creature has poyson in him. Ti. I do not find that he changes his Colour. Eu. But if you saw him change his place you would see him change his colour too. Ti. What's the meaning of that Piper?

Eu. Don't you see a Camel dancing there hard by? Ti. A very pleasant phancy truly, the Ape whistles and the Camel Dances. Eu. It would ask at least three days to run through the Particulars one by one. So that we had better take some other time for that, and content our selves with what we have had for the present. You have here all sorts of famous plants, describ'd according to Nature, and (to encrease the Wonder) the strongest poysons in the world, which ye may both look upon and handle without any danger. Ti. Here's a Scorpion: they are common in Italy, and very mischevious, but rarely seen here. Has the Painter given it the true colour? Eu. Why do ye ask? Ti. This is too pale methinks; for those in Italy are blacker. Eu. Do you know the Plant it's fall'n upon? Ti. Not very well. Eu. That's no wonder, for we have none of it in these parts. They call it Woolfs bane, so deadly a poyson that upon the very touch of it, a Scorpion presently turns pale, is stupified and overcome. But then when he is wounded with one poyson he finds his remedy in another, and if he can but get to the White Helebore, he recovers. Those Plants there, are the two sorts of Helebore. Ti. This Scorpion is undone then, for he's never like to remove from the place where he is. But do your Scorpions speak here? Eu. Yes, and they speak Greek too. Ti. What does he say? Eu. ἓυρα Θεὸς τον ἀλιτρόν. God hath found out the Guilty. Now here in the Grass, you have all kinds of Serpents. Here's the Basilisk, that's not only terrible for his poyson, but the very Flash of his Eye is Mortal. Ti. And does not he say something too? Eu. Yes; and his word is *Oderint, dum Metuant. Let them hate me, so they fear me.* Ti. Spoken like an Emperor.

Eu. Like a Tyrant ye mean. Now for a Combat betwixt a Lizard and a Viper, and there again lies a Snake, (the Dipsas) upon the Catch, under an Estrich Egg-shell. You come now to the whole Polity of the Ants. (that Industrious Creature, which we are call'd upon to imitate, by Authors both Sacred and Prophane). And here are your Indian Ants that both Carry Gold, and Hord it up. Ti. Good God, how is't possible for any man to be weary of this Entertainment! Eu. An yet some other time you shall see I'le give you your Belly full on't. Now before ye, at a good distance, there's a third wall, where you have Lakes, Seas, Rivers, and all sorts of choice Fishes. Here's the Nile, and a Dolphin grapling with a Crocadile. The Natural Friend of Mankind with our greatest Enemy. Upon the Banks and Shores, ye see several Amphibia, as Crabs, Seals, Beavers; Here's a Polypus catcht in an Oyster. Ti. And what is't that he says? Eu. The Taker taken. Ti. This water is rarely done. Eu. If it were not we should have needed other Eyes. Look ye; there's another Polypus, see how he cuts it away above water like a wherry; and there lies a Torpedo upon the sand, (both of a Colour) you may touch 'em here without any sort of danger. But let's to something else; for this feeds the Eye, but not the Belly. Ti. Is there any more to be seen then? Eu. Wee'l look into the Backside by and by. Here's an Indifferent fair Garden cut into two. The one's for the Kitchin, and that's my wives, the other is a Phisique-Garden. Upon the left hand, you have an open Green Meadow enclosed with a Quickset-Hedge. There do I take the Air sometimes, and divert my self with good Company. Upon the right hand, there's a Nursery of Forreign

Plants, which I have brought by degrees to endure this Climate. But these things, you shall see at better leisure. Ti. The King himself has nothing like ye. Eu. At the end of the upper walk there's an Aviary, which I'le show you after Dinner. And among the Birds you'le see as great a diversity of humours as of Plumes and Notes: For they have their kindnesses and their feuds, as well as we. And then they're so tame and familiar, that when I'm at Supper they'll come flying in at the window to me at the very Table, and eat for company. When they see me there upon the Draw bridge, (talking perhaps with a friend, or so) they'll sit some of them observing, and hearkening, others fluttering about me, and lighting upon my head, or my shoulders, without any sort of fear, for they find that no body hurts them. At the further end of the Orchard, I have my Bees, which is a sight worth your Curiosity. But I'le keep that in reserve for ye till by and by.

Servant. My Mistress bids me tell you, Sir, that Dinner will be spoil'd. Eu. A little Patience, tell her, and we come. Let's wash first, my Masters, that we may bring clean Hands to the Table, as well as clean Hearts: the very Pagans us'd a kind of Reverence in this case; how much more then should Christians do it; if it were but in Imitation of that Sacred Solemnity of our Saviour with his Disciples at his last Supper! The washing of the hands is but an Emblem of purging the Mind. And so long as there is any uncleanness in the one, or any Envy or Rancour in the other, we ought not to usurp upon the Blessings of the Table: The very Body is the founder, and Meat the wholsomer for a purifi'd Mind. Ti. Most undoubtedly. Eu. It is evident from several Instances in the Scriptures, that it was the Practice of our Saviour, to bless the Table, both before and after Meat. Wherefore, if you please, I'le say you a Grace that St. Chrysostome, in one of his Homilies commends to the Skies, and he himself was the Interpreter of it. Ti. Pray'e do.

Blessed be thou, O God, who hast susteined us from our youth, and providest Food for all Flesh: Fill our Hearts with joy and comfort, that partaking abundantly if thy Bounties, we may likewise abound in all good works, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, be Glory, Honour, and Power, world without end. Ti. *Amen.*

Eu. Sit down now, and let every man take his Friend next to him. The first place is yours, Timothy, in the right of your grey hairs. Ti. The only thing in the world that gives me a Title to't. Eu. We can only judge of what we see, and must leave the rest to God. Sophronius, keep you close to your Principal. There's the right side of the Table for Theophilus and Eulalius: and the left for Chrysoglottus, and Theodidactus. Euramius, and Nephalius must make a shift with what's left, and I'le stick here to my old Corner. Ti. This must not be; the Master of the House sure shall take the first place. Eu. The House is as much yours as mine Gentlemen, or however if I may govern within my own Jurisdiction, I'le sit where I please, and I have made my choice. Now Christ be with us and among us; without whom there can be no true joy and comfort. Ti. Amen. But where shall he sit? for the places are all taken up. Eu. I would have him in every Drop, and Morsel that we Eat, or Drink; but principally in our Minds. And the better to fit us for the reception of so Divine a Guest, if you please, wee'l have some piece of Scripture read in the Interim, which will not at all hinder us in the business of our Dinner. TI. With all my Soul. EU. This Entertainment pleases me so much the better because it puts off Vain and frivolous discourse, and brings profit beside. I am none of those that think no Society diverting, unless it be season'd with the foppery of wanton Stories and Bawdy Songs. There's no true joy but in a clear and open Conscience, and those are the happy Conversations, where only such things are spoken and heard as we can reflect upon afterward with Satisfaction; and without any Mixture either of Shame, or Repentance. TI. It were well if we were as Careful in this Point, as we are sure of the Truth on't. EU. And 'tis not all neither, that the Benefit is valuable and Certain; but one Months using of it would make it pleasant too. TI. And therefore 'tis the best Course we can take to wont our selves to that which is good.

EU. Read us something, Boy, and speak out and distinctly. BOY. Prov. 21. *The Kings heart is in the hand of the Lord as the Rivers of Water: he turneth it whithersoever he will. Every way of man is right in his own Eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts. To do Justice and Judgment ,is more acceptable to the Lord, then Sacrifice.*—Vv. 1, 2, 3. EU. Hold there; 'tis enough; for 'tis better to take down a little with an appetite, then to devour more than a man can digest. TI. 'Tis better I must confess in many cases. Pliny would have Tully's Offices never out of your hand: and I'm so far of his mind, that I could wish the whole World, especially

Statesmen, had him by heart: and for this little Book of the Proverbs, I have always lookt upon it as the best of Manuals. Eu. 'Tis a good Sauce however to a flat Dinner. Ti. What Compliment might have been spar'd, where every thing is excellent. But if you had given as this Lecture to a Dish of Beets only, without either Pepper, Wine, or Vinegar, it had been a most delicious Treat. Eu. I could commend it however with a better Grace, if it did not perfectly understand that which I have heard: And I would we had but some able Divine among us, that might fully expound it: But I do not know how far a Layman may be allowed to descant upon such a subject. Ti. I see no hurt in't, even for the meanest Skipper to do it, bating the Rashness of passing Sentence in the Case. And who knows but that Christ himself (who has promised his Grace and Favour even to two or three that are gather'd together in his name) may vouchsafe his Assistance also unto us who are somewhat a larger Congregation. Eu. What if we should take these three Verses then, and divide them among us Nine Guests. Ti. We are all Content, provided that our Patron lead the way. Eu. I should not scruple it, but that I am loth to use ye worse in my Exposition, then I have done in my Dinner. But Ceremony apart, and waving all other Interpretations, I take This to be the Moral of the first Verse. That Private men may be wrought upon by Admonition, Reproof, Laws, and Menances, but Kings, that are above Fear, the more they are oppos'd the fiercer is their displeasure. And therefore Princes in their Passions should be left to themselves; not in respect of any Confidence in the Goodness of their Inclinations but they are many times the Instruments of Providence for the Punishment of the Wicked, tho' by their own Cruelties, and Errors: Was not Nebucadnezzar a Scourge to his People? And yet God commanded that Obedience should be paid him. And that of Job, Cap. 34. of the Hipocrites Reigning, peradventure looks this way. And so that of the Prophet David, lamenting his Sins, Psal. 51. 4. *Against Thee only have I sinned and done this Evil in thy sight.* Not as if the Iniquity of Princes were not also fatal to the People: but they are onely accomptable still to Allmighty God: from whose Judgment there lies no Appeal. Ti. It goes well thus far. But what's meant by the Rivers of Water? Eu. The very Comparison explains it. The Wrath of a Prince is Impetuous, and Impetent; not to be led This way or That; or to be maneg'd: but it presses forward with a Resistless Fury. There's no stopping, or diverting of a Sea-breach; but the interposing of Banks and Walls only makes it the more Outragious. Let it but alone, and it will at last sink of it self: as it falls out in many great Rivers. There is, in one word, less hazard in yielding, then in striving. Ti. Is there no remedy then against the Extravagancies of unruly Governors? Eu. The first Expedient is, not to receive a Lion into the City. The Second, so to hamper him with Laws, and Restrictions, as to keep him within bounds. But the best of all would be to train him up from his Childhood, in the Love and Exercise of Piety, and Virtue, and to form his Will before he comes to understand his Power. Good Counsel, and Perswasion goes a great way: provided it be seasonable and Gentle, but the last resort must be to Allmighty God, for the moving of his heart toward things becoming his Dignity and Profession. Ti. And do you excuse your self because you are a Layman? Where's the Graduate in

Divinity, that will take upon him to mend this Comment? Eu. Whether it be Right or Wrong, I cannot tell; but if it be not Heretical, or Impious, I'm satisfy'd. But whatever it be, I have done as ye bad me; and now, according to the Rules of Conversation, do you take your turns too.

Ti. The Complement ye pass'd upon my gray Hairs, gives me some kind of Title to speak my sense next: which is, that the Text will bear yet a most mysterious meaning. Eu. I believe it may, and I should be glad to hear it. Ti. But the word King, may be signified a man so perfected, that he has wholly subdu'd his Lusts; and is only led by the guidance of a Divine Impulse. Now it may not be proper, perhaps to tie up such a Person to the Conditions of Humane Laws; but rather to remit him to his Master, by whose Spirit he is govern'd. Neither is he to be judg'd according to the Measures by which frail and imperfect Men advance them selves toward true Holiness: but if he steer another Course we must say with St. Paul, Rom. 14. *God hath received him and to his own Master he standeth, or falleth.* And so I. Cor. 2, 15. *He that is spiritual, judgeth of all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.* To such therefore, let none prescribe, for the Lord; who hath appointed Bounds to the Seas, and the Rivers, hath the Heart of the King in his Hand, and inclines it which way soever pleases him. Now to what End should we prescribe to him, that does better things of himself than Human Laws oblige him so? And how great a rashness were it, to restrein that Person to Political Constitutions, who is manifestly directed by the Inspirations of the Holy Ghost? Eu. You have not only the pretences of Wisdom (Timothy) in your Grey

Hairs, but the substance of it in your Reasoning. And I would to God that we had more such Kings as this of yours among Christians: for in truth, they ought all of them to be such. But we have Dwelt long enough upon our Herbs and Eggs; let them be taken away and something else set in the Room. Ti. We have done so well already, there's no need of more. Eu. Now since by Gods help, our success has been so good upon the first Verse; I should be glad to hear your Shadow (for so the Latin calls your Guest) explain himself upon the next; which I take to be the darker of the two. Soph. If you'l pardon me at a venture, or if a Shadow may pretend to give light to anything, you shall have my thoughts upon't. Eu. You will lay an Obligation upon the whole Company; And I dare assure ye, that such a Shadow casts as much light as our Eyes will well bear. Soph. St. Paul tells us, that there are several ways of life, that lead to Holiness. One's Genius lyes to the Church; another is for a Marry'd State; A Third for a single Life; Others for Privacy, and some again are pleased with publick Administrations in the Government; according to the various dispositions of Bodies and Minds. To one Man, all Meats are Indifferent: Another distinguishes betwixt this Meat and that; and betwixt one day and another and some pass a judgment upon every day. In these things St. Paul would have every man enjoy his own freedom, without reproaching another. Neither should we Censure any man in these Cases, but leave him to be judg'd by him that weighs the Heart. It falls out many times that he that Eats may be more acceptable to God then he that forbears; he that breaks a Holy day, then another that seems to Observe it; he that Weds, than another that lives single; I Have done. Eu. You have hit the Nail o' th' head: And so long as I may converse with such Shadows, I shall never desire other Company. But here comes one that has liv'd single, and an Eunuch; not upon the score of Religion, but to gratifie our Pallates; It is a Capon from my own Barn dore. I am a great lover of boyl'd meats. Take where ye like. Methinks this Soup, with Lettuce, savours very well. But wee'l have something from the Spit; and after that, some small Desert; and there's an End. Ti. But where's your Lady all this while? Eu. When ye bring your own wives, mine shall keep 'em Company. But she's more at liberty among the women; and so are we too, by ourselves. And if she were here she must sit like a Mute. Socrates, ye know, with some Philosophers at his Table, that lov'd their Discourse better than their Meat, had all thrown on the floor by his wife, for the Companies talking more (as she thought) then came to their share. I should be loth that my Zantippe should shew us such another Trick. Ti. What your wife? Shee's certainly one of the best women in the World; and you're in no danger of such an Exploit. Eu. Truly such as she is, I should be loth to change her if I might; and 'tis my great happiness that she proves so. There are several people that are apt to say, such or such a man is happy; for he never had a wife: But I say rather (with the wise man) hee that has a good wife, has a good lot. Ti. 'Tis commonly our own fault if we have ill Wives; either for loving those that are Bad, or for making 'em so; or else for want of instructing them better. Eu. You say right. But all this while who shall expound the Third verse? Methinks the Divine Theophilus looks as if he had a mind to do so. Th. Truly my mind was upon my Belly. But I'le do my best however, if I may venture upon't without Offence. Eu. Nay it will be a favour to us, if even by a Mistake you should give us occasion of finding the Truth. Th. It seems to me, that the Prophet Hosea 6. 6. expounds that verse very well, *I desire Mercy and not Sacrifice, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt Offerings.* This is fully explain'd, and to the life, by our Saviour in St. Matthew; Chap. 9. When being at the Table of a Publican, with several others of the same Stamp, and Profession, the Pharisees that valu'd themselves upon their external Observance of the Law, without any regard to the Precepts of it, whereupon depend the Law and the Prophets; the Pharisees, I say, asks the Disciples (to alienate their Affections from him). what their Master meant, to Eat with Publicans and Sinners. This is a Point, of which the Jews made a Conscience to so high a Degree, that if the stricter sort had but met any of 'em by chance, they would presently go home, and wash themselves. The Question put the Disciples to a loss, till their Master made Answer both for himself and them. They (says he) that are whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick: But go you and learn what that meaneth; I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice: for I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners. Eu. This way of comparing Texts is the surest Rule of Expounding the Scriptures. But I would fain know what is't he calls Sacrifice, and what, Mercy? For how should we reconcile it, that God who has appointed and required so many sacrifices should be against them? Th. How far God is against Sacrifice he himself teaches us in the Prophet Isaiah, Chap. 1. There were certain Legal obligations among the Jewes, that were rather significations of Holiness, then of the Essence of it; and there were certain other obligations of perpetual

Force, being Good in their own Natures, without any respect to the Command. Now God was not displeas'd with the Jewes for observing the Rites and Ceremonies of the Law; but for placing all their Holiness upon that outward performance; to the neglect of Necessary, and more Important Duties: As if they had Merited Heaven by keeping their Holy Dayes; offering up of Sacrifices, abstaining from meals forbidden, and by their frequent Fastings, whereas all this while they lay wallowing in their Sins; as Avarice, Pride, Rapine, Hatred, Envy, and other Iniquities, embracing only the Shadow of Religion, without minding the Substance. But where he says I will have Mercy and not Sacrifice, I take it to be an Hebraism; that is to say, Mercy rather than Sacrifice; after the Interpretation of Solomon in this Text. And again the Scripture expresses all Charitable Offices to our Neighbour, under the term of Mercy and Eleemosynary Tenderness, which derives its very Name from Pitty. By Sacrifices, I suppose, is intended whatsoever respects corporal Ceremonies, under any Affinity with Judaism. As the choice of Meats, appointed Garments, Fasts, Sacrifices, Resting upon Holy Days; and the saying over Prayers as a boy says his Lesson. These things as they are not to be neglected in their due season, so if a man relies too much upon these Observances, and sees his Brother in distress, without relieving him, these bare formalities are very unpleasing to God. It has some appearance of Holiness, to have nothing to do with wicked men. But this Caution ceases, wheresoever there is a place for the exercise of our Charity. It is a point of just Obedience to rest on Holy Days; but it were most Impious to make such a Conscience of the day, as not to make a greater of saving his Brother upon that day, if he were in danger.

Wherefore to keep the Lord's day is a kind of Sacrifice, but to be reconcil'd to my Brother is a poynt of Mercy. And then for the Judgment of things, though the Weak are commonly opprest by the more Powerful, who are to pass the Sentence; yet it seems to me reasonable enough, that the poor man should mind him of that in Hosea, and the Knowledge of God more than Burnt Offerings. No man can be said to keep the Law but he that observes the Will in it of the Law-Maker. The Jews could take up an Ass upon their Sabbath that was fallen into a Pit, and yet they calumniated our Saviour for preserving a man upon that day. This was a preposterous Judgment, and not according to the Knowledge of God, for they never consider'd that these provisions were made for Man, and not Man for them. But I should think my self Impudent in saying this much, if you had not commanded it; and I had rather learn of others. Eu. This Discourse is so far from Impudent, that it looks rather like an Inspiration. But while we are feeding of our Souls, we must not forget our Companions. Th. Who are those? Eu. Our Bodies; and I had rather call them Companions, then Instruments, Habitations, or Sepulchers. Ti. This is a sure way of Satisfaction, when the whole man's reliev'd. Eu. We are long a coming to't methinks; wherefore if you please, wee'l call for a roasted Bit, without staying any longer for a little. And now ye see your Ordinary. Here's a good shoulder of Mutton, a Capon, and two brace of Partridge. These Partridges came from the Market, and I'm beholden to my Farm for the rest. Ti. Here's a Dinner for a Prince. Eu. For a Carmelite, you would say; but such as it is you're welcome to't; and that must supply your Entertainment. Ti. This is the talkingst place that ever I set my foot in. Not only the

Walls, but the very Cup speake. Eu. And what does it say? Ti. No man is hurt, but by himself. Eu. The Cup pleads for the Wine; for if a man gets a Feaver, or a pain in the Head with over-drinking, we are subject to curse the wine, when we should rather impute it to our selves for the Excess. Soph. Mine speaks Greek here. ἐν ὀ͂ινῳ ἀλήθεια. In Wine there's Truth. Eu. This gives to understand, that 'tis not safe for Priests, or Courtiers to drink deep, for fear of throwing their hearts out of their mouths. Soph. The Egyptians would not allow their Priests to Drink any Wine at all; and yet in those Days, there was no Auricular Confession. Tis become lawful now for all people to drink Wine; how convenient, I know not. What Book is that, Eulalius, you take out of your pocket? It must needs be a good one sure, there's so much cost bestow'd upon it. Eula. It has a Glorious outside, I must confess, and yet, 'tis infinitely more precious within. Here are the Epistles of St. Paul, which I still carry about me, as my beloved Entertainment, and I take 'em out now upon something you said, that minds me of a place which I have beat my head about a long time, and I am not yet resolved in. It is in the 6th Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. *All things are Lawful unto me, but all things are not Expedient: All things are Lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the Power of any.* First, (if we may trust the Stoiques) Nothing can be profitable to us which is not Honest. Therefore, how comes St. Paul to distinguish betwixt Lawful and Expedient? It is not Lawful sure to Whore or to drink drunk. How is it said then that all things are Lawful? But if St. Paul speaks of some particular things only, which he would have to be Lawful; how shall I divine from the Tenour of the place, which those particular things are? From that which follows, it may be gathered that he there speaks of the Choice of Meats. For some abstein from things offer'd to Idols, others, from Meats that were forbidden by Moses's Law. In the Eighth Chapter, he Treats of the former, and then in the Tenth, unfolds the Intention of this Place; saying, *All things are Lawful for me; but all things are not Expedient: All things are Lawful for me, but all things Edify not. Let no man seek his own but every man anothers wealth. Whatsoever is sold in the Shambles, Eat.* And that which St. Paul, subjoynes, agrees with what he said before. *Meat for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats. God shall destroy both It and them.* Now that this was spoken of the Judaical choice of Meats, appears by the close of the Tenth Chapter. *Give none Offence neither to the Jewes nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God, even as I please all men in all things; not seeking mine own profit, but the Profit of many that they may be saved.* Where he speaks of the Gentiles, he seems to reflect upon things offer'd to Idols, and in naming the Jews, he refers to the Choice of Meats; Under the Church of God comprehending the weak that are collected out of both sorts. It was Lawful, it seems, to eat of all Meats whatsoever, and all things, are clean to the Clean: But the remaining question is, whether or no it be Expedient? The Liberty of the Gospel makes all things Lawful; But for the avoiding of Scandal, Charity has a regard to the Conscience of my Neighbour. Upon that score, I would forbear, even things the most Lawfull: rather choosing to gratifie the scruples of Another, than to insist upon the Exercise of my own Freedom. But now here arises a double difficulty. First, That there's nothing in the Context to warrant this Construction either before, or after. For his charge against the Corinthians was, that they were Seditious, Fornicators, Adulterous, Insestuous and given to Contention, before Wicked Judges: Now what coherence is there after all this, to say, *all things are Lawfull for me, but all things are not expedient?* After this Passage, he returns to the point of Incontinence, which he had also repeated before, only leaving out the Charge of Contention: *But the Body,* says he, *is not for Fornication, but for the Lord, and the Lord, is for the Body.* But This may be salv'd too, because a little before in the Catalogue of Sins, there was mention made of Idolatry. *Be not deceived: neither Fornicators, Idolaters, nor Adulterers*; and then the Eating of things offer'd to Idols, is a spice of Idolatry. Wherefore he follows it with this expression, *Meat is for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats.* Intimating, that in case of Necessity, and for a Season, a man may Eat any thing, as far as Charity will permit, but that uncleanness, is in all persons, and at all times, to be detested. It is a matter of Necessity, that we Eat. But that Necessity shall be taken away at the last day. If we be lustful, it is voluntary and malicious. There is yet another scruple which I cannot either dissolve, or reconcile to that passage: *but I will not be brought under the Power of any*: For he says, that he has the Power of all Things, and yet he will not be brought under any ones Power. If he may be said to be in another mans Power, that absteins for fear of offending. It is no more than what in the ninth Chapter he speaks of himself: *For tho I be free from all men yet have I made my self Servant unto all, that I might gain the more.* St. Ambrose stumbling, as I suppose, at this scruple, takes this to be the Genuine sense of the Apostle, for the better understanding of him in another Place, where he claims to himself the Power of doing as the rest of the Apostles, (either true or false) the liberty of receiving Maintenance from those to whom he Preached the Gospel. But yet he forbore this, tho' he might have done it, as a thing expedient among the Corinthians, whom he charg'd with so many, and so Enormous Iniquities. And moreover, he that receives is in some degree in the Power of him that gives; and suffers some kind of Abatement in his Authority: For he that takes cannot so freely reprove his Benefactor; and he that gives, will not easily take a reprehension from him that he has oblig'd. Therefore did St. Paul abstein from many things that were Lawfull, for the Credit of his Apostolical Liberty, which he chose rather to support at the height, that he might maintain the Dignity of his Commission, for the Reprehension of their Sins. This Explication of St. Ambrose, I am well enough pleas'd with: and yet if any body had rather apply this passage to Meats. St. Paul saying, but I will not be brought under the Power of any, may in my opinion, bear this explanation. Although I may some time abstein from Meats offer'd to Idols, or forbidden by the Mosaical Law, out of a Tenderness to the scruples of a weak Brother; my mind is never the less Free: Well knowing that Necessity makes all Meats Lawful. But there were some false Apostles, that would persuade the World that some Meats were in themselves impure; and that not only upon Occasion, but in all Extremities, they were to be forborn, as Adultery, or Murther. Now those that were thus misled, fell from their Gospel-Liberty under a foreign Power. Only Theophilact, as I remember, has an Opinion by himself. *It is Lawful*, says he, *to Eat of all Meats, but it is not expedient to eat to Excess; for from*

Luxury comes Lust. There's no Impiety now in this sense, but I take it to be forc'd. I have now shew'd you my scruples, and it will become your Charity to set me at Ease. Eu. Your Discourse is certainly answerable to your Name. And the Questions you have propounded cannot be better resolv'd, then by your self. For your manner of Doubting has put me out of all doubt. Altho' St. Paul, proposing to do many things together, passes so often from one thing to another, repeating what he had intermitted, and going over with the same thing again, in the same Epistle, that it is a hard matter to disintangle it. Chrysoglottus. If I were not afraid of talking ye out of your Dinners; and if I did not make a Conscience of mingling things profane, with sacred, there is something that I would venture to propound to you : I read it this day with singular delight. Eu. Whatsoever is pious, and conducing to good Manners, should not be called profane. The first place must be granted to the Authority of the Holy Scriptures; and yet, after That, I find among the Ancients, nay the Ethniques, and, which is yet more, among the Poets, certain Precepts, and Sentences, so clean, so sincere, so divine, that I cannot perswade my self but they wrote them by Holy Inspiration. And perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses it self further then we imagine. There are more Saints then we find in our Catalogue. To confess my self now among my Friends, I cannot read Tully, Of old Age, of Friendship; his Offices; or his Tusculane Questions; without kissing the Book; without a veneration for the Soul of that Divine Heathen; and then on the contrary, when I read some of our Modern Authors, their Politiques, Deconomics, and Ethiques; Good God! how Jejune, and Cold they are? And so insensible, compar'd with the other, that I had rather lose all Scotus, and twenty more such as he, then one Cicero, or Plutarch. Not that I am wholly against them neither; but from the reading of the One, I find my self to become Honester, and Better; whereas I rise from the other extremely dull, and indifferent in the point of Virtue; but most violently bent upon Cavil, and Contention. Wherefore never fear to make your Proposition, whatever it is. CH. Tho' all Tully's Philosophy carries upon it the stamp of something that is Divine, yet that Treatise of Old Age, which in his Old Age he wrote; that piece, I say, do I look upon, according to the *Greek Proverb, to be the Song of the Dying Swan.* I read it this day, and these words I remember in it, that pleas'd me above the rest. *Should God now put it into my Power to begin my life again from my very Cradle, and once more to run the course over the years I have liv'd, I should not upon any Terms agree to't. For what's the Benefits of Life; or rather, how great is the Pain? Or if there were none of this, there would yet be undoubtedly in it Satiety, and Trouble. There are many (I know) and Learned men, that have taken up the humour of deploring their past Lives. This is a thing which I can never consent to; or to be troubled that me Life is spent, because I have so liv'd as to perswade my self that I was not born in vain. And when I leave this Body, 'tis but as an Inn, not as a place of Abode. For Nature has given us our Bodies only to Lodge in, not to dwell in. Oh! How glorious will That day be, when I shall leave the Rabble, and the Trash of this World behind me, to join in Counsel, and Society with those illustrious Spirits that are gone before.* Thus far Cato. What could a Christian have said more? The Dialogue of this Aged Pagan, with the Youth of his times, will rise up in Judgment against many of our

Monks, with their Holy Virgins. Eu. It will be objected, that this Colloquy of Tully's was but a Fiction. Ch. 'Tis all one to me, whether the honour be Cato's, for the sense and expression of this Rapture, or Cicero's for the Divinity of the Contemplation, and the Excellency of representing his thoughts in words answerable to the Matter. Tho' I'm apt to think, that although these very syllables were not Cato's, yet that his familiar Conversations were not far from this purpose. Neither had Tully the Confidence to draw a Cato fairer then he was; especially in a time, when his Character was yet fresh in the memories of all men. Beside that such an Unlikeness in a Dialogue, would have been a great indecorum, and enough to have blasted the Credit of the Discourse. Th. That which you say, is very likely; but let me tell you what came into my head upon your Rectiral. I have often wonder'd with my self, considering that long Life is the wish, and Death the Terror of all mortals, that there is scarce any man so happy (I do not speak of Old, but of Middle-ag'd-men) but if it should be offer'd him to be young again, if he would; upon Condition of running the same fortune over again of Good and ill, he would make the same answer that Cato did, especially passing a true reflection upon the mixture of his past life. For the remembrance, even of the pleasantest part of it, is commonly attended with shame and sting of Conscience; insomuch, that the Memory of past delights, is more painful to us, then that of past misfortunes. Wherefore, it was wisely done of the Antient Poets, in the Fable of Lethe, to make the Dead drink the Water of Forgetfulness, before their Souls were affected with any desire of the Bodies they had left behind 'em. Vr. It is a thing that I myself have observed in some cases, and well worthy of our Admiration. But That in Cato, which takes me the most is his Declaration, that he did not repent himself of his past Life. Where's the Christian that lives to his Age, and can say as much. 'Tis a common thing for men that have scrap'd Estates together, by hook or by crook, to value themselves at their death, (Upon the industry and success of their Lives). But Cato's saying that he had not liv'd in vain, was grounded upon the Conscience of having discharg'd all the Parts of an honest, and a resolute Citizen, and Patriot, and unteinted Magistrate; and that he should transmit to Posterity the Monuments of his Integrity, and Virtue. *I depart* (says he) *as out of a Lodging, not a dwelling Place.* What could be more divine? I am here upon sufferance till the Master of the House says begone. A man will not easily be forc'd from his own Home; but the fall of a Chimney, the spark of a Coal, and a thousand petty Accidents drive us out of the World, or at the best, the Structure of our Bodies falls to pieces with Old Age, and moulders to Dust; every moment adminishing us that we are to change our Quarters. NEPHALIUS. That expression of Socrates in Plato, is rather methinks the more significant of the Two. *The Soul of a man* (says he) *is in the Body as in a Garrison.* There's no quitting of it, without the leave of the Captain; nor any longer staying in't. The Allusion of a Garrison is much more Emphatical than that of a house. For in the One, is only imply'd an Abode, (and That perhaps an Idle one too) whereas in the other, we are put upon Duty by our Governor; And much to this purpose it is, that the Life of Man in Holy Writ is one while called a Warfare, and another while, a Race. VR. But Cato's speech methinks has some affinity with that of St. Paul, 2 Cor. Chap. 5. where he calls that Heavenly station which we look for after this Life, in one place a House, in another, a Mansion, and the Body he calls δκῆνη or a Tabernacle. For we also (says he) in this Tabernacle groan, being burthened. NEPH. So. St. Peter, 2. 1. *And I think it meet* (says he) *as long as I am in this Tabernacle to stir ye up, by putting you in mind; being assured that I shall shortly put off this my Tabernacle.* And what says Christ himself, Mat. 24, Mar. 13, and Luke 21. That we should so live, and Watch, as if we were presently to Die; and so apply ourselves to honest things, as if we were to live for ever. Now who can hear these words of Cato, *Oh that glorious Day!* without thinking of St. Paul's, *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ?* CH. How happy are they that wait for Death in such a state of mind? But yet in Cato's speech, tho' it be great, there is more boldness, and arrogance in it methinks, then would become a Christian. No certainly, never any Ethnique came nearer up to us, then Socrates to Crito, before he took his Poyson. *Whether I shall be approved, or not, in the sight of God, I cannot tell, but this I am certain of, that I have most affectionately endeavour'd to please him. And I am in good hope that he will accept the Will for the Deed.* This great mans diffidence in himself, was yet so comforted by the conscience of Pious inclinations, and an absolute resignation of himself to the Divine Will, that he deliver'd up himself, in a dependence upon Gods Mercy and Goodness, even for the Honesty of his intentions. NEPH. What a wonderful elevation of Mind was this in a man that only Acted by the light of Nature! I can hardly read the story of this Worthy without a *Sancte Socrates Ora pro Nobis.* Saint Socrates pray for us, and I have as much adoe some time, to keep my self from wishing well to the Souls of Virgil and Horace. But how distracted and fearful have I seen many Christians upon the last Extreamity! Some put their Trust in things not to be Confided in; others breath out their Souls in desperation; either out of a Conscience of their lewd Lives, or some scruples perhaps injected into their thoughts by medling, with indiscreet men, at their dying hour. CH. And 'Tis no wonder to find those disorder'd at their Deaths, who have spent their whole Lives in the formality of Philosophizing about Ceremonies. NEPH. What do you mean by Ceremonies? CH. I'll tell ye; but with this Protestation over and over, before hand; that I am so far from condemning the Sacraments, and Rites of the Church, that I have them in high veneration. But there are a wicked, and superstitious sort of People, (or, in good Manners, I shall call them only Simple, and unlearned Men) that cry up these things as if they were foundations of our Faith, and the only Duties that make us truly Christians. These, I must confess, I cannot but infinitely blame. NEPH. All this is not yet enough to make me understand what it is you would be at. CH. I'll be plainer then. If ye look into the ordinary sort of Christians, you will find they live as if the whole Sum of Religion rested in Ceremonies. With how much Pomp are the Antient Rites of the Church set forth in Baptisme? The Infant waits without the Church-door; the Exorcism, the Catachism, is dispatch'd; the Vow is past; the Devil with all his Pomps and Pleasures is abjur'd, and then the Child is Annointed, Signed, Season'd with Salt, Dipt, a Charge given to his Sureties to see him well brought up, and then follows their Oblation; and by this time the Child passes for a Christian, as in some sense it is. After this, it comes to be Anointed again; and in time learns to Confess, take the Eucharist, Rest on Holy-Days, to observe Fasts, and Publique Prayers, and to abstain from Flesh, and observing all these things, it goes for an absolute Christian. The Boy grows up then, and marries, which draws on another Sacrament; he enters into Holy Orders, is Annointed again, and Consecrated, his habit chang'd and so to Prayers. Now, the doing of all this, I like well enough; but the doing of it more out of Custom then Conscience, I do not like; as if this were all that is needful to the making up of a Christian. There are but too many in the world, that so long as they acquit themselves in these outward Forms, think 'tis no matter what they do else: but Rob, Pillage, Cheat, Quarrel, Whore, Slander, Oppress, and Usurp, upon their neighbours without control. And when they are brought through this Course of Lise, to their last Prayers, then there follow more Ceremonies; Confession upon Confession, more Unction Still, the Eucharist, Tapers, the Cross, Holy Water, Indulgences, and Pardons; if they be to be had for Love or Mony: Order is then given for a Magnificent Funeral, and then comes another Solemn Contract. When the man is come to agnozing, there's one bawls in his Ear; and dispatches him now and then before his time, if he chance to be a little in drink, or to have better Lungs than ordinary. Now though these things may be well enough, so far as they are done in Conformity to Ecclesiastical Customs; there are yet some inward and Spiritual Impressions that do more fortifie us against the Assaults of Death, even to the degree of filling our hearts with joy, and Confidence at our last Breathe. Eu. All this is pious, and true; but in the meantime, here's no body Eats. I told you at first what you were to trust to: and if you look any thing more now, then a Dish of Nuts, and Apples, you'll find your selves mistaken. Come take away this, Boy, and set the rest on. Take what ye like, and thank my Gardiner for't. Ti. There's so much Choice, and they're so well dispos'd, it does a man good to look upon't.

Eu. 'Tis no despicable piece of Thrift, I'll assure ye. This Dish would have cheared up the heart of the Old Evangelical Monk Hilarian, with a hundred more of his fellows at's heel. But Paul and Anthony would have liv'd a whole month upon't. Ti. Yes, and Prince Peter, I phansie, would have leapt at it too, when he lodg'd at Simon the Tanners. Eu. Yes, and Paul too, I believe, when he sat up a nights to make Tents. Ti. How much do we owe to the Goodness of God! But yet I had rather fast with Peter and Paul, upon Condition that what I wanted for my Caskas, might be supply'd in the satisfaction of my Mind. Eu. Let us learn of St. Paul to abound, and to suffer Want. When we have it not, God be prais'd, that we have still a Subject for Frugality, and Parmence: when we abound, let us be thankful for that munificence, and liberality, by which we are both invited, and oblig'd to Love him. And let us still use his Blessings and Bounties with Moderation, and Temperance; and remember the Poor. For God has given to some, too little for their Convenience, and to others, more than they need, that neither side might want an occasion for their Virtue. He bestows upon us sufficient for the Relief of our Brethren; that we may obtein his Mercy, and the Poor, on the other side, when they are refresh'd by our Liberality, give God thanks for putting it into our Hearts; and recommend us to him in their Prayers. And now I think on't. Come hither Boy. Bid my Wife send Gudula some of the Meat that's left? 'Tis a very good poor Woman in the Neighbourhood; her Husband's lately dead (a Profuse Lazie fellow) and has left his Wife nothing but a number of Children. Ti. 'Tis Christ's command that we should give to every one that asks. If I should follow that rule, within one month, I should go a begging my self. Eu. This is said, I suppose, of those that Ask only Necessaries. For 'tis Charity to deny to many what they ask. There are that not only beg, but importune, or rather extort great Sums from people to furnish voluptuous Entertainments, or which is worse, to nourish Luxury, and Lust. It is a kind of Rapine, to bestow that which we owe to the present Necessities of our Neighbours, upon those that will abuse it. Upon this Consideration it is, that I can hardly excuse those from a Mortal Sin, who, at prodigious Expence, either build, or beautifie Monasteries, or Churches; when so many licing Temples of Christ are ready to starve for want of Food, Cloathing, and other necessaries. When I was in England I saw St. Thomas's Tomb, so prodigiously Rich, in Plate, and Jewels, that the Value was almost inestimable. Now had it not been better if these superfluities had been rather apply'd to Charitable uses, for the Relief of the Poor, than reserv'd for those Ambitious Princes, who shall have the Fortune one day to make Booty of it. The Holy Man, I am confident, would have been very well content with Leaves, and Flowers, instead of them. In Lombardy I saw a Cloyster of Carthusians; (not far from Pavia) the Chappel, within, and without, is white Marble, from the top to the bottom, the Altars, Pillars, Tombs, in it (and almost everything else) are all Marble. To what end was this vast expence upon a Marble Temple for a few solitary

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Monks to Sing in? and 'Tis of more Burthen than use too. For they are perpetually troubled with Strangers that come only out of mere curiosity to see it. And which is yet more ridiculous, I was told there, that they are indow'd with Three Thousand Duckets a year, for Building and Maintenance of the Monastery. It passes for little better than Sacrilege, to bestow one penny of that Mony upon Pious Uses; beside the Intention of the Testator. And they had rather pull down that they may rebuild, then not go on with Building. We have a World of Instances up and down in our Churches of this kind; but I shall content my self with these, as being somewhat more remarkable than Ordinary. This is rather Ambition then Charity. Great men now adays will have their own Monuments in Churches, whereas in times past they could hardly get room for the Saints. They must have their Pictures there, and their Images, forsooth; with their names at length, their Titles, and their Benefits. And this takes up a considerable part of the Temple. Who knows (if they may have their wills) but their own Carcases may come hereafter to be laid upon the Altars? But this Munificence of Great Men, you'll say, must not upon any Terms be discourag'd. And I say so too, if that which they offer to the Temple of God, be worthy of it. But if I were a Priest, or a Bishop, I would hammer it into the heads of those thick skull'd Courtiers, and Merchants; that if they would attone themselves to Allmighty God, they should privately bestow their liberality upon the Relief of the Poor. But they reckon all as good as lost, that goes out so by Parcels, and is so secretly distributed towards the succour of the Needy, that the next Age shall have no Memorial of the Bounty. But can any Mony be better bestow'd then that which makes Christ himself a Debtor? Ti. Do not you take that Bounty to be well plac'd then, that's bestow'd upon Monasteries? Eu. Yes, and I would be a Benefactor myself, if I had a fortune for't; but it should be such a provision for their Necessities, as should not reach to luxury. And I would give something too, wheresoever I found a Religious man that wanted it. Ti. I have heard many find fault with giving to publique Beggars. Eu. I would do something that way too, but with Caution and Choice. It were well if every City were to maintein its own Poor, without suffering Vagabonds, and sturdy Beggars, which want Work rather than Mony. Ti. To whom is it then that you would give? How much? And to what Purposes? Ti. 'Tis hard to answer all these Points exactly. There should be First, an Inclination to oblige all; and then the Proportion must be according to a mans Ability, as often as he has occasion. And for the Choice of the men, I would be satisfi'd that they are Poor, and Honest; and where my Purse fails me, I would Preach Charity to others. Ti. But Will you give us leave now to discourse at Liberty in your Dominion? Eu. You are not so free in your own houses. Ti. You do not like Prodigious Excesses, it seems upon Churches; and they might have been built Cheaper, you say. Eu. Truly I take this house of Mine to be within the Compass of Cleanly and Convenient; far from any pretence of Luxury, or I am mistaken. I have seen many a more chargeable Building that has been erected by a Beggar; and yet out of these Gardens of mine (such as they are) I pay a kind of Tribute to the Poor, and daily lessen my own expence that I may contribute the more plentifully to them. Ti. If all men were of your mind, it would be better with many that are now in extreme

Want; and on the other side many of those pamper'd Carcases would be brought down, whom nothing but Penury can ever teach to be either modest, or sober. Eu. This may very well be. But shall I mend your Entertainment now with the best bit at last? Ti. We have had more than enough already. Eu. But that which I am now to give ye, I'll undertake for't shall never charge your Stomachs. Ti. What is it? Eu. The four Evangelists, which I have reserv'd to Crown your Treat. Read, Boy, from that place where ye left off last.

Boy. No man can serve two Masters; for either he will hate the One, and love the other, or else he will hold to the One, and despise the Other. You cannot serve God and Mammon. Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your Life, what you shall Eat or what you shall Drink; nor yet for your Body, what you shall put on. Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body then Raiment?

Eu. Give me the Book. In this place our Saviour seems to have said the same thing twice. In one place 'tis said he will Hate, and in the other, he will despise. And for the word he will Love, it is afterward turn'd, he will hold to the other. The sense is the same, tho' the persons be chang'd. Ti. I do not well apprehend you. Eu. Let us go mathematically to work then. Let A, in the first part, stand for one; and B, for the other; And in the latter part, put B, for one, and A, for the other; inverting the Order. For either A will Hate, and B, Love, or B, will hold to, and A will Despise. Is it not clear now that A is twice Hated and B twice lov'd? Ti. 'Tis very Clear. Eu. This conjunction, Or, especially repeated, has the Emphasis of a Contrary, or at least of a different meaning. Would it not be otherwise, absurd to say, Either Peter shall overcome, and I'll yield, or I'll yield, and Peter shall overcome me. TI. A pleasant Crotchet as I'm an honest man. EU. I shall think it so, when you have unridl'd it. TH. I have something in my head, I know not what; it may be a Dream, but I am big till 'tis out. But whatever it is, if you'll have it, you shall. EU. 'Tis ill luck, they say, to talk of Dreams at the Table; and if ye're big, this is no place either for Midwifery. But let it be what it will, we should be glad to have it. TH. In my judgment, it is rather the Thing that is chang'd in this Text, then the Person; and the words One, and One, do not refer to A, and B, but either part, to which of the other you please. So that chuse which you will, it must be oppos'd to that which is signifi'd by the other. As if you should say, either you shall exclude A, and admit B, or you shall admit A, and exclude B. Here's the thing chang'd, and the Person the same. And it is so spoken of A, that 'tis all a Case, if you should say the same thing of B. As thus; either you shall exclude B, and admit A, or admit B, and exclude A. EU. A problem so artificially solv'd, that Euclide himself could not have done it better. SOPH. The greatest difficulty to me is this; That we are forbidden to take thought for tomorrow when yet Paul wrought with his hands for his Bread; and falls bitterly upon Lazie people, and those that live upon other mens labour; exhorting them to take pains, and get their livings with their fingers, that they may have wherewithal to relieve others in necessity. Are not these, holy and warrantable Labours, by which a Husband provides for his Wife and Children? TI. This is a question, which in my opinion, may be resolv'd several ways. First, This Text had a particular regard to those times; when the Apostles, being dispersed far and wide for the Promulgation of the Gospel, they were to cast themselves upon Providence for their Support, without being sollicitous for it themselves; having neither leisure to get their living by their labour, nor anything to trust to for it, besides fishing. But the World is now at another pass, and we are all for ease. Another way of expounding it may be this. Christ has not forbid Industry, but Anxiety of thought; such as commonly possesses those men that are hard put to't for a livelihood; and set all other things apart only to attend to this. This is intimated by our Saviour himself, when he says that one man cannot serve two Masters. For he that wholly delivers himself up to any thing, is a Servant to't. Now tho' the Propagation of the Gospel ought to be our Chief, yet it is not our only Care. For he says, First, (not Only) seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and these things shall be added unto you. The word, To Morrow, I take to be Hyperbolical, and to signifie, a time to come Uncertain, it being the Custom of the World to be scraping and sollicitous for Posterity. EU. Your Interpretation we allow of. But what is his meaning when he says, Ne Solliciti sitis Animæ vestræ, quid Edatis. The Body is Cloath'd but the Soul does not Eat. TI. By Anuma, is meant Life, which cannot subsist without Meat. This does not hold in our Garments which are more for Modesty than Necessity. For a body may live without cloaths, but without Meat it is certain Death. EU. I do not well understand how to reconcile this Passage, with that which follows. Is not the Life more then Meat, and the Body more then Raiment? For, If Life be so precious, we should take the more Care of it. Ti. This Argument does rather encrease our Trouble then lessen it. Eu. But this is none of our Saviours meaning. Who by this Argument creates in us a Stronger Confidence in the Father, for if a bountiful Father hath given us gratis, that which is more valuable, he will, by a stronger reason, confer upon us, that which is Cheaper. He that has given us Life, will certainly give us food. He that hath given us Bodies, will not deny us Cloaths. So that upon the Experience of his Divine Bounty, there is no reason why we should afflict our selves with any anxiety of Thought, for things below. What remains then, but that using this World as if we used it not, we transfer our Whole study and application to the love of Heavenly things, and rejecting the World, and the Devil, with all their Vanities, and Impostures, we cheerfully serve God alone, who will never forsake his Children. But here's no body takes any Fruit! 'Tis a Scripture Dinner you had; for there was little care beforehand to provide it. Ti. We have sufficiently pamper'd our Carcasses. Eu. I should be glad that ye had satisfi'd your Souls. Ti. That's done I assure ye in a larger measure. Eu. Take away Boy, and bring some Water; Now if you please we'll wash; and conclude with a Hymn out of Chrysostome. And Pray'e let me be your Chaplain. Glory be to thee O God, O Holy, O King; as thou hast given us Meat for our Bodies, so replenish our Souls with Joy and Gladness in thy Holy Spirit, that we may be found Acceptable in thy sight, and not be confounded when thou shalt come to render unto every man according to his Works. Boy. Amen. Ti. A Pious, and a most Pertinent Hymn. Eu. Of St. Chrysostoms Translation too. Ti. Where is it to be found? Eu. In his Fifty

Sixth Homily upon St. Matthew. Ti. God willing I'll read it before I sleep. But tell me one thing; why these three Attributes of Lord, Holy, and King? Eu. Because all honour is due to our Master, and principally in these three respects. We call him Lord, as the Redeemer of us from the Tyranny of the Devil, with his Holy Blood, and taking us to himself. We stile him Holy as the Sanctifer of all men, and not only forgiving us all our sins gratis, but by the Holy Spirit cloathing us with his Righteousness; that we might follow Holiness. And then King, as heirs to a Heavenly Kingdom from him who sits, and reigns himself at the Right hand of God the Father. And all this we owe to his gratuitous Bounty, that we have Jesus Christ for our Lord, and not Satan, that we have Innocence, and Sanctity, instead of the Filth and Uncleanness of our Sins; and for the Torments of Hell, the Joys of Life everlasting. Ti. 'Tis a very Godly discourse. Eu. This is your first Visit, Gentlemen, and I must not dismiss ye without presents, but plain ones, and suitable to your Entertainment. Bring 'em out here Boy. These are all of a Price that is to say, they are of no value. 'Tis all one to me now whether you will draw Lots, or Chuse. You will not find it Helingabulu's Lottery, for one to draw 100 Horses, and another as many Flies. Here are four little Books, two Clocks, a Lamp and a Standish; which I suppose you will like better then either Balsomes, Dentifrices, or Looking-glasses. Ti. They are all so good that there's no place for a Preference; but rather distribute them your self. They'll come the welcomer where they fall. Eu. In this little book are the Proverbs of Solomon, in Parchment. It teaches Wisdom; and the Gilding is a Symbol of it. This must be yours, Timotheus, that according to the

Doctrine of the Gospel, to him that has Wisdom, shall Wisdom be given. Ti. I will make it my study to stand in less need of it. Eu. This Clock must be yours, Sophronius, for I know you count your hours, and husband your time. It came out of the farther part of Dalmatia, and that's all the commendation I'll give it. Soph. 'Tis a good way of advising a Sluggard to be diligent. Eu. You have in this Book the Gospel of St. Matthew. I would recommend it to be set with Diamonds if a sincere and candid Breast were not more precious. Lay it up there Theophilus and be still more and more suitable to your name. Th. I will endeavour to make such use of it, that you may not think it ill bestow'd. Eu. St. Paul's Epistles (your constant Companions Eutalius) are in this Book. You have them often in your mouth which would not be if they were not also in your heart. Hereafter keep 'em in your hand, and in your eye. Eu. This is a Gift with good Council over and above; which is of all Gifts the most precious. Eu. This Lamp must be for Chrysoglottus a Reader as insatiable as Tully's devourer of Books. Ch. This is a double obligation, First, for the Choice of the Present it self; and next for the means of keeping a Dreamer waking. Eu. The Standish belongs to Theodidactes, who writes much, and to excellent purpose; and I dare pronounce these Pens to be happy, that shall be employed to the honour of our Saviour, by so great a Master. The. I would ye could as well have supply'd me with Abilities, as ye have with Instruments. Eu. This is a Collection of some of Plutarch's choicest Morals; and written in a very fair Character. They have in them so much Purity of thought, that it is my Amazement how such Evangelical Notions, could come into the heart of an Ethnique. This I shall present to young Euranius, (a Lover and a Master of the Language). This Clock I have reserv'd for Nephalius, as a thrifty dispenser of his Time. NEPH. We are all of us to thank you, not only for your Gifts, but for your Complements. EU. But must I return you double thanks. First, for taking these small things in so good part: And Secondly, for the Comfort I have receiv'd from your learned and pious discourses. What Effect this meeting may have upon you, I know not, but I shall certainly find my self both the wiser, and the better for't. You take no pleasure I'me sure, in Fiddles, Fools, and Dice; (after the common Mode) wherefore if you please, we'l pass away an hour in seeing the rest of our little Palace. TI. The very thing we were about to beg of you. EU. To a man of his word, there's no need of entreating. This Summer-hall, I suppose, you have had enough of. It looks three ways you see, and which way soever you turn your Eye, you have a most delicate Green before you. If either the Wind or the Sun be troublesom, here are both Shutters and Chassies to keep them out. Here do I eat in my House, as if it were my Garden, for the very walls have their Greens, and their Flowers intermixt, and 'tis no ill Painting. Here's our Saviour at his Last Supper; and here you have Herod's Bloudy Banquet. Here's Dives in the height of his Luxury; little thinking how soon he's to be torn from his delicates, and cast into Hell: And here Lazarus beaten away from the dore and soon after to be receiv'd into Abraham's Bosom. TI. We do not know this story. EU. 'Tis Cleopatra in a contention with Anthony, which should be most luxurious. She has drunk the first Pearl, and now reaches out her hand for the other. Here's the Battle of the Centaurs, and here

Alexander the Great, with his Lance through the Body of Clythus. These Examples do as good as Preach Sobriety to us at the Table, and give a man a loathing for Gluttony and Excess. You shall now see my Library: 'tis no large one, but furnish'd with very good Books. Ti. You have brought us into a little Heaven, everything shines so. Eu. You have now before you, my chiefest Treasure. You saw nothing but Glas and Tin at the Table, and I have in my whole house but one piece of Plate, and that is a Guilt Cup, which I preserve, most religiously for his sake that gave me it. This hanging Sphere gives you a prospect of the whole World; and this wall shows you the Situation of the several parts of it, more at large. In those other walls, you have the Images of all Eminent Authors; The rest are Numberless. In the first place, here's Christ upon the Mount, stretching forth his hand: Over his head, comes a Voice from Heaven, saying, Hear him. The Holy Ghost, with outstretch'd Wings, and in a Glory, embracing him. Ti. A Work worthy of Appelles, as God shall bless me! Eu. Near the Library, there's a little Study, but a very pretty one, and 'tis but removing a picture in cold weather, and there's a Chimney behind it. In Summer it passes for a part of the solid wall. Ti. Everything's as clear here as Crystal; and what a Perfume's here! Eu. Above all things I love to have my house neat and sweet, and this may be done with little Cost. To my Library, there belongs a Gallery that looks into the Garden, and adjoyning to it, I have a Chapel. Ti. The place itself deserves a Deity! Eu. Let's go to those three Walks now, above the other, that I told you look'd into the Kitchin-Garden. These upper Walks have a prospect into both Gardens; but only through windows with shutters; especially in the walls that have no view into the Inner Garden, for the safety of the house. Upon this wall, on the left hand, (having fewer Windows in't, and a better light) There is painted the whole Life of Jesus, out of the Story of the four Evangelists, to the Mission of the Holy Ghost, and the first Preaching of the Apostles out of the Acts, with such notes upon the places, that the Spectator may see, near what Lake, or upon what Mountain, such or such a thing was done. There are also Titles to every Story, with an Abstract of the Contents; as that of our Saviour, I will, be thou clean. Over against it, you have the Tipes and Prophesies of the Old Testament, especially out of the Prophets and Psalms, which are little older than the Story of Christ and his Apostles, told another way. Here do I some times walk, discoursing and Meditating with my self upon the unspeakable Counsell of God, in giving his Son for the Redemption of Mankind: My wife, or some friend at my elbow perhaps, that takes delight in Holy things. Ti. 'Tis impossible for a man to be weary in this House. Eu. Provided it be one that has learn'd to live with himself. Upon the upper Border, are all the Popes heads with their Titles; and against them, the heads of the Cæsars, as Memorials of the History. At each corner, there's a lodging Chamber, where I can repose my self, within sight of my Orchard, and my little Birds. There's an out-house, you see in the furthest nook of the Meadow, there in Summer do I sup some times, and make use of it upon occasion of any contagious sickness in the Family. Ti. Some are of opinion that those Diseases are not to be avoided. Eu. Why do men shun a Ditch then or poison? Do they fear this the less because they do not see it? Neither does a Baselisk see the Venom that he shoots from his own eyes. In a good cause, I would not stick to venture my life; but to do it without a cause, is madness; as it is Cruelty to bring others into danger. There are yet other things worth the seeing here, but my wife shall shew them you. Entertain your Eyes and your Minds as long as you will; and be in this house, as if you were at home. There's some business calls me away here into the Neighborhood, so that I must take my Nagg, and be gone. Ti. Mony perhaps. Eu. I should be loath to leave such Friends for mony. Ti. Perhaps you are call'd a Hunting. Eu. A kind of Hunting indeed, but not for bores or Stags. Ti. What then? Eu. I'le tel ye. I have a Friend in a Village hard by, that lies dangerously sick; The Physician fears his life, but I'm in more fear of his Soul; for he is not so well compos'd for his end as a Christian should be. I'le go give him some Counsel, that he may be the better for, live or dye. In another Village, there are two men bitterly at Odds, and no ill men neither, but obstinate to the highest degree. If the difference be exasperated, I'm afraid it may run into a Feud; they're noth my Kinsmen, and I'le do all I can in the world to reconcile 'em. This is my Hunting, and if I succeed in't we'l drink their Healths. Ti. A Christian Employment! Heaven prosper ye in it. Eu. I had rather have them Friends then two thousand Duckets. Ti. We shall see you again by and by. Eu. Not till I have made all Trials, so that I cannot set an hour. In the Interim, enjoy one another, and be Happy. Ti. God be with you, forward and backward.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

VII: THE MARRIAGE HATER.

A Girl takes a Phancie to a Cloyster; Her Parents Violently against it; and she her self in great Affliction for want of their Consent. A Friend Disswades her; and lays before her the Snare, and Danger of that Course of Life; the Cheats, Artifices; and Abuses of the Monks; Preaches Obedience to her Parents, and advises her rather to Work out her Salvation in her Fathers House, then in a Convent.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

EU. I am e'en so glad Supper's over, that we may go walk; 'tis so delicate an evening. CA. And I was so dog-weary of sitting too. EU. How Heaven and Earth smile upon one another! The Spring of the year makes the World look young again. CA. So it does. EU. But why is it not Spring with you too? CA. What's your meaning? EU. Because methinks you are a little off the hooks. CA. Why sure I look as I use to do. EU. Shall I tell ye now how 'tis with ye? CA. With all my Heart. EU. Do ye see this Rose, how it droops, and contracts it self now towards night? CA. Well, I see't; and what then? EU. 'Tis your very Picture. CA. A Gay Resemblance. EU. If you will not believe me, look only into this Fountain. What was the matter with ye to sit sighing, and Thinking all Supper? CA. Pray'e let's have no more Questions, for the thing does not at all concern you. EU. But, by your favour, I am very much concern'd, when I cannot be merry my self, unless you be so too. What a Sigh was there now? enough to break your Heart. CA. Nay there is somewhat that presses me, but 'tis not a thing to be told. EU. Out with it I prithee, and whatever it be, upon my Soul, thou'rt safe: My own Sister is not so dear to me as thou art. CA. Nay, I dare swear you would not betray me; but the mischief of it is, you can do me no good. EU. That's more than ye know. As to the Thing it self, perhaps I cannot, but in the matter of Advice, or Consolation, 'tis possible I may serve ye. CA. It will not come out. EU. What should this be? Dost thou not hat me? CA. Less then I do my own dear Brother: and yet my heart will not serve me to speak it. EU. Shall I guess at it? and will ye tell me if I'm right? Nay, give me your word, or you shall never be quiet; and we'll have no shifting neither. CA. Agreed then: I do promise it. Eu. Upon the whole matter, I cannot so much as imagine why you should not be perfectly happy. CA. I would I were so. EU. Not above seventeen years of age, as I take it; the very Flower of your Life! CA. That's true. EU. So that the fear of old age can be no part of your Trouble. CA. Nothing less, I assure ye. EU. Every way lovely, which is a singular Gift of Heaven. CA. Of my Person (such as it is) I can neither, Glory, nor Complain. EU. And then the very habit of your body, and your complexion, speak ye in perfect health. So that your grief must certainly be some trouble of mind. CA. I have my health very well, I thank God. EU. And then your credits fair. CA. I should be sorry else. EU. Your Understanding suitable to the Perfection of your Body; and as capable of the Blessings of Wisdom, as any mortal can wish. CA. Whatever it be, it is still the Gift of God. EU. And again; for the Graces of your Manners, and Conversation (a thing rarely met with) they are all answerable to the Beauties of your Person. Ca. I could wish they were what you are pleas'd to term them. Eu. Many people are troubl'd for the meanness of their Extraction; but your Parents, are both of them well Descended and Virtuous, of plentiful Fortunes, and infinitely kind to you. Ca. And I have no ground of Affliction here neither. Eu. In one word, you are the Woman of the World (if I were in a condition to pretend to't) that I would wish to make my wife. Ca. And if I would marry any man, you are he that I would make my Husband. Eu. This Anxiety of Mind must have some extraordinary Foundation. Ca. No slight one, believe it. Eu. Will you not take it ill if I guess at it? Ca. You have my word that I will not. Eu. I know, by experiment, the Torments of Love. Confess now, is That it? Ca. There is Love in the Case, but not of that sort, you imagine. Eu. What kind is it then? Ca. Can't you Divine? Eu. I have spent all my Divining Faculties: But yet I'll never let go this hand till I have drawn it from ye. Ca. You are too Violent. Eu. Lay it up in my Breast, whatever 'tis. Ca. Since there's no denying of ye, I will.

From my very infancy, I have had a strange kind of inclination. Eu. To what, I beseech ye? Ca. To put my self into a Cloyster. Eu. And turn Nun? Ca. That's the very thing. Eu. 'Tis well: I have digg'd for Silver, and I have found Coals. Ca. What's that ye say? Eu. Nothing, nothing, my dear Mol; My Cough troubles me. Ca. This was my inclination, and my Parents most desperately against it. Eu. I hear ye. Ca. On the other side I strove as passionately, by Entreaties, fair Words, and Tears to overcome that Pious Aversion. Eu. Most wonderful! Ca. At length, when they saw that I would take no Denial, they were prevail'd upon, by Importunities, Submissions, and Lamentations, to promise, if I continu'd in the same mind till I were seventeen years of age, they would leave me to my self. The time is now come; I continue still in the same mind, and they go from their word. This is the Sum of my Misfortune; and now I have told ye my disease, be you my Physitian, and help me if ye can. EU. My advise must be, (my sweet Creature) to moderate your Affections; and if ye cannot do all that ye would, to do however as much as ye can. CA. It will certainly be my Death if I be disappointed. EU. What was it that gave the first Rise to this fatal Resolution? CA. When I was a little Girl, they carry'd me into one of these Cloysters, and shew'd me the whole College; the Chapels were so neat, and the Gardens so clean, so delicate, and so well order'd, that I fell in love with 'em: and they themselves were so pure, and glorious, they look'd like Angels: so that (in short) which way soever I turn'd my eye, there was comfort and pleasure; and then I had the prettiest discourses with the Nuns! I found Two there, that had been my Playfellows, when I was a Child; but I have always had a strange Passion for that kind of Life. EU. I have no quarrel to the Rules and Orders of Cloysters; tho' the same thing can never agree with all Persons. If I were to speak my opinion, I should think it more suitable to your Genius and Manners, to take a Convenient Husband, and set up a College in your own House, where He should be the Father of it, and You the Mother. CA. I'll rather Die, then quit my Resolution of Virginity. EU. Nay, 'tis an Admirable thing to be a pure Maid. But cannot you keep your self so, without running your self into a Prison, never to come out again? Cannot you keep your Maidenhead, I say, at home with your Parents, as well as in a Cloyster? CA. Yea, I may, but 'tis not so safe tho'. EU. Much safer truely in my Judgment, than with these Brawny swill-belly'd Monks. They are no Capons, I'll assure ye, whatever you may think of 'em; but may very probably be called Fathers; for they commonly make good their Calling to the very Letter. In times past, Maids liv'd no where honester then at home; when the only Metaphorical Father they had, was the Bishop. But I prethee tell me, what Cloyster has thou made choice of to be a Slave in? CA. Chrysertium. EU. Oh! I know it, it is a little way from your Fathers House. CA. Ye're in the right. EU. I'm very well acquainted with the whole Gang. You'll have a sweet Catch on't to renounce your Father, Mother, Friends, and a worthy Family, for that precious Fellowship! The Patriarch there; What with Age, Wine, and a certain natural drowziness has been mop'd this many a day. He poor man, takes nothing now but Florence Wine: and he has two Companions there (John and Jodocus) that match him to a hair. And yet I cannot say that John is an ill man, for he has nothing at all of a man about him, but his Beard: Not a grain of Learning in him, and about the same Proportion of common Prudence. Now for Jodocus, he's so errant a Sot, that if he were not ty'd up to the Habit of his Order, he would walk the Streets in a Fools Cap, with Ears and Bells at it. CA. Truly they seem to me, to be very good men, these. EU. But you must give me leave (Kitty) to know 'em better then you. They'll do good Offices perhaps betwixt you and your Father, to gain a Proselyte. CA. Jodocus is very Civil to me. EU. A Transcendent favour! But suppose 'em good, and learned men to day, you'll find 'em the contrary perhaps to morrow: and let them be what they will, you must still bear with 'em. EU. You would not think how I'm troubl'd at my Fathers house, to see so many Entertainments there; and then the marry'd Women are so given to talk Smutty; and besides I'm so put to't sometimes, when people come to Salute me, and ye know no body can tell how to denny 'em a Kissing. EU. He that would avoid every thing that offends him, must go out of the World. There's no hurt in using our selves to hear all things, so we take nothing into the Mind, but what's good. I suppose you have a Chamber to your self at home. CA. Yes, I have. EU. You may withdraw then, if you find the Company grow Troublesome; and while they are chaunting and trifling, you may entertain your self with (Christ) your Spouse, Praying, Singing, and giving Thanks; your Fathers House will not defile ye, and your Goodness on the other hand will turn it into a Chappel. CA. But 'tis easier yet to be in a Cloyster. EU. I do not disallow of a modest Society; but yet I would not have you delude yourself with false imaginations. When ye come once to be wonted there; and see things nearer hand, you'll tell me another Story. There are more Vails than Virgins, believe me. CA. Good words, I beseech ye. EU. Those are good words that are true words; and I never read of any more Virgins than One, that was a Mother. CA. I abhor the Thought on't. Eu. Nay, and more then That, the Maids you speak of (let me assure ye) do more then Maids business. CA. Why so? if ye please. Eu. Because there are more Sappo's among 'em for their Bodies, then for their Brains. CA. I do not Understand ye. EU. And I talk in Cipher (my dear Kitty) because I would not have thee understand me. CA. My head runs strangely upon this Course of Life tho'; and my Passion for it grows every day stronger and stronger. Now if it were not inspir'd into me from above, this Disposition (I am perswaded) would have gone off long ago. EU. Nay but the Obstinacy of it makes me the rather to suspect it, considering that your Parents are so fiercely bent against it. If it were good, Heaven would as well have inclin'd your Parents to favour the Motion, as you to entertain it. But the Gay things you saw when you were a Child; the Tittle-tattles of the Nuns, and the hanckering you have after your Old Acquaintances: the Eternal Pomp of their Worship, the Importunities of their Senseless Monks, that only hunt for Proselytes, that they may cram their own Paunches; here's the Ground of your Affection. They know your Father to be Frank, and Bountiful; and that this is the way to make sure of their Tipple: For either they drink with him, or else they invite him, and he brings as much Wine along with him as ten lusty sokers can Swallow. Do nothing therefore without your Parents consent (whom God has set over you as your Guardians). CA. But what's a Father or a Mother, in respect of Christ. EU. This holds, I grant ye, in some cases; but suppose a Christian Son has a Pagan Father, who has nothing but a Sons Charity to support him; it were an impiety in him to leave even That Father, to starve. If you were at this day Unchristen'd and your Parents should forbid your Baptisme, you were undoubtedly to prefer Christ, before a Wicked Father; Or if your Parents should offer to force ye upon some Impious thing, their Authority in that point were to be contemned. But what's this to the Case of a Convent.

Have you not Christ at home? the Dictate of Nature, the Approbation of Heaven, the Exhortation of St. Paul, and the Obligation of Human Laws, for your Obedience to Parents? And will ye now withdraw your self from the Authority of Good and natural Parents, in exchange for figurative ones? Will ye take an Imaginary Mother for a True one? And deliver up yourself a Slave to severe Masters, and Mistresses, rather then live happily under the Wing of Tender and Indulgent Parents? So long as you are at home, as you are bound in some things, so in many things you are wholly Free; as the word Liberi (or Children) denotes, in contra distinction, to the Quality of Servants. You are now, of a Free Woman, about to make your self a Voluntary Slave. A Condition Christianity has long since cast out of the World; saving only some obscure footsteps of it, and in some few places. But there is now found out (under pretence of Religion) a new sort of Servitude, which I find practis'd in the Monasteries. You must do nothing but by a Rule; and then all that you lose they Get. Set but one step out of the Way, and ye're lugg'd back again, like a Criminal that would have poyson'd his Father: and to make the Slavery yet more evident, ye change the Habit that your Parents gave ye; and (after the old example of Slaves, bought and sold in the Market) ye change the very name that was given ye in Baptism. Peter is called Francis, and (John for the purpose) is called Dominicus, or Thomas. Peter gives his name first up to Christ; and when he gives up his name to Dominicus, he's call'd Thomas. If a Servant taken in War, do but so much as cast off the Garment that his Master gave him, it is look'd as a Renouncing of his Master; and yet we applaud him that lays down the Body of Christ (who is the Master of us all) and takes up another habit that Christ never gave him. And if he should after That, presume to change the Other, his Punishment is a thousand times heavier then for throwing away the Livery of his Heavenly Master, which is the Innocency of his mind. CA. But they say 'tis a Meritorious Work, for a Body to enter into this Voluntary Confinement: EU. That's a Pharisaical Doctrine. St. Paul teaches us otherwise; and will not have him that's called Free, to make himself a Servant, but rather endeavour that he may be more Free. And that which makes the Servitude yet More Unhappy, is, that you must serve many Masters; and those most commonly Fools too, and Debauches; Beside that they are both New, and Uncertain. But say (I beseech ye) by what Law are you discharg'd from the Power of your Parents? CA. Why truly by none at all. EU. What if you should buy, or sell your Fathers Estate? CA. I do not hold it Lawful. EU. What Right have ye then to dispose of your Parent's Child, to I know not whom? His Child; which is the Dearest, and most appropriate part of his possession. CA. The Laws of Nature may be dispens'd withal, (I suppose) in the Business of Religion. EU. The great Point of Religion lies in our Baptism: but the matter in question Here, is only the Changing of a Garment; or of such a Course of Life; which, in it self, is neither good nor evil. And now consider how many Valuable Privileges ye lose, together with your Liberty: If ye have a mind to Read, Pray, or Sing, you may go into your Chamber when you will, and take as much or as little on't as you please. When ye have enough of Privacy, you may go to Church and hear Prayers, Sermons, Anthems; you may pick your Company among grave Matrons, and sober Virgins; and such as you may be the better for. And you may learn from men too, where ye find any that are endow'd with Excellent Qualities; and you are at Liberty to place a more Particular Esteem upon such as affectionately, and Conscientiously preach the Gospel. But there's none of this Freedom when ye come once into a Cloyster. CA. In the mean time I shall be no Nun. EU. Away with this Nicety of Names; and weigh the Thing it self. They make their boast of Obedience; and why should not you value your self too upon Obeying your Parents, your Bishop, and your Pastor, whom God commands ye to Obey? Do they Profess Poverty? And so may you too; so long as all is in your Parents hands. 'Tis true, the Virgins of former times were commended by holy Men for their Liberality toward the Poor: But they could never have given any thing, if they had possess'd nothing; Nor is the Reputation of your Charity ever the less; for living with your Parents. And what is there more now Here? A Vail, a Linnen Stole, and certain Ceremonies that serve but little to the Advancement of Piety: and make us never the more acceptable in the sight of God; who only regards the Purity of the Mind. CA. All this is News to me. EU. But Truth too. If you cannot dispose of so much as a Rag, or an Inch of Ground, so long as you are under the Government of your Parents; what Right can you pretend to, for the Disposing of your self into the Service of Another? CA. The Authority of a Parent cannot interpose betwixt the Child, and a Religious Life. EU. Did you not profess your self a Christian in your Baptism? CA. I did so. EU. And are not they Religious that conform to the Precepts of Christ? CA. They are so. EU. What new Religion is that then; which pretends to frustrate what the Law of Nature has Established? What the Old Law taught, what the Evangelical Law has approv'd, and what the Apostles Doctrine has confirm'd? This is a Device that never Descended from Heaven, but was hatch'd by a Monk in his Cell. And at This rate, some of them undertake to justifie a Marriage betwixt a Boy, and a Girl, tho' without the Privity, and against the consent of their Parents; if the Contract be (as they Phrase it) in Words of the Present Tense. And yet that Position is neither according to the Dictate of Nature, the Law of Moses, or the Doctrine of Christ, and his Apostles. CA. But may not I espouse my self to Christ, without the Good-will of my Parents? EU. You have already espoused him; and so we have all. Where's the Woman (I pray'e) that Marries the same Man twice? The Question here is only concerning the Place, Garments and Ceremonies; which are not things to leave Christ for. CA. But I am told that in this Case 'tis Sanctity, even to Contemn our Parents. EU. Your Doctors should do well to shew you a Text for't, but if they cannot do this, give 'em a Bear-Glass of Burgundy, and they'll shew their Parts upon it. It is Piety indeed to flee from Wicked Parents, to Christ, but from honest Parents to Monkery, that is (as it proves too often) from good to ill. That's but a perverse kind of Holiness. In antient times he that was converted from Paganism to Christianity, paid yet as great a Reverence, even to his Idolatrous Parents, (matter of Religion apart) as was possible. CA. You are then against the main Institution of a Monastical Life. EU. No, by no means, but as I will not perswade any body against it, that is already engaged in this Condition of Life; so I would most undoubtedly caution all young Women, (especially those of Generous Natures) not to precipitate themselves into this Gulph, from whence there's no returning. And the rather, because their Modesty is more in danger in a Cloyster, than out of it; beside that they may discharge their Duties of Devotion as well at home, as there. CA. You have said all (I believe) that can be said upon this Point, and my Affections, and Resolutions stand Firm. EU. If I cannot succeed to my Wish, remember however, what Eubulus told ye before-hand. In the meantime, out of the Love I bear ye, I wish your inclinations may succeed better than my Counsels.

VIII: THE PENITENT VIRGIN.

A Virgin seduc'd into a Cloyster, finds her Errour; Repents of it; and in twelve days gets off again.

EUBULUS, CATHARINA.

EU. Heaven grant I may never have a worse Porter to let me in. CA. Nor I a worse Guest to open the Door to. EU. But fare ye well. CA. What's the matter? Do ye take leave before ye Salute? EU. I did not come hither to see you blubber. What should make this Woman fall a Crying as soon as ever she sees me? CA. Why in such haste? Stay a little. Pray'e stay. I'll put on my best looks, and we'll be merry together. EU. What sort of Cattle have we got here? CA. That's the Patriach of the College: Rest your self a while, you must not go away. They have taken their Dose of Fuddle; and when he's gone, we'll discourse as we use to do.

Eu. Well, I'll be good natur'd; and hearken to You, tho' you would not to me.

Now we are alone, you must tell me the whole History, for I would fain have it from your own Mouth. Ca. I find now by experience, that of all my Friends, (which I took for wise men too) your advice, (tho' the youngest of all) was the best. Eu. How came you to get your Parents consent at last? Ca. Betwixt the restless Sollicitations of the Monks and Nuns, and my Own Importunities, and Tears, my Mother at length relented, and gave way; but my Father was not yet to be wrought upon. In the End, being ply'd with several Engines, he was prevail'd upon to yield, as a Man absolutely opprest, and overcome. The Resolution was taken in their Cups, and they preach'd no less than Damnation to him, if he refused Christ his Spouse. Eu. A Pack of Glagitious Fools? But what then? Ca. I was kept close at home for three days, and several of the Convent (which they call Convertites) were constantly with me; mightily encouraging me to persist in my Holy purpose, and as narrowly watching me, lest any of my Friends or Kindred should come at me, and make me change my Mind. In the Interim, my Habits were making ready. And other Necessaries for the Solemnity. Eu. And did not your mind misgive you yet? Ca. No, not at all. And yet I had so horrid a Fright, that I had rather die ten times over, than be in that Condition again. Eu. What might that be. Ca. It is not to be utter'd. Eu. Come, Tell me frankly; I am your Friend. Ca. Will ye keep Counsel? Eu. Yes, yes; without Conditions: and I hope you know me better than to doubt it. Ca. I had a most dreadful Apparition. Eu. Your Evil Genius, (it may be) that push'd ye forward into Disobedience. Ca. Nay, I am fully perswaded that it was no other. Eu. In the shape I suppose that we use to peint it? With a crooked Beak; long Horns, Harpies Claws, and a swinging tail. Ca. You may laugh as you will, but I had rather sink into the Earth than see the Fellow on't. Eu. And were your Women-Sollicitresses then with you? Ca. No, and I would not so much as open my mouth to 'em of it, tho' they sifted me most particularly; for you must know, they found me almost dead with the surprize. Eu. Shall I tell you now what it was? Ca. Do, if you can. Eu. These Women had absolutely bewitch'd you, or rather conjur'd your Brains out of your Noddle. But did you hold out for all this? Ca. Yes, yes; for they told me, that many were thus troubled upon the First Consecration of themselves to Christ; but that if they got the better of the Devil that bout, he'd let 'em alone for ever after. Eu. You were conducted with Great Pomp, and State, (I presume) were you not. Ca. Yes, yes, they put on all my Fineries, let down my Hair, and dress'd me, just as if't had been for my Wedding. Eu. To a Logger-headed Monk. Hem! Hem! This Villanous Cough. Ca. I was brought by fair Day-light from my Fathers House to the College, and a world of people gaping at me. Eu. These Hoarson Jack-Puddings, how they Coakes, and Wheadle the little people! How many days did you continue in that Holy College forsooth? Ca. Part of the Twelfth-day. Eu. But what was it that brought ye off again? Ca. It was something very considerable, but I must not tell ye what. When I had been there six days, I got my Mother to me, I begg'd and besought her as she lov'd my Life, to help me out again: but she would not hear on't, and bad me hold to my resolution. Upon this I sent to my Father, and he chid me too. He told me that I had made him master his affection, and that he would now make me overcome mine. When I saw that this would do no good, I told them both that I would submit to Die to please 'em, which would certainly be my Fate, if I staid there any longer; and hereupon they took me home. Eu. 'Twas well you bethought yourself before you were in for good and all. But still ye say nothing of what it was that brought ye about so on the suddain. Ca. I never told it any Mortal, nor will I tell it you. Eu. What if I should Guess? Ca. You'll never hit it, I'm sure? Or if you should, y'are never the nearer; for I'll not own it to ye. Eu. Leave me then to my Conjectures: But in the mean time, what a Charge have you been at? Ca. Above 400 Crowns. Eu. Oh! These Guttling Nuptials! But since the Money's gone, 'tis well that you your self are safe: hereafter hearken to good Advice. Ca. So I will. The burnt Child dreads the Fire.

IX: THE RICH BEGGARS

A Pleasant, and Profitable Colloquy, betwixt a German Host, and Two Franciscans: The True Character of an Ignorant, Country-Pastor; with an Excellent Discourse concerning Religious Habits; The Original, the Intent, and Use of them.

CONRADUS, BERNARDINUS, PASTOR, PANDOCHEUS, UXOR

Co. But still I say a Pastor should be Hospitable. Pas. I am a Pastor of Sheep, not of Wolves * Co.

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* Wolves = Lupos. Wenches = Lupas.

And yet though you hate a Wolf, 'tis possible you may love a Wench;*—they begin with a Letter. But why so cross, (if a body may ask ye) as not to admit a poor Franciscan so much as under your Roof? and we shall not trouble you neither for Supper. PAS. Because I'll have no Spies upon me; for if you see but a Hen or a Chick stirring in a bodies House, (you know my meaning) the whole Town is sure to hear on't to morrow in the Pulpit. CO. We are not all such Blabs. PAS. Be what you will; if St. Peter himself should come to me in that Habit, I would not believe him. CO. If that be your Resolution, do but tell us where we may be else. PAS. There's a Publique Inn here in the Town. CO. What's the Sign? PAS. The Dogs head in the Porridge-pot. You'll see't to the life, in the Kitchin, and a Woolf at the Bar. CO. 'Tis an ill-boding Sign. PAS. You may e'en make your best on't. BE. If we were at this Pastor's allowance, he would starve us. CO. If he feeds his Sheep no better, he'll have but Hungry Mutton. BE. Well, we must make the best of a bad Game. What shall's do? CO. What should we do? set a good face on't. BE There's little to be gotten by modesty in a case of Necessity. CO. Very right. Come, we have St. Francis to befriend us. BE. Let's take our Fortune then. CO. And never stay for Mine Host's Answer at the door, but press directly into the Stove, and when we are once in, let him get us out again if he can. BE. Would you have us so impudent. CO. 'Tis better however then to lie abroad and freeze in the Street. In the Interim put your Scruple in your Pocket to day, and tak't out again to morrow. BE. In truth the Case requires it. PAN. What Animals have we here? Co. We are the Servants of the Lord (my good friend) and the Sons of St. Francis. PAN. I don't know what delight the Lord may take in such Servants, but I should take none I assure ye, in having any of them about Me. BE. What's your Reason for't. PAN. Because you are such Termagants at eating and drinking; but when you should do any work; you can find neither hands, nor feet. Hear me a word; you Sons of St. Francis. You use to tell us in the Pulpit, that St. Francis was a Virgin; How comes he by so many Children then? Co. We are the children of his Spirit, not of his Flesh. PAN. He's a very unlucky Father then; for your minds are e'en the worst part of ye; and to say the truth on't, your bodies are better then is convenient; especially for us that have Wives and Children. Co. You may suspect us perhaps to be of those that degenerate from their Founders Institutions; but we, on the contrary, are strict observers of them. PAN. And I'll observe ye too, for fear of the worst; for it is a mortal Aversion I have for that sort of Cattle. Co. What's your quarrel to us? PAN. Because you're sure to carry your Teeth in your Heads, and the Devil a Penny of Mony in your Pockets. Oh! how I abominate such Guests! Co. But still we take pains for you. PAN. Shall I shew ye now the pains ye take? Co. Do so. PAN. See the hithermost Picture there, on your left hand. There's a Fox preaching, and a Goose behind him with his neck under a cowl; and there again; there's a Wolf giving Absolution with a piece of a Sheeps skin hanging out under his Gown; And once again, there's an Ape in a Franciscans habit, ministring to a Sick man, with the Cross in one hand; and his Patients purse, in the other.

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* Wolves = Lupos. Wenches = Lupas.

Co. We cannot deny but that sometimes Wolves, Foxes, and Apes, nay Hogs, Dogs, Horses, Lions, and Basilisks, may lurk under a Franciscans Garment; and you cannot deny neither, but that it covers many a Good man. A Gown neither makes a man better, nor worse, nor is it reasonable to judge a man by his Cloaths; for by that rule a body may pick a quarrel with the Coat you sometimes wear, because it covers Thieves, Murtherers, Conjures, and Whoremasters. Pan. If you'ld but pay your Reckonings, I could dispence with your Habits. Co. We'll Pray for you. Pan. And so will I for you; and there's one for t'other. Co. But there are some people that you must not take Mony of. Pan. How comes it that you make a Conscience of touching any? Co. Because it does not stand with our Profession. Pan. And it stands as wittle with mine to give you your Dinner for Nothing. Co. But we are ty'd up by a Rule. Pan. So am I by the Clean contrary. Co. Where shall a Body find your Rule? Pan. In these two Verses.

Hospes, in hac Mensa, Fuerint cum Viscera Tensa,
Surgere ne properes, ni prius annumeres.

'Tis the Rule of this Table; Eat as long as y'are able;
But then, pay your Score: There's no stirring before.

Co. We'll be no charge to you. Pan. Then you'll be no profit neither. Co. Your Charity upon Earth will be rewarded in Heaven. Pan. Those words Butter no Parsnips. Co. Any Corner of your

Stove will content us, and we'll trouble no body. PAN. My Stove will hold no such company. Co. Must we be thrown out thus? What if we should be worried this night by Wolves? PAN. Neither Wolves, nor Dogs, prey upon their own kind. Co. This were barbarous, even to Turks. Consider us as you please, we are still Men. PAN. I have lost my hearing. Co. You can indulge your self, and go from your Stove to a warm Bed; how can you have the heart to expose us to be kill'd with Cold, even if the Beasts should spare us? PAN. Did not Adam live so in Paradise? Co. He did so, but Innocent. PAN. And so am I Innocent. Co. Within a syllable of it. But have a care you be not excluded a better place hereafter, for shutting us out here. PAN. Good words I beseech ye. Ux. Prethee, my dear, make 'em some amends for thy severity, and let 'em stay here to night; they are Good men, and thou'lt thrive the better for't. PAN. Here's your Reconciler! I'm afraid your agreed upon the matter; Oh! how I hate to hear a Woman call anybody a Good man, (especially in French). Ux. Well, well, you know there's nothing of That. But think with your self how often you have offended God, by Dicing, Drinking, Brawling, Quarrelling? This Charity may perhaps make your Peace: and do not drive those out of your House, now you're well, whose assistance you would be glad of upon your Death-bed. Never let it be said that you harbour Pussons, and shut your doors upon such men as these. PAN. Pray'e begon into the Kitchin about your business, and let's have no more Preaching here. Ux. It shall be done. BE. The man sweetens methinks; see, he takes his Shirt; and I hope all will be well yet. Co. And they're laying the Cloth for the

Children. 'Tis happy for us there came no other Guests; for we should have been sent packing else. Be. 'Tis well we brought Wine, and Lamb with us from the next Village; for if a lock of Hay would have sav'd a mans life, 'tis not here to be had. Co. Now the Childrens are plac'd, let's take part of the Table with 'em, there's room enough. Pan. 'Tis long of you, my Masters that I have never a Guest to day, but those that I had better be without. Co. If it be a thing that rarely happens, impute it to us. Pan. Nay it falls out oftner than I wish it did. Co. Never trouble your self, Christ lives, and will not forsake those that serve him. Pan. You pass in the World for Evangelical men. The Gospel, ye know, forbids carrying about Bread and Satchels. But your Sleeves, I perceive, serve for Wallets: and you do not only carry Bread about ye, but Wine and Flesh, the best that is to be gotten too. Co. Take part with us if you please. Pan. My Wine is Hog-Wash to't. Co. Take some of the Flesh too, there's enough for us. Pan. O Blessed Beggars! my Wife provided me nothing to day but Collworts and a little rusty Bacon. Co. If you please let's join our stocks, for 'tis all one to us what we Eat. Pan. What don't you carry Cabbage-Stalks about with you then, and Dead Drink? Co. They would needs force this upon us at a place where we dined to day. Pan. Did your Dinner cost you nothing? Co. No, not any thing; nay we had thanks both for what we had there, and for what we brought away. Pan. Whence come ye? Co. From Basil. Pan. What, so far? Co. 'Tis as we tell you. Pan. You're a strange kind of people sure, that can travel thus without Horse, Mony, Servants, Arms, or Provisions. Co. You see in us some footsteps of the Evangelical life. PAN. Or the life of Rogues rather; that wander up and down with their Budgets. Co. Such as We are, the Apostles were, and (with Reverence) our Saviour himself. PAN. Can you tell Fortunes? Co. Nothing less. PAN. Why, how do you live then? Co. By his Bounty that has promis'd to provide for us. PAN. And who is that? Co. He that has said, Take you no care, but all things shall be added to you. PAN. But that Promise extends only to those that seek the Kingdom of Heaven. Co. And that do we, with all our might. PAN. The Apostles were famous for Miracles: they cur'd the Sick, and 'tis no wonder then how they liv'd any where; but you can do no such thing. Co. We could, if we were like the Apostles, and if the matter requir'd a Miracle. But the power of Miracles was only temporary, to convince Unbelievers. There's nothing needful now but a holy life: Beside, that it is many times better to be sick, than to be well; to die, than to live. PAN. What do you do then? Co. The best we can; every man according to the Tallent that God has given him. We comfort, exhort, adminish, reprove, as we see Occasion; Nay, sometimes we Preach too, where we find Pastors that are Dumb; and where we can do no good, we make it our Care to do no hurt, either by our Words, or Examples. PAN. To morrow is a Holy-day; I would you would give us a Sermon here. Co. What Holy-day? PAN. St. Anthony's. Co. He was a good man; but how came he to have a Holy-day? PAN. I'll tell ye; we have a world of Swineherds hereabouts (for there's a huge Wood hard by here, for Acorns) and the people have an opinion that St. Anthony takes charge of the Hogs; and therefore they worship him, for fear he should hurt 'em. Co. I would they would worship him affectionately as they should do. PAN. In what manner? Co. Whosoever follows his example, does his Duty. PAN. We shall have such Drinking, Dancing, Playing, Scolding, and Boxing here tomorrow! Co. Like the Pagans Bacchanals. But these people are more sottish than the Hogs they keep; and I wonder that Anthony does not punish 'em for it. What kind of Pastor have ye? Neither a Mute I hope; nor Wicked one. PAN. Let every one speak as he finds, he's a good Pastor to me; for here he topes it the whole livelong day; and no man brings me either more, or better Customers. 'Twas ten to one he would have been here now. Co. He's not a man for our turn. PAN. What's that? Do you know him then? Co. We would have fain have taken up a lodging with him, but he had us begon, and chac'd us away like so many Wolves. PAN. Very, very Good. Now I understand the business. 'Tis You that kept him away, because he knew you would be here. Co. Is he not mute? PAN. Mute do you say? he's free enough of his Tongue in the Stove; and he has a Voice that makes the Church ring again, but I never heard him in a Pulpit. In short, I presume he has made you sensible that he wants no Tongue. Co. Is he a learned Divine? PAN. So he tells the World himself, but he's under an Oath perhaps never to make any other discovery of it. In one word, the People and the Pastor are well agreed, and the Dish (as we say) wears its own Cover. Co. Do you think he would give a man leave to Preach in his Place? PAN. I dare undertake he shall, provide that there be no flurting at him, as 'tis a common practice to do. Co. 'Tis an ill custom. If I dislike anything, I tell the

Pastor of it privately; the rest belongs to the Bishop. Pan. We have but few of those birds in our Country, tho' truely you seem to be good men enough your selves. Pray'e what's the meaning of such Variety of Habits? for some people judge amiss of you for your Cloaths. Co. What reason for that? Pan. I cannot tell you the reason, but I know the thing to be true. Co. Some think the better of us for our habits, and some the worse. Now though they both do amiss, the former is the more generous Mistake. Pan. So let it be; but where's the benefit of all those distinctions? Co. What's your opinion of them? Pan. Truely I see no advantage at all; but in War, and Procession, for in the latter there are personated Saints, Jews, Ethniques, that must be discriminated in their Diversity of Dress. And in War the variety is good for the ranging of several troops under several colours to avoid Confusion. Co. You speak to the point; and so is this a Military Garment; some under one Leader some under Another; but we are all under one General, that is Christ. But there are three things to be considered in a Garment. Pan. What are those? Co. Necessity, Use, and Decency. Why do we eat? Pan. To keep ourselves from starving. Co. Why do we cover our bodies? but to keep us warm? Pan. It cannot be deny'd. Co. And in that point, my garment is better than yours, for it covers the Head, the Neck, and the Shoulders, where we are most in danger. Now for our Use, we must have Variety of Fashion, and of Stuffs; A short coat for a horseman, a longer when we lie still; We are thin clad in Summer, thick in Winter. There are those at Rome that change their Cloths twice a day. They take a fur'd coat in the morning, a single one at noon, and toward night one that's a little warmer. But every man is not furnish'd with this variety; nor is there any fashion that better answers several purposes than this of ours. PAN. Make that out. CO. If the Wind, or the Sun troubles us, we put on our Cowl. In hot weather out of the sun we throw it behind us; when we sit still we let the gown fall about our heels; if we walk we hold, or tuck it up. PAN. He was no fool I perceive, that invented it. CO. Beside that, it goes a great way in a happy life, the wonting of our selves to be content with a little: for if we once lash out into sensuality and pleasure, there will be no end. But can you shew me any other garment that is so commodious in so many respects? PAN. Truely I cannot. CO. Consider now the Decency of it. Tell me honestly, if you should put on your Wives Cloaths, would not every body say you were Phantastical? PAN. Nay, Mad perhaps. CO. And what if your wife should put on yours; what would you say to't? PAN. I shoud not say much perhaps, but I should bang her handsomely. CO. What does it signifie now what Garment a body uses? PAN. Oh! yes; in this case it is very material. CO. Beyond Controversie; for the great Pagans will not allow a man to wear a Woman Cloaths, or a Woman a Mans. PAN. And they are in the right for't. CO. 'Tis well! Put the Case now that a man of fourscore should dress himself like a boy of fifteen, or a boy of fifteen like a man of fourscore; would not all the world condemn it? Or the same thing in a woman and a girl. PAN. No question of it. CO. Or if a Layman should go like a Priest, or a Priest like a Layman? PAN. It were a great Indecorum on both sides. CO. Or if a Private man should put on the Habit of a Prince, or a particular Priest that of a

Bishop? PAN. It were a great Indecency. Co. What if a Citizen should sit in his shop with his sword, Buff Coat, and a feather in his Cap? PAN. He would be pointed at. Co. What if an English Ensign should put a white Cross in's Colours; a Swiss a red one; or a French man, a Black one? PAN. 'Twould be very foolishly done. Co. Why do you wonder so much then at our Habit? PAN. I am not now to learn the difference betwixt a private Man and a Prince, or a Man and a Woman! But as to the difference betwixt a Monk and no Monk I am utterly ignorant. Co. What difference is there betwixt a Rich man and a Poor? PAN. Fortune. Co. And yet it would be very odd if a Begger should Cloath himself like a Lord. PAN. True, as Lords go now a day. Co. What's the difference betwixt a Wise man and a Fool? PAN. A little more than betwixt a Rich man and a begger. Co. Fools, you see are drest up after another manner than wise men. PAN. How well it becomes you, I know not; but your Habit wants very little of a Fools Coat; but Ears and Bells to't. Co. That's the difference; we are no other than the worlds fools, if we be what we profess. PAN. I cannot say what you are: But this I know, that there of these Idiotes with their Ears and Bells, that have more brains in their heads than many of our square Caps with their Furrs, Hoods, and other ensigns of Authority. Wherefore it seems a madness to me, to think any man the Wiser for his habit. I saw once an errant Tony, with a Gown to his heels, a Doctors Cap, and the Countenance of a very Grave he disputed Publique; several Princes made much of him; and he took the Right hand of all other Fools, himself being the most eminent of the Kind. Co. What would you be at now? Would you have a Prince that makes Sport with a Fool change Cloaths with him? Pan. If your Proposition be true, that the mind of a man may be judg'd by his Habits, perhaps it might do well enough. Co. You press this upon me, but I am still of opinion there is very good reason for allowing of Fools Distinct Habits. Pan. And what may that reason be? Co. For fear any body should hurt 'em, if they mis behave themselves. Pan. What if I should say on the Contrary, that their Habit does rather provoke people to do 'em mischief; insomuch that of Fools they come to be mad men; and why shall not a Bull, or a Dog, or a Boar, that kills a man or a child, escape punishment; as well as a fool? But the thing that I ask you is the reason of your distinct Habits from others? Why should not a Baker as well be distinguished from a Fisherman, a Shoemaker from a Taylor, an Apothecary from a Vintner, a coachman from a Waterman? You that are Priests, why should you not be clothed like other Priests? If you are Liyks, why do you differ from us? Co. In Antient Times Monks were only the purer Sort of the Laity; and there was no other difference betwixt a Monk and another Laik, then betwixt an honest, frugal man, that maintains his Family by his Industry, and a Ruffling Hector, that lives upon the Highway; In time; the Bishop of Rome bestow'd honour upon us, and we gave some Reputation to the Habit our selves; which is not simply either Laik or Sacerdotal; but such as it is, I could name you some Cardinals and Popes, that have not been ashamed of it. Pan. But as to the Decorum of it, whence comes that? Co. Some times from the very nature of the thing; other while, from custom, and opinions. If a man should wear a Buffes-skin with the Horns upon his head, and the tail dragging after him, would not all the World laugh at him? PAN. I believe they would. CO. And again, if a man should cover himself to the middle, and all the rest naked? PAN. Most absurd. CO. The very Pagans Censure men for wearing their Cloaths so thin, that it were an indecency even in a woman. It is modester to be stark naked, as we found you in the Stove, then to be only covered with a transparent Garment. PAN. The whole business of Habits, I phansie, depends upon Custom and Opinion. CO. Why so? PAN. I had some travellers at my house t'other day, that had been up and down the World, as they told me, in places that we have no account of in the very Maps; and particularly upon an Island of a very Temperate Air, where it was accounted dishonourable to cover their Nakedness. CO. They liv'd like Beasts perhaps. PAN. No, but on the contrary, they were a people of great Humanity. Their Government was Monarchical; and they were out with their Prince every morning to work, for about an hour a day. CO. What was their work? PAN. The plucking up of Roots, which they used insted of Wheat, and find it much more pleasant and wholesome. After one hour, every man goes about his own business, or does what he has a mind to. They bring up their Children with great Piety; punishing all crimes severely, but especially Adultery. CO. What's the Punishment? PAN. The Women, you must know, they spare, for 'tis permitted to the Sex; but if a Man, be taken in't, they expose him in publique, with the part offending cover'd. CO. A sad punishment indeed! PAN. And so it is to them as custom has made it. CO. When I consider the force of persuasion, I could half believe it: for if a man would make a thief, or a murtherer exemplary, would it not be sufficient Punishment to cut off the hind lappet of his Shirt, clap a Wolfs skin upon his Buttock, put on him particoloured Stockins, cut the fore-part of his Doublet into the fashion of a Net, leave his breast and his Shoulders bare, turn up one part of his Beard leave another part at length, and shave the rest; cut off his hair, clap a Cap upon his Crown with a hundred holes in't, and a huge Plume of Feathers and then bring him in this dress, into Publique? Would not this be a greater reproach, then a fools Cap to him with long ears, and gingling baubles? And yet we find those that accompt this an Ornament, tho' nothing can be a greater Madness; nay we see Souldiers every day in this Trim, that are well enough pleas'd with themselves. PAN. Yea; and there are some honest Citizens, would strain hard to get into this Mode. Co. But now if a Man should dress himself up with Birds Feathers, like an Indian, would not the very Children think him Mad? PAN. Directly Mad. Co. And yet that which we admire, does still savour of a greater Madness. Now as it is true, that nothing is so ridiculous; but custom may bear it out; so it must be allow'd, that there is a Certain decorum which all Wise-men will approve of: And somewhat again in Garments, that is Mis-becoming, and agreed by all the World to be so. What can be more ridiculous than a Barthensome-Gown with a Long Train; as if the Quality of the Woman were to be measur'd by the Length of her Tail? Nay, and some Cardinals are not asham'd to imitate it: And yet so prevalent a thing is Custom, that there's no changing of a fashion so received. PAN. So much for Custom. But tell me now, whether you think it better for Monks to wear different Habits, or not? Co. I take it to be more agreeable to Christian Simplicity, not to pronounce upon any Man for's habit, provided it be sober, and decent.

PAN. Why do not you cast away your Cowls then? CO. Why did not the Apostles presently eat of all sorts of meats? PAN. I know not; and do you tell me. CO. Because an Invincible Custom hinder'd it. For whatsoever is deep rooted in the minds of Men, and by long use confirm'd, and turn'd as it were into Nature, can never be taken away on the suddain, without the hazard of the Publick Peace: But it must be remov'd by Degrees, as the Horse-tail was pluck'd off by single Haïrs. PAN. I could bear this, if the Monks were but all Habited alike: But so many diversities will never down with me. CO. You must impute this evil to Custom, as well as all others St. Benedict's Habit is no new one, but the same that he us'd with his Disciples, that were plain, and honest Men. No more is St. Francis, but it was the fashion of poor Country Fellows. Now some of their Successors, have, by New additions, made the matter a little Superstitious. How many old Women have we at this day that stick to the mode they were brought up in, which is every jot as different from what is us'd now, as your Habit is from mine? PAN. There are indeed many such Women. CO. Therefore when you see this Habit, you see but the Reliques of Past times. PAN. But has your Habit no Holiness in it? CO. None at all. PAN. There are some of you make their boasts that they were of Divine Direction from the Holy Virgin. CO. Those Stories were but Dreams. PAN. One man has a Phansie that he shall never recover a Fit of Sickness, unless he Cloth himself in a Dominicans Habit; Another will not be bury'd but in a Franciscans. CO. They that tell you these things, are either Cheats, or Fools, and they that believe 'em, are Superstitious. God Almighty knows a Knave as well in a Franciscans Habit, as in a Buff-Coat.

PAN. The Birds of the Air have not that Variety of Feathers which you have of Habits. Co. What can be better than to imitate Nature, unless to out-do-it? PAN. I would you had as many sorts of Books too. Co. But there's much to be said for the Variety also. Has not the Spaniard, one fashion, the Italian, another, the French, Germans, Greeks, Turks, Saracens, their several Fashions also? PAN. They have so. Co. And then in the same Country again, what Variety of Garments, among Persons of the same Sex, Age, and Degree? How different is that of the Venetian from the Florentine; and of Both, from the Roman; And this is Italy alone? PAN. I'm convinc'd of it. Co. And from whom comes our Variety? Dominicus took his Habit from the Honest Husbandmen in that part of Spain, where he liv'd. Benedictus, his, from that part of Italy where he liv'd. Franciscus from the Husbandmen of several places; and so for the rest. PAN. So that for ought I find, you are never the holyer for your Cowls, if you be not so for your Lives. Co. Nay, we have more to answer for than you have, if by our lewd Lives we give Scandal to the Simple. PAN. But is there any hope of Us then, that have neither Patrons, nor Habit, nor Rule, nor Profession? Co. Yes; You have Hope, but have a care you do not lose it. Go ask your Godfathers, what Profession you made in Baptism, and what Order you were initiated into. What signifies a Humane Rule, to him that's under the Rule of the Gospel? Or any other Patron, to him whose Patron is Jesus Christ? Did you profess nothing when you were marry'd? Bethink your self, what you owe to your Self, to your Children, your Family? and you will find a heavier Charge upon you as a Christian, than as Disciple of Saint Francis. PAN.

Do you believe that any Innkeepers go to Heaven? Co. Why not? PAN. There are many things said and done in this House, that are not according to the Gospel. Co. As what? PAN. One Fuddles, another talks Bawdy, a third Brawls, a fourth Detracts, and I know not what beside. Co. These things must be avoided as much as may be: And however, you are not for your Profits sake to Countenance, or to draw on this Wickedness. PAN. And sometimes I do not deal fairly with my Guests. Co. How's that? PAN. When I find them grow hot, I give them a good deal of Water with their Wine. Co. That's more Pardonable yet, then stumming of it. PAN. Tell me truly, how many days have you been now upon your Journey? Co. Almost a Month. PAN. Who looks to ye in the mean time? Co. Are not they well look'd to, that have a Wife, Children, Parents, and Kindred? PAN. Abundantly. Co. You have but one Wife, one Father, one House; We have a hundred: You, but a few Children, a few Kindred: We Innumerable. PAN. How comes that about? Co. Because the Alliances of the Spirit has promis'd it, and all his Promises are made good. PAN. I have not met with better Company: Let me die, if I had not rather Talk with Thee, than Drink with our Pastor. Let's hear you Preach to morrow; and when you come this way next, let this be your Lodging. Co. But what if you have other Guests? PAN. They shall be welcome too, if they be like you. Co. Better, I hope. PAN. But among so many Wicked Men, how shall I know a Good one? Co. One word in your Ear, I'll tell you. PAN. Say then. Co. ———. PAN. I'll remember it, and do't.

X: THE SOULDIER AND THE CARTHUSIAN.

The Life of a Souldier of Fortune; and of a Pious Carthusian: With a Discourse upon Habits.

The Souldifr and the Carthusian.

So. Morrow, Brother. Ca. My dear Cousin, God have ye in his keeping. So. Troth, I had much ado to know ye. Ca. What? Such an alteration in two years? So. No. But your new Dress, and that bald Crown, make ye look like quite another sort of Creature. Ca. You'd hardly know your Own Wife, perhaps, in a New Gown. So. In such a one as yours, truly, I think I should not. Ca. And yet I remember you perfectly well still; tho' ye have chang'd Habit, Face, Body and all. How come you to be so set out with Colours? Never had any Bird such a Variety of Feathers. You have nothing about ye that's either Natural, or in Fashion. Was ever any Man's Hair Cut so Phantastically? Half a Beard, and the Crop of your Upper Lip grown so straggling, as if one Hair were afraid of another, A man would think ye had chang'd Whiskers with a Cat. Your Face so cover'd with Scars too, that a Body would swear the Common Hangman had set his Marque upon ye. So. No, no, Father, these are the Marques of Honour: but pray'e tell me, are there no Surgeons or Physicians in this Quarter? Ca. Why do ye ask? So. Because your brain should have been taken out, and washed before you plung'd yourself into this Slavery. CA. You take me for a Mad Man then. So. As any thing in Bedlam; you would never have leapt into your Grave before your time else, when ye might have lived handsomly in a better World. CA. So that I'm no longer a Man of your World. So. By Jove. I take it so. CA. And what's your reason for't? So. Because you are Coop'd up, and cannot go where you will. Nay, your very Habit is prodigious. Your Shaving, as Extravagent; and then perpetually to Eat nothing but Fish, makes ye all stink like Otters: Your very Flesh is Fish too. CA. If men were turn'd into what they Eat, your Bacon-Eating Chaps would have been Swines-Flesh many a fair day ago. So. But you have Enough of your Bargain, I suppose, by this; for I meet very Few in your Condition that are not sick on't Sooner. CA. 'Tis one thing for a Man to cast himself into a Retreat, as if it were into a Well; and another thing to do it considerately, and by Degrees, as I have done; upon a thorough search of my Own Heart, and a due Contemplation of Humane Life: For at the Age of Eight and Twenty a Man may be supposed wise enough to know his Own Mind. As to the Place; what is the Place of any Mans abode, compar'd with the World? And any place is large enough, so long as it wants nothing for the Commodity of Life. How many are there that never stirr'd out of the City where they were born; and yet rest well enough contented within that Compass! But yet you'll say, if they were confin'd to't, it would give 'em a longing to go out. This is a common Phansie, which I am clear of. This place is the whole world to me; and this map here, shews me the Globe of the Earth; which I can travel over in a Thought, with more Security and Delight, than he that sails to the Indies for Spice and Pearl. So. That ye say comes near the matter. Ca. Why should not I shave me head, as well as you clip yours? If you do the One for Commodities Sakes, if there were nothing else in't, I would do the Other, for my Health. How many Noble Venetians shave their Heads all over? And then for our Habit, where's the Prodigy of it? Our Garments are for two Ends; Either to Defend us from Heat and Cold, or to cover our Nakedness: And does not this Garment now answer both these Ends? If the Colour offend ye; why should not that become all Christians, which is given to us in Baptism? It is said also, Take A White Garment; so that this colour does but mind me of what I promis'd in that Sacrament, the perpetual study of Innocency: And then if by Solitude you may reproach with This Solitude the Ancient Prophets, the Ethnique Philosophers, and many other Persons that have apply'd themselves to the gaining of a good Mind, as well as Us. Nay, Poets, Astrologers, and other Eminent Artists, whensoever they have any thing in hand that is extraordinary, do commonly betake themselves to a Retreat. But why should this kind of Life be call'd a Solitude, when one single Friend is a most delightful Contradiction to it? I have here almost twenty companions, to all Sociable and Honest Purposes: Visits, more than I desire; and indeed more than are expedient. So. But you cannot have these always to talk with. Ca. Nor would I, if I could: For Conversation is the Pleasanter for being sometime interrupted. So. I Phansie so too; for I never relish Flesh so well, as I do after a Strict Lent. Ca. Neither am I without Companions, when ye take me most to be alone; and for Delight and Entertainments, worth a

Thousand of your Drolls and Buffons. So. Where are they? Ca. Look ye, here are the four Evangelists. In this Book, I can confer with him that accompany's the two Disciples in their way to Emaus, and with his Heavenly Discourse, made them forget the trouble of their journey; With Him that made their Hearts burn within them, and inflam'd them with a Divine Ardour of receiving his blessed Word. In this little Study I converse with Paul, Isaiah, and the rest of the Prophets: Chrysostome, Basil, Austine, Jerome, Cyprian, with a World of other Learned, and Eloquent Doctors. Where have you such Company Abroad as this? Or what do ye talk of Solitude, to a man that has always this Society? So. But these People will signifie nothing to me, that do not understand 'em. Ca. Now for your Diet; as to the Quantity, Nature contents herself with a little; and for the Quality of it, a Belly full's a Belly full; no matter what it is. Your Palate calls for Partridge, Pheasant, Capon; and a piece of Stock-Fish satisfies mine: and yet I am perswaded my Body is as good Flesh and Bloud as yours. So. If you had a Wife, as I have, perhaps 'twould take off some of your Mettle. Ca. But however, we are at Ease, let our Meat be never so plain, or never so little. So. In the meantime, ye live like Jews. Ca. Ye are too quick; if we cannot come up to Christianity, we do at least aim at it. So. You place too much Holiness in Meats, Formularies, and other Ceremonies, neglecting the more weighty Duties of the Gospel. Ca. Let others answer for themselves; but for my own part, I place no sort of Confidence in those things; but only in Christ, and in the Sanctity of the Mind. So. Why do ye observe these things then? Ca. For the preserving of Peace, and the avoiding of Scandal.

There's little trouble in such a Conformity; and I would not offend my Brother for so small a matter, let the Garment be what it will, Men are yet so Nice, that agreement, or disagreement even in the smallest Matters, has a strange Influence upon the Publique Peace. The shaving of the Head, or the colour of the Habit, gives me no Title (of it self) to Gods Favour, and Protection: And yet if I should let my Hair grow, or change my Gown for a Buff-coat, would not the People take me for a Phantastical Coxcomb? I have now told ye My sense; and pray'e let me have Yours, in requital. You ask't me e'en now, if there were no Physitians in this Quarter when I put my self into a Cloyster: Where were they, I beseech ye, when you left your young Wife, and pretty Children at Home, to Enrol your self a Souldier? A Mercenary Bravo, to cut the Throats of your Fellow Christians for Wages? And your business did not lie among Poppys, and Rushes neither, but with Pikes, and Gun-shot; where, over and above the miserable Trade of Cutting their Throats for money that never did you hurt, you expose your self, Body and Soul, to Eternal Damnation. But here's none of This in a Cloyster. So. Is it not Lawful then to Kill an Enemy? Ca. Yes. and Pious too, if it be in the defence of your Country, your Wife, and Children, your Parents, and Friends, your Religion, Liberties, and the Publique Peace. But what's this to a Souldier of Fortune? If you had been knockt on the Head in this service, I would not have given a Nut-shell to redeem the very Soul of you. So. No? Ca. As I am honest I would not. Speak your Conscience: Is it not better to be under the Command of a Good Man, whom we call our Prior; one that summons us to Prayers, Holy Lectures, the hearing of saving

Doctrine, and the Gloryfing of God, than to be subject to some Barbarous Officer, that Posts you away upon Marches at Midnight, sends you at his Pleasure hither and thither, backward and forward; exposes ye to Shot, great and small, and assigns ye your Station, where upon Necessity you must either Kill or be Kill'd? So. And all this is short yet. Ca. In case of any transgression, here, upon the Point of Discipline, the Punishment is only Admonition, or some such slight business. But in War, you must either hang for't (if you cannot compound for beheading) or run the Gantlope. So. All this is too true. Ca. And what have ye got now by all your great Adventures? Not much, if a Man may judge by your Patch'd Breeches. So. Nay, my own Stock is gone long since, and a good deal of other Peoples Money too: So that my business here is only to entreat you for a Viaticum. Ca. I would you had come hither before ye embark'd your self in this Lewd Employment. But how come ye to be so bare? So. So Bare, do ye say? Why all's gone in Wenches, Dice, and Tipple. My Pay, my Plunders, and all the Advantages I made by Rapine, Theft, and Sacrilege. Ca. Miserable Creature! And all this while your Wife, and your poor Children left to the wide world, to grieve themselves to Death; the Woman, that you promis'd to forsake Father and Mother for. And still you call this Living, which was but wallowing in your Iniquities. So. The thing that Egg'd me on was, that I sinn'd in so much Company. Ca. Will your Wife know you again do you think? So. Why not? Ca. Your scars have made ye the Picture of quite another Man. What a Trench have ye got here in your Forehead, as if you had had a Horn cut out? So. But if you knew the business, you'd say

I came off well with a scar. CA. What was the matter? So. There was an Engine brake, and a Splinter of it struck me there. CA. And that long scar upon your Cheek? So. This I received in a Battle. CA. What Battle? In the Field? So. No, It was a Battle of Dice, upon a quarrel about the Cast. CA. Your Chin too looks as if 'twere stuck with Rubies. So. That's a small matter. CA. Some Blow with a French Faggot-stick, (as they say). So. Right: It was my Third Clap, and it had like to have been my last. CA. But you walk too, as if your Back were broke, like a Man of a hundred years old; what makes ye go double so, as if you were a Mowing? So. 'Tis a kind of Convulsive Distemper. CA. A wonderful Metamorphosis! From a Horseman, to a Centaure, and from a Centaure, to an Insect; a Kind of Creeper. So. The Fortune of the War. CA. Or the Madness of your Mind. But what spoils have you brought home for your Wife and Children? The Leprosie, I see, for that Scab is only a Spice on't, and only provileg'd from the Pest-House; because 'tis a Disease in Fashion: For which very reason, it should be the rather avoided. This is now to be rubb'd upon the Face of your Poor Wife, to whom, in stead of an Industrious Husband, you have only brought back Innumerable Diseases, and a living Carcase. So. Pray'e give over Chiding of me; for I'm miserable enough without it. CA. Nay, This is the least part of your Calamity, for your Soul is yet fouler than your Body; more Putrid, and Ulcer'd; and yet more dangerously wounded. So. It is more Unclean, I do confess, than a Publique Jakes. CA. But to God and his Angels it is still more Offensive. So. If you have done wrangling, pray'e think of some Relief to help me on my journey.

CA. I have nothing my self to give ye, but I'll speak to the Prior. So. But if any thing should be allow'd me, will you receive it for me? There are so many rubs in the way, in Cases of this Nature. CA. Others may do as they please, but I have no Hands, either to give Money, or to take it. We'll talk more on't after Dinner for 'tis now time to sit down.

XI: THE APOTHEOSIS OF CAPNIO; Or THE FRANCISCAN'S VISION.

A Pleasant Relation of John Reuchlin's Ghost appearing to a Franciscan in a Dream; and St. Jerome's coming to him, and Cloathing him to take him up into Heaven: With several Comical Circumstances that past upon the Way, betwixt his Death, and his Canonization, or Ascension.

POMPILIUS, BRASSICANUS.

PO. Where have you been, with your Spatter-lashes? BR. At Tubinga. PO. Have ye any News there? BR. 'Tis a wonderful thing that the World should run so strangely a madding after News. I heard a Camel in a Pulpit at Louvain, charge his Auditory upon their Salvation, to have nothing to do with any thing that was New. PO. Thou mean'st a Carmelite; but it was a Conceit indeed sir for a Camel: Or if it were a Man, by my consent, he should never change his Shooes, his Linen, or his Breeches; and I would have him dieted with Souch, Musty Drink, and Rotten Eggs. BR. But yet for all this, you must know that the good Man had rather had his Porrige Fresh, than Stale. PO. Prethee come to the point; and tell me what News. Br. Nay, I have News in my Budget too: but News, he says, is a wicked thing. Po. Well; but that which is new, will come to be Old. Now if all Old things be good, and all New things bad; that which is good at present, will hereafter be bad; and that which is now Bad, will hereafter be good. Br. According to the Doctrine of the Camel, it must be so; and a young wicked Fool, will come to be an old good one. Po. But Prethee let's have the News whatever it is. Br. The famous, Triple-Tongued Phoenix of Erudition, John Reuchlin, is departed this Life. Po. For certain? Br. Nay, it is too certain. Po. And where's the hurt on't, for a Man to leave an Immortal Memory of his Name, and Reputation behind him, and so pass from this miserable World, to the Seats of the Blessed? Br. How do you know that to be the Case? Po. It cannot be otherwise, if his Death was answerable to his Life. Br. And you'd be more and more of that opinion, if you knew as much as I. Po. What's That, I pray? Br. No, no; I must not tell ye. Po. Why not? Br. Because he that told me the thing, made me promise secrecy. Po. Trust me, upon the same Condition; and upon my honest word, I'll keep your Counsel. Br. That same honest word has so oft deceiv'd me. But yet I'll venture't; especially, being a matter of such a quality, that it is fit all good Men should know it. There is a certain Franciscan at Tubinga, (a man of singular Holiness, in every Bodies opinion but his own). Po. The greatest Argument in the World of true Piety! Br. If I should tell you his name, you'd say as much; for you know the Man. Po. Shall I guess at him? Br. Do so. Po. Hold your Ear then. Br. Why? here's no Body within hearing. Po. But however for fashion sake. Br. The very Man. Po. Nay, ye may swear it; for if he says it, 'tis as true as Gospel. Br. Mind me then; and I'll give ye the naked Truth of the Story. My friend Reuchlin had a dangerous Fit of Sickness; but not without some hope of Recovery neither. What Pity 'tis that so admirable a Man should ever grow Old, Sicken, or Die! One Morning I made my Franciscan a Visit, to put off some trouble of thought, by diverting my self in his Company; for when my Friend was sick, (do ye see?) I was sick; and I lov'd him as my own Father. Po. As if ever any honest man would have done otherwise! Br. My Franciscan bade me cheer up; for Reuchlin (says he) is well. What? (said I) is he well again so soon? for but two days ago the Doctors despair'd of him. Then satisfie your self, says he, for he's so well, that he shall never be sick again. The Tears stood in my Eyes, and my Franciscan taking notice of it, Pray'e be patient (says he), till I have told you all. I have not seen the Man this week, but I pray for him every day that goes over my head. This very Morning, after Matins, I threw my self upon my Bed, and fell into a gentle, Pleasant Slumber. Po. My mind gives me already there will come some good on't. Br. And yours is no ill Genius. Methought I was standing by a little Bridge that led into a Meadow, so wonderfully fine, what with the Emrald Verdure, and freshness of the Trees and Grass; the infinite Beauty, and Variety of Flowers, and the fragrancy of all together that all the Fields on this side of the River lookt dead, blasted, and withered, in Comparison. In the Interim, which I was wholly taken up with this Prospect, who should come by (in a lucky hour) but Reuchlin? And as he pass'd, he gave me (in Hebrew) his Blessing. He was gotten above half over the Bridge, before I was aware; and as I was about to run up to him, he lookt back and bade me stand off. Your time (says he) is not yet come; but five years hence you are to follow me. In the mean while, be you a Witness, and a Spectator, of what's done. I put in a word here; and ask'd him, if Reuchlin was cloth'd, or naked; Alone, or in Company. He had nothing upon him, (says he) but one Garment, and that was white, and shining, like Damask; and a very pretty Boy behind him, with Wings, which I took for his Good Genius. Po. Then he had no Evil Genius with him? Br. Yes; the Franciscan told me, he thought he had; for there follow'd him a good way off, certain Birds that were black all over, saving that when they spread their Wings, they seem'd to have a mixture of Feathers that were betwixt White, and Carnation. By their Colour, and Cry, one might have taken them for Pyes; but that they were sixteen times as big; and about the size of Vultures. They had Combs upon their Heads, and a kind of Gorbelly'd Kites, with Crooked Beaks, and Tallons. If there had been but three of them, I should have taken 'em for Harpyes. Po. And what did these Devils do? Br. They kept their distance, Chattering, and Squalling at the Heroique Reuchlin, and would certainly have set upon him if they durst. Po. Why, what hinder'd 'em? Br. Reuchlin's turning upon 'em, and making the Sign of the Cross at 'em. Begone, says he, ye cursed Fiends, to a place that's fitter for you. You have work enough to do among Mortals but you have no Commission to meddle with me, that am now lifted in the Roll of Immortality. The words were no sooner out of his mouth, says my Franciscan, but these filthy Birds took their flight, and left such a stink behind 'em, that a Close-

Stool would have been Orange-Flower water to't; and he swore, that he would rather go to Hell, then ever snuff up such a Perfume again. Po. A Curse upon these Pests! Br. But hear what the Franciscan told me more. While I was musing upon This, St. Jerome (sayes he) was gotten close to the Bridge; and saluted Reuchlin, in these very words. God Save thee, my most Holy Companion, I am commanded to conduct thee to the Blessed Souls above, as a Reward, from the Divine Bounty, of thy pious Labours. With That, he took out a Garment, and put it upon Reuchlin. Tell me then, (said I) in what habit or shape St. Jerome appear'd? Was he so old as they paint him? Did he wear a Cowl or a Hat; and the Dress of a Cardinal? or had he a Lion for his Companion? Nothing of all this (said he) but his Person was comely, and his Age was only such, as carry'd Dignity with it, without the offence of any sort of sluttery. But what need had he there of a Lion by his side, as he is commonly Painted? His Gown came down to his Heels, as Transparent as Chrystal, and of the same fashion with That he gave to Reuchlin. It was painted over with Tongues of three several Colours; in imitation of the Reuby, the Emerald, and the Saphyre. And beside the clearness of it, the Order made it exceeding graceful. Po. An Intimation, I suppose, of the three Tongues that They profess'd. Br. No doubt on't: for upon the very borders of his Garments, were the Characters of these three Languages, in many Colours. Po. Had Jerome no company with him? Br. No Company, do ye say? The whole Field swarm'd with Myriads of Angels, that flew in the Air as thick as Attomes: (Pardon the meanness of the comparison.) If they had not been as clear as the Glass, there would have been no Heaven, nor earth to be seen. Po. How glad am I now for poor Reuchlin! But what follow'd? Br. Jerome, says he, for respects sake, giving Reuchlin the Right hand, and embracing him; carry'd him into the Medow, and so up to the top of a Hill that was in the middle of it, where they kiss'd, and hugg'd one another again. And now the Heaven's open'd, to a prodigious widness, and there appear'd a Glory so unutterable, as made every thing else that pass'd for wonderful before, to look mean, and sordid. Po. Cannot you give us some Representation of it? Br. No, How should I without seeing it. But he that did see it, assures me, that the Tongue of Man is not able to express the very dream of it. And further, that he would dye a thousand deaths to see it over again, tho' it were but for one moment. Po. Very good. And how then? Br. Out of this Overture, there was let down a great Pillar of fire, which was both Transparent, and very agreeable. By the means of this Pillar, Two Holy Souls embracing one another, ascended to Heaven; a Quire of Angels all the while accompanying them, with so charming a melody, that the Franciscan says, he is not able to think of the Delight of it, without weeping. And after this, there follow'd an incomparable perfume. His Sleep (or rather the Vison) was no sooner over, but he started up like a mad man, and call'd for his Bridge, and his medow, without either speaking or thinking of any thing else; and there was no perswading of him to believe that he was any longer in his Cell. The Seniors of the Convent, when they found the Story to be no Fable (for 'tis clear, that Reuchlin dy'd at the very instant of this appearance to the Holy Man) they unanimously gave thanks to God, that abundantly rewards good men for their good Deeds.

Po. What have we more to do then, but to enter this Holy Mans Name in the Kalender of our Saints? Br. I should have taken care for that, tho' the Franciscan had seen nothing of all this: And in Golden Letters too, I assure ye, next to St. Jerome himself. Po. And let me dye, if I don't put him in my Book so too. Br. And then I'll set him in Gold in my little Chappel, among the choicest of my Saints. Po. If I had a Fortune to my Mind, I'd have him in Diamonds. Br. He shall stand in my Library the very next to St. Jerome. Po. And I'll have him so in mine too. Br. We live in an ungrateful World, or else all people would do the same thing too, that love, Learning, and Languages; especially the Holy Tongues. Po. Truly it is no more than he deserves. But does it not a little stick in your stomach, that he's not yet Canoniz'd, by the authority of the Bishop of Rome? Br. I pray'e who Canoniz'd (for that's the word), who Canoniz'd St. Jerome, Paul, the Virgin Mother? Tell me, whose memory is more Sacred among all Good men, those that by their eminent Piety, and the Monuments of their Learning, and good Life, have entitled themselves to the veneration of posterity; or Catherina Senensis (for the Purpose) that was Sainted by Pius 2. in favour of the Order, and City? Po. You say true; That's the right Worship that's paid voluntarily to the Merits of the Dead; whose Benefits will never be forgotten. Br. And can you then deplore the death of this man? If long life be a Blessing, he enjoy'd it; He left Immortal Monuments of his Virtue: and by his good Works, consecrated himself to Eternity. He's now in Heaven, above the reach of misfortune, and conversing with St. Jerome. Po. But he suffer'd a great deal, tho' in this Life. Br. And yet St. Jerome suffer'd more? 'Tis a Blessing to be persecuted by wicked men, for being Good. Po. I confess it; and St. Jerome suffer'd many Indignities from wicked men for his virtues. Br. That which Satan did formerly, by the Scribes and Pharisees against our Saviour, he continues still to do by Pharisees against Good men, that have deserved well from the world by their Studies. He does not reap the fruit of the Seed that was sow'd. In the mean time it will be our part to preserve his memory Sacred, to glorifie him, and to address to him in some such manner as followes. Holy Soul! be Propitious to Languages, and to those that cultivate and refine them. Favour Holy Tongues, and destroy evil Tongues, that are infected with the Poyson of Hell. Po. I'll do't my self, and perswade all my friends to do't. I make no question, but we shall find those that will employ their interest to get some little Form of Prayer, according to custom; to perpetuate the Honour and Memory of this blessed Hero. Br. Do you mean that which they call a Collect? Po. Yes. Br. I have one ready, that I provided before his death. Po. I pray'e let's hear it. Br. Oh God that art the lover of Mankind, and by thy chosen servant John Reuchlin, hast renewed to Mankind the Gift of Tongues, by which thy Holy Spirit from above did formerly enable the Apostles for the Preaching of the Gospel; Grant that all People may in all Tongues, preach the Glory of thy Son, to the confounding of the Tongues of the false Apostles, who being in Confederacy, to uphold the wicked Tower of Babel, endeavour to obscure thy Glory, by advancing their Own; when to thee alone is due all Glory, &c. Po. A most Elegant, and Holy Prayer! And it shall be a Dayly one. How happy was this Occasion to me, that brought me to the knowledge of so Edifying, and so Delightful a Story? Br. May that Joy last long too; and so Farewell.

XII: THE FUNERAL.

In the differing Ends of Balearicus, and Montius, here is set forth the Vanity, Pomp, and Superstition of the Funerals of some Rich, and Worldly Men: With the Practices of too many of the Monks upon them in their Extremeties. As also, how a Good Christian ought to demean himself, when he comes to Die.

Marcolphus, Phædrus.

Ma. Why, how go Matters, Phædrus? Thou look'st methinks, as if thou hadst been Eaten, and spew'd up again. Ph. Why so, I beseech ye? Ma. So sad, so sowre, so ghastly, so forlorn a Wight: Thou has not one bit of Phædrus about thee. Ph. What can you expect better, from one that has been so many days among the Sick, the Dying, and the Dead? You might as well wonder to see a Black-smith, or a Chimney-sweeper with a dirty face. Well, Marcolphus! Two such losses are enough to put any Man out of humour. Ma. Have you bury'd any of your friends then? Ph. You knew George Balearicus. Ma. Only his Name, but I never saw his Face. Ph. He's One, and Cornelius Montius the Other; (my very very Particular Friend) but he, I suppose, was wholly a stranger to you. Ma. It was never my Fortune yet to see any Man breathe his last. Ph. But it has been mine, too often, if I might have had my wish. Ma. Pray'e tell me, Is Death so terrible as they make it? PH. The Way to't, is worse than the Thing it self, for the apprehension is the greatest part of the Evil. Beside, that our Resignation to the Will of God makes all the Bitterness, as well of Sickness, as of Death, easie to us. There can be no great sense of any thing in the Instant of the Souls leaving the Body; For before it comes to that point, the Faculty it self is become dull, and stupid; and commonly laid asleep. MA. What do we feel when we're born? PH. The Mother feels something however, if we do not. MA. Why would not Providence let us go out of the World as smoothly as we come into't? PH. Our Birth is made painful to the Mother, to make the Child dearer to her; and Death is made formidable to Mankind, to deter us from laying Violent Hands upon our selves: for if so many make away themselves as the case stands already, what would they do, if the dread of Death were taken away? If a Servant, or a Child were corrected; a Family quarrel started, a Sum of Money lost, or any thing else went cross, Men would presently repair to Halters, Swords, Rivers, Precipices, Poysons, for their Relief. It is the Terrour of Death that makes us set the greater value upon Life; especially considering that there's no Redemption; for the Dead are out of the Reach of the Doctor. Nor so it is, that we do not all either come into the World, or go out of it, alike. Some Die sooner, others later: some one way, some another: A Lethargy takes a Man away without any sense of Death: as if he were stung with an Asp, he goes off in's sleep. Or be it as it will, There is no Death so tormenting, but that a Man may overcome it with Resolution. MA. Pray'e tell me, which of your two Friends bore his Fate the most like a Christian? PH. Why truly, in my Opinion, George dy'd the more like a Man of Honour. MA. Is there any sense of Ambition then, when we come to that point? PH. I never saw two People make such different Ends. If you'll give it the Hearing, I'll tell you the Story, and leave you to judge which was likest a Christian. MA. Let's have it, I beseech ye, for I have the greatest mind in the World to hear't. PH. I'll begin with my Friend George.

So soon as ever it could be certainly known that his Hour was drawing on; the Physicians, that had attended him throughout his Sickness, gave to understand the peins they had taken, and that there was matter of Money in the Case, but not a Word of the despair they had of his Life. MA. How many Physicians might there be? PH. Sometimes Ten; sometimes twelve, but never under Six. MA. Enow in all Conscience to have done the business of a Man in Perfect Health. PH. Their Money was no sooner paid, but they privately hinted to some of his near Relations, that his Death was at hand, and advis'd them to take the best Care they could for the good of his Soul, for his Body was past hope. This was handsomely intimated by some of his particular Friends to George himself, desiring him, that he would remit the business of his Life to Providence, and turn his Thoughts now toward the Comforts of another World. Upon this News, George cast many a soure look at the Physitians, taking it very heinoustly, that they should now leave him in his distress. They told him, that Physitians were but Men, not Gods; and that they had done as much as Art could do, to save him, but there was no remedy against Fate; and so they went into the next Chamber. MA. What did they stay for after they were paid? PH. They were not yet agreed upon the disease. One would have it to be a Dropsie; another, an Apostheme in the Guts; Every Man of them would needs have it a several Disease; and this dispute they were very hot upon, throughout his whole Sickness. MA. The Patient had a blessed time on't all this while. PH. For the deciding of this Controversie, First, They desir'd by his Wife that the Body might be open'd; which would be for his honour, a thing usual among Persons of Quality. Secondly, They suggested how beneficial it might be to others, which he would have the Comfort of, by increasing the Bulk of his Merits, and they promis'd him Thirty Masses, at their own Charge, for the good of his Soul. There was much ado to bring him to't; but at last, by Importunities, and Fair Words, the thing was obtein'd; and so the whole Consultation was dissolv'd; for Physitians, whose business it is to preserve Life, do not think it convenient to be present, either at their Patients Death, or Funeral. By and by, Bernardinus was sent for to take his Confession: a Reverend Man, ye know, and Warden of the Franciscans. His Confession was no sooner over, but there was a whole House-full of the four Orders of Begging Fryers. MA. What, so many Vultures to one Carkass? PH. And now, the Parish-Priest was call'd to give him Extreme Unction, and the Sacrament of the Eucharist. MA. Religious People! PH. But there had like to have been a Bloudy Fray, betwixt the Priest, and the Monks. MA. What? at the Patients Bed-side! PH. Nay, and Christ himself looking on too. MA. Upon that Occasion? PH. The Parish-Priest, so soon as ever he found that George had Confess'd to a Franciscan, did point-blank refuse to give him, either the Sacrament of Unction, or the Eucharist; or so much as the Common Rights of Burial; unless he heard his Confession with his own Ears. He was to be accomptable for his Flock himself, he said; And how could he answer for any Man, without knowing the Secrets of his Conscience? MA. And don't you think he was in the right? PH. They did not think so, for they all fell upon him, especially Bernardinus, and Vincentius the Dominican. MA. What did they urge? PH. They told the Curate he was an Ass, and fitter for a Hogdriver, than a Pastor, and ratled him to some turn. I am a Batchelor of Divinity, (says Vincentius) and shortly to be Licens'd, and take my Degree of Doctor; and shall such a Dunce as thou art, that can hardly read a letter in the Book, be peeping into the Secrets of a Mans Conscience? If you have such an itch of Curiosity, you had best enquire into the Privacies of your Concubine, and your Bastards at Home. I could say more, but I'm asham'd of the Story. MA. And did he say nothing to all this? PH. Nothing, do ye say? Never was any man so nettled. I'll make a better Batchelor then you are, says he, of a Bean-stalk. I pray what were Your Masters, Dominicus, and Franciscus? Where did they learn Aristotles Philosophy; the Arguments of Thomas, or the Speculations of Scotus? Where did they take their Degree of Batchelors? Ye crept into a Believing World, a Company of Poor, humble Wretches of ye, tho' some, I must confess, were Devout, and Learned. Ye nestled, at first, in Fields, and Villages, and so by Degrees, transplanted your selves into Opulent Cities, and none but the best part of 'em neither, would content ye. Your business lay then only in places that could not maintain a Pastor; but now, forsooth, none but great Mens Houses will serve your turn. You value your selves much upon the Title of Priests, but all your

Privileges are not worth a Rush, unless in the absence of the Bishop, Pastor, or his Curate. Not a Man of you shall come into my Pulpit, I assure ye, so long as I am Pastor. 'Tis true, I am no Batchelor; no more was St. Martin, and yet he discharg'd the Office of a Bishop. If I have not so much Learning as I should, I'll never come a begging to you for't. The World is grown wiser now adays than to think that the Holiness of Dominicus and Franciscus is Entail'd upon the Habit. You're much concern'd what I do in my own House: 'Tis the common talk of the People what you do in your Cells; at what rate you behave your selves, with your Holy Virgins; and how many Illustrious Palaces ye have turn'd into direct Bawdy-houses. Marcolphus, you must excuse me for the rest, for it is too foul to be told: But in truth, he handled the Reverend Fathers without Mittens: And there would have been no End on't, if George had not held up his hand, in token that he had something to say. With much ado, the Storm was laid at last, and they gave the Patient the Hearing. Peace (says he) be among ye; I'll Confess my self over again to my Parish-Priest, and see all the Charge of Ringing; of my Funeral Rites, Burial, and Monument, paid ye before ye go out of the House; and take such Order that ye shall have no Cause to Complain. MA. I hope the Parish-Priest was pleas'd with this. PH. He was Pacifi'd in some measure; only something he mutter'd about Confession; but he remitted it at last: and told them, that there was no need of troubling either the Priest, or the Patient, with the same thing again; but if he had Confess'd to me in time, (says he) he would have made his Will perhaps upon better Considerations. But now we must e'en take it as it is; and if it be not as it should be, it must be at Your door. This Equity of the Sick Mans gall'd the Monks to the very Heart, to think that any part of the Booty should go to the Priest of the Parish: But upon my Intercession Matters were Compos'd; and the Parish-Priest gave the Sick man the Unction and the Eucharist, receiv'd his Money, and so went his Way. Ma. And now all was well again, was it not? Ph. So far from it, that This Tempest was no sooner laid, but a worse follow'd. Ma. Upon what Ground, I pray thee? Ph. To the Four Orders of Beggers, that were gotten into the House, there were now join'd with them a Fifth one, of Cross-bearers, which put the Other Mendicants into a direct Tumult against the Fifth Order; as Illegitimate and Spurious. Where did you ever see (says one of them) a Waggon with Five Wheels? Or with what Face will any Man pretend to reckon more Mendicant Orders, than there were Evangelists? At that rate you may e'en as well call in All the Beggers to ye from the Bridges, and Cross-ways. Ma. What said the Cross-bearers to This? Ph. They ask'd how the Waggon of the Church went, before there was any Order of Mendicants at all? And so after That, when there was but One Order; and then again, when there was Three: For the Number of the Evangelists (say they) has no more Affinity with Our Order, than with the Dye, for having four Angles. Who brought the Augustines, or the Carmelites into That Order? Or when did Augustine, or Elias, Beg? (Whom they make to be the Principals of their Order.) This, and a great deal more, they thunder'd out; but being over-power'd with Numbers, they were forc'd to give way; but not without Threatning a Revenge. Ma. I hope all was quiet now. Ph. No, no; for This Confederacy against the Fifth Order, was come almost to Daggers drawing. The Franciscan, and Dominican would not allow the Augustines, and Carmelites to be True Mendicants; but only Bastard, and Supposititious. The Brawl went so High, that every Body expected it would have come to Blows. MA. And was the Sick Man forc'd to suffer all This? PH. They were not in his Bed-Chamber, now, ye must know; but in a Court that join'd to't: Which was all one, for he heard every word that was spoken; there was no whispering, believe me, but they very fairly exercis'd their Lungs; beside, that in a Fit of Sickness, Men are commonly Quicker of Hearing than Ordinary. MA. But what was the End of This Dispute? PH. The Patient sent them word by his Wife, that if they would but be quiet a little, and hold their Tongues, all things would be set right: and therefore desir'd, that for the present, the Augustines, and Carmelites would Depart, and they should be no losers by it: for they should have the same Proportion of Meat sent them home, which the rest had that staid. He gave direction, to have all the Five Orders assist at his Funeral; and for an equal Dividend of Money, to every one of them: But to have taken them all to a Common Table, would have endanger'd a Tumult. MA. The Man understood Economy, I perceive, that had the Skill, even at his death, to attone so many Differences. PH. Alas! he had been an Officer a long time in the Army, where he was us'd to Mutinies. MA. Had he any Great Estate? PH. A very great one. MA. But ill gotten, as commonly, by Rapine, Sacrilege, and Extortions. PH. After the Souldiers method; and I will not swear for him either, that he was one jot better than his Neighbours. But still, if I do not mistake the Man, he made his Fortune, rather by his Wits, than by Downright Violence. MA How so? PH. He had very great skill in Arithmetique. MA. And what of that? PH. Why he could reckon, 30000 Souldiers, when there were but 7000: and Those, not Paid neither. MA. Truly a Compendious way of Arithmetique! PH. And then he was a great master of his Trade; for he had a way of getting Monthly Contributions on both Sides; from his Enemies, that he might spare them, and from his Friends, as an Allowance for them to deal with the Enemy. MA. Well, well; I know the Common way of Souldiers; but make an End of your Story. PH. Bernardinus, and Vincentius, with some of their Fellows, continu'd with the Sick man, and the Rest had their Provisions sent them. MA. But how did they agree among Themselves that staid upon Duty? PH. Not perfectly well: for I heard some Grumbling among 'em about the Prerogative of their Bulls; but they were fain to dissemble the Matter; that they might go the better on with their work.

The Will is now produc'd, and Covenants enter'd into before Witnesses, according to what they had agreed upon between themselves. MA. I should be glad to hear what That was. PH. I'll tell ye, in short: For the Whole Business would be a long History. He leaves a Widow of Thirty Eight Years of Age, a Sincere, and a Virtuous Woman. He leaves Two Sons; the One, of Eighteen, the Other of Fifteen; and Two Daughters, Both under Age. He provided by his Testament, that since his Wife would not Confine herself to a Cloyster, she should put on the Habit of a Begbin (which is a middle Order, betwixt Layrick, and Religious). The Elder Son, because he could not be prevail'd upon to turn Monk——— MA. There's no catching Old

Birds with Chaff. PH. He was immediately after his Fathers Funeral, to ride Post to Rome; where being made a Priest, before his time, by the Popes Dispensation, he should for One Year say Mass every day in the Lateran Church, for his Fathers Soul; and every Friday creep upon his Knees, up the Holy Steps there. MA. And did he take This Task upon himself, willingly? PH. With as much Submission, as an Ass bears his Burthen. His Younger Son was Dedicated to St. Francis; His Elder Daughter to St. Clare; and the Younger to Catharina Senensis. This was All could be obtein'd: For it was George's Purpose (to lay the Greater Obligation upon God Almighty) to dispose of the Five Survivors into the Five Orders of Mendicants: and it was hard press'd too; but his Wife, and his Eldest Son were not to be wrought upon, by any Terms, fair or foul. MA. Why This is a kind of Disinheriting. PH. The Whole Estate was so divided, that the Funeral Charges being First taken out, One Twelfth Part of it was to go to his Wife: One Half of That, for her Maintenance, and the Other, to the Stock of the place, where she dispos'd of her self. Another Twelfth Part to go to the Eldest Son; with a Viaticum, and as much Money as would purchase him a Dispensation and Maintein him at Rome: Provided always, that if he should change his Mind, and refuse to be Initiated into Holy Orders; His portion to be divided betwixt the Franciscans, and Dominicans. And That, I fear, will be the End on't: for he had a strange Abhorrence to That Course of Life. Two Twelfth Parts are to go to the Monastery that receives his Younger Son; and Two more to those that should entertein his Daughters; upon Condition, that if They refuse to profess Themselves, All the Money should go Whole, to the Cloyster. Another Twelfth Part, to Bernardinus, and as much to Vincentius. Half a Share to the Carthusians; for the Good Works of the Whole Order; One Remaining Part and Half, to be divided among such Poor as Bernardinus, and Vincentius should judge worthy of the Charity. MA. It would have been more Lawyer Like to have said Quos, vel Quas, in stead of Quos only, as I find. PH. The Testament was read; and the Stipulation ran in These Words. George Balearicus; Now whilst thou art in Life, and sound Sense, dost thou approve of this Testament, which has been made Long since by thy Direction and Appointment? I approve it. Is this Thy Last, and Unchangeable Will? It is. And Dost thou Constitute me, and this Batchelor Vincentius, the Executors of This thy Last Will? I do so. And then he was commanded to Subscribe. MA. How could he write when he was dying? PH. Bernardinus Guided his Hand. MA. What did he Subscribe? PH. Whosoever shall presume to Violate this Testament, may St. Francis, and St. Dominick Confound him. MA. But what if they brought an Action, Testamenti Inofficiosi? PH. That Action will not hold, in things Dedicated to God; Nor will any Man run the hazard of a Suit with him. When This was Over, the Wife, and Children gave the Sick Man their Right hands, and swear Observance to his Directions.

After This, they fell to treat about the Funeral Pomp, and there was a Squabble There too; but it was carried at last, that there should be present, Nine, out of every one of the Five Orders, for the Honour of the Five Volumes of Moses, and the Nine Quires of Angels; Every Order to carry its proper Cross, and sing the Funeral Songs. To These, beside the Kindres, there should be Thirty Torch-bearers, all in Mourning, and in Memory of the Thirty Pieces of Silver that our Saviour was sold for; and for Respect sake, Twelve Mourners to accompany Them; as a Number Sacred to the Apostolical Order. Behind the Bier follow'd George's Horse, all in Mourning; with his Head ty'd down to his Knee, as if he were Looking upon the Ground for his Master. The Pall being hung round with Escutcheons, and so were the Garments both of the Bearers, and Mourners. The Body it self was to be laid at the Right Hand of the High Altar, in a Marble Tomb, some Four Foot from the Ground; and He himself at his Length, upon the Top on't. His Image cut in the Purest Marble, and in Armour from Head to foot. To His Helmet a Crest; which was the Neck of an Onocrotalus; a Shield upon his Left Arm, charged with Three Bores Heads, Or, in a Field Argent; a Sword by his side, with a Golden Hilt, and a Belt Embroidered with Gold, and Pearl: Golden Spurs, and All, Gold, for he was Eques Auratus. He had a Leopard at his Feet, and an Inscription worthy of so great a Man. His Heart was to be laid in the Chappel of St. Francis, and his Bowels bequeathed to the Parish, to be Honourably interr'd in our Ladies Chappel. MA. This was a Noble Funeral, but a Dear one. Now at Venice a Cobler should have as much Honour done him, and with little or no charge at all. The Company gives him a handsom Coffin; and they have Six Hundred Monks, all in their Habits, many times, to attend One Body. PH. I have seen it my self, and cannot but laugh at the Vanity of those poor People. The Fullers and Tanners march in the Van, the Coblers bring up the Rear, and the Monks march in the Body. This Mixture made it look like a Chi mara; and George had This Caution too, that the Franciscans, and Dominicans should draw Lots, who should go first; and after Them, the Rest, for fear of a Tumult, or Quarrelling for Place. The Parish-Priest, and his Clerks went Last: for the Monks would never endure it otherwise. MA. George had skill, I find, in Marshalling of a Ceremony, as well as of an Army. PH. And it was Provided, that the Funeral Service which was to be perform'd by the Parish-Priest should proceed in Musique, for the Greater Honour of the Defunct. While these things were adoing, the Patient was seiz'd with Convulsion, which was a Certain Token that his Dissolution was at hand; so that they were now come to the last Act. MA. Why, is not all done yet? PH. No; for now the Popes Bull is to be read, wherein he is promised a Total Pardon of All his Sins, and an Exemption from the Fear of Purgatory; with a Justification, over and above, of his whole Estate. MA. What? Of an Estate gotten by Violence? PH. Gotten by the Law, and Fortune of the War: But it happen'd that a Brother of his wives, one Philip, a Civilian, was by at the reading of the Bull; and took notice of one passage in it, that was not as it should be, which made him jealous of Foul Play. MA. This came very unseasonable; Or if there had been any Errour, it might have been dissembled, and the Sick Man never the worse for't. PH. You say very well; and I assure you it wrought upon George so, that it had like to have cast him into an Absolute Despair. And here, Vincentius shew'd himself a Man indeed; Courage, George (says he) for I have an Authority to Correct, or to supply all Errours, or Omissions in this Case: so that if this Bull should deceive thee, my Soul shall stand ingag'd for thine, that thine shall go to Heaven, or mine be Damn'd. MA. But will God accept of this way now of Changing Souls? Or if he does, is the Pawn of Vincentius's Soul a sufficient Security? What if Vincentius's Soul should go to the Devil, whether he Changes it, or no? PH. I only tell ye matter of fact. Vincentius Enter'd formally into This Obligation, and George seem'd to be much Comforted with it. By and By the Covenants are read, by which, the whole Society promise to Transfer to George the Benefits of the Works of All the Five Orders. MA. I should be afraid that such a weight should sink me to Hell. PH. I speak of their Good Works only; for they help a Soul in mounting to Heaven, as Feathers help a Bird. MA. But who shall have their Evil Works then? PH. The Dutch Souldiers of Fortune. MA. By what Right? PH. By Gospel-Right; for to him that Has, shall be Given. And then they read over, how many Masses and Psalms, were to accompany the Soul of the Deceased; which indeed were Innumerable. His Confession was Repeated, after this; and they gave him their Benediction. MA. And so he Dy'd. PH. Not yet. They laid a Mat upon the Ground, which was Roll'd up at One End into the Form of a Pillow. MA. And what was This to do? PH. They threw Ashes upon it; but thin spread; and There they laid the Sick Mans Body; and they Consecrated a Franciscans Coat, with Certain Prayers, and Holy Water, and Cast That over him; they laid his Coul under his Head, (for there was no putting it on) and his Pardon with it. MA. A New way of leaving the World. PH. But they affirm, that the Devil has no power over those that Die in this manner; for they do but follow St. Martin, St. Francis, and

Others, that have gone This way before. Ma. But Their Lives were Religious, as well as their Ends. But go on. Ph. They then presented the Sick Man with a Crucifix, and a Wax Candle. Upon holding Out the Crucifix, I thought my self safe, says George, under the Protection of my Buckler in War; and now This is the Buckler that I shall oppose to my Enemies: so he kist it, and laid it to his left side; and for the Holy Taper, I was ever held to be a good Pikeman in the Field, and now I shall make use of This Lance against the Enemy of Souls. Ma. Spoken like a Man of War. Ph. These were the last Words he spake: for Death presently Ty'd up his Tongue, and he fell into an Agony. Bernardinus kept close to him, in his Extremity, upon the Right Hand, and Vincentius upon the Left; and they had both of them their Pipes upon: the One shew'd him the Image of St. Francis, the Other that of St. Dominick, while the rest were up and down in the Bed-Chamber, mumbling over certain Psalms to a most Lamentable Tune; Bernardinus, Bawling in his Right Ear, and Vincentius, in his Left. Ma. What did they say? Ph. Bernardinus spake to this Purpose: George Balearicus, If thou dost now approve of all that is here done, lean thy Head toward thy Right Shoulder. And so he did. Vincentius, on the other side, Have a good Heart George (says he) thou hast St. Francis and St. Dominick for thy Defenders; fear nothing, but think of the Merits that are bestow'd upon thee; The Validity of thy Pardon, and that I have engag'd My Soul for Thine, if there should be any Danger. If thou Understand'st all This, and approvest of it, lean thy head toward Thy Left Shoulder; and so he did. After This, they cry'd out as loud as before. If thou art sensible of All this, Squeeze my Hand; and he did so: So that betwixt the turning of his Head, and the squeezing of his Hand, there past almost Three Hours. When George began to Yawn, Bernardinus stood up, and pronounc'd his Absolution; but he could not go through with it, before George's Soul was out of his Body. This was about Midnight; and in the Morning, they went about the Anatomy. MA. What did he Die of? PH. Well remembered, for I had like to have forgot it. There was a piece of Lead that stuck to the Diaphragma. MA. How came that? PH. With a Musquet-Shot, as his Wife told me; and the Physitians conjectur'd that some part of the Melted Lead was yet in his Body. By and by, they put the Dissected Corps, as well as they could, into a Franciscans Habit, and after Dinner they Bury'd him in Pomp, as it was Order'd. MA. I never heard of more Bustle about a Mans Dying, or of a more Pompous Funeral: But I suppose you would not have This Publiquely to be known. PH. Why not? MA. 'Tis not good to provoke a Nest of Hornets. PH. There's no danger; for if This be well done, the more Publique, the Better: But if it be ill, All good Men will thank me for the discovery of it; and for making the Imposters, Themselves, perhaps, asham'd of what they have done; and Cautious how they do the same thing again. Beside that it may possible preserve the Simple from falling any more into the like mistakes. For I have been told by several Learned and Pious Men, that the Superstition, and Wickedness, of some few, brings a Scandal upon the Whole Order. MA. This is well and bravely said.

But I would fain know what became of Cornelius. PH. Why Truly he Dy'd, as he liv'd, without troubling any Body: He had an Anniversary Feaver that took him every Year at such a Certain time; but being Worse now than Ordinary, either by reason of his Age (for he was about threescore) or some other Infirmity, finding that his Fatal Day was drawing on; he went to Church, upon a Sunday some four days before his Death, and there Confess'd himself to his Parish-Priest; heard Publique Service, and Sermon; receiv'd the Eucharist; and so return'd to his Own House. MA. Had he no Physitians? PH. Only One who was an Excellent Man, both in his Morals, and in his Profession, (one James Castrutius). MA. I know the Man; a very worthy Person. PH. He told him, that he should be ready to serve him in anything as a Friend; but that his business lay rather with God, than with the Doctors. Cornelius took This Sentence as Chearfully, as if he had assur'd him of his Recovery, Wherefore, tho' he had always been very Charitable, according to his Power, yet he then enlarg'd himself, and bestow'd upon the Needy all that he could possibly spare from the Necessities of his Wife and Children: And not upon those that take a Pride in a seeming Poverty: (those are an Ambitious sort of Beggers, that are every where to be met withal). But upon those good Men, that oppose a Laborious Industry to an Innocent Poverty. I desir'd him, that he would rest himself, and rather take a Priest to entertain him, than spend his Wasted Body with more Labour than it would bear. His Answer was, That it had been His Practice, rather to Ease his Friends where he could by doing good Offices, than make himself Troublesome by Receiving them; and that he would now Die as he had Liv'd. He would not lie down till the last Day, and part of the Last Night, of his Life. In the Interim, he was forced to support his Weak Body with a Stick; or else he would sit in a Chair, but very rarely come into his Naked Bed: Only he kept himself in his Cloths, with his Head upright. In This time, either he was giving Orders for the Relief of the Poor, and of the Neighbourhood, (especially such as were known to him) or else he would be Reading of those Scriptures that might fortifie him in his Faith toward God; and shew the Infinite Love of God to Mankind. When he was not able to Read himself, he had some Friend to Read to him; and he would frequently, and with wonderful Affection encourage his Family to Mutual Love, and Concord, and to the Exercise of True Piety; comforting his Friends with great Tenderness, and perswading them not to be over sollicitous for his Death. He gave it often in Charge to his Family, to see all his Debts paid. Ma. Had he made no Will? Ph. Yes, long since; he had dispatch'd That Affair in his Best Health: for he was us'd to say, That what a Man does at his Last Gasp, is rather a Dotage, than a Testament. Ma. Did he give any thing to Religious Houses, or Poor People? Ph. No, not a Cross. I have given already (says he) in my Life-time what I was able to give; and now, as I leave the Possession of what I have to my Family, they shall e'en have the Disposing of it too; and I trust that they will yet employ it better than I my self have done. Ma. Did he send for any Holy Man about him, as George did? Ph. Not a Man of 'em. There was only his Own Family, and two Intimate Friends about him. Ma. What did he mean by That? Ph. He was not willing, he said, to trouble more People when he come to't. Ma. When comes the End of this Story? Ph. You shall hear presently: Thursday came, and finding himself extreamly weak, he kept his Bed. The

Parish-Priest was then call'd, gave him Extreme Unction, and the Holy Communion; but he made no Confession, for he had no Scruple, he said, that stuck upon him. The Priest began then to discourse of the Pomp, Place, and Manner of his Burial. Buty me (says he) as you would bury the meanest Christian: Nor do I concern my self where ye lay my Body; for the Last Judgment will find it out in One place, as well as in Another; and for the Pomp of my Funeral, I heed it not. When he came to mention the Ringing of Bells, the saying of Masses, the Business of Pardons, and Purchasing a Communion of Merits; My good Pastor, (says he) I shall find my self never the worse, if never a Bell be rung; and One Funeral Office will abundantly content me: but if there be anything else, which the publique Custom of the Church has made necessary; and that cannot be well Omitted, without giving a Scandal to the Weak; In that case, I remit my self to your Pleasure: Nor am I at all desirous, either to buy any Man's Prayers, or to rob any Man of his Merits; Those of Christ I take to be sufficient, and I wish only, that I my self may be the better for the Prayers, and Merits of the Whole Church, if I live, and Die, but a true Member of it. All my hope is in these two Assurances. The One is, That my Sins are abolished, and nail'd to the Cross by my Blessed Saviour, who is our Chief Shepherd. The Other is, that which Christ hath signed, and sealed with his Holy Bloud; By which we are made sure of Eternal Salvation, if we place all our Trust in Him. Far be it from me to insist upon Merits, and Pardons; as if I would provoke my God to enter into Judgment with his Servant, in whose sight no flesh living shall be Justifi'd. His Mercy is boundless, and unspeakable, and thither it is that I must appeal, from his Justice. The Parish-Priest, upon these words, Departed, and Cornelius, with great Joy and Chearfulness, (as one Transported with the hope of a better life) caused some Texts to be read, to confirm him in the hope of a Resurrection; and set before him the Rewards of Immortality. As That out of the Prophet Isaiah, concerning the deferring of the Death of Hezekias, together with the Hymn; and then the 1 Cor. 15. The Death of Lazarus, out of St. John; but especially, the History of Christs Passion, out of the Gospels. With what affection did he take in all these Scriptures! Sighing at some Passages; Closing his Hands, as in Thankfulness, at Others; One while rapt, and Overjoy'd at some Passages, and at Others, sending up his Soul in short Ejaculations. After Dinner, when he had slept a little, he caused to be read the Twelfth of St. John, to the End of the Story. And here the Man seem'd to be Transfigured, and possess'd with a New Spirit. Toward Evening, he call'd his Wife and Children; and raising himself as well as he could, he thus bespake them.

My dearest wife, the same God that joyn'd us, doth now part us; but only in our Bodies, and That too, but for a short time. That Care, Kindness, and Piety, that thou hast hitherto divided betwixt my self, and the tender Pledges of our Mutual Love, thou art now to transfer wholly to Them: Nor canst thou do any thing more acceptable to God, or to me, than to Educate, Cherish, and Instruct those whom Providence has bestow'd upon us, as the Fruit of our Conjunction, that they may be found worthy of Christ. Double thy Piety, towards them, and reckon upon my share too, as transplanted unto Thee. If thou dost This (as I am confident thou wilt) thy Children are not to be accounted Orphans.

If ever thou shouldst Marry again——' With this his wife gush'd out into Tears, and as she was about to forswear the thing, Cornelius thus interposed: My dearest Sister in Christ; If our Lord Jesus shall vouchsafe to thee such a Resolution, and strength of Spirit, be not wanting to thy self in the Cherishing of so Divine a Grace; for it will be more Commodious, as well to thy self, as to thy Children; but if thy infirmity shall move thee another way, know, that My Death has freed thee from the Bond of Wedlock, but not from that Trust, which in both our Names, thou owest in Common to the Care of our Children. As to the Point of Marriage, make use of the Freedom which God has given thee. This only let me intreat, and admonish thee, make such a choice of a Husband, and so discharge thy self towards him, in the Condition of a Wife, that either by his Own Goodness, or for Thy Convenience, he may be kind to our Children. Have a care then of Tying thy self up to any Vow. Keep thy self free to God, and to our Issue; and bring them up in such a frame of Piety and Virtue, and take such care of them, that they may not fix upon any Course of Life, till by Age, and the use of things, they shall come to understand what is fittest for them.

Turning then to his Children, he exhorted them to the Study of Virtue; Obedience to their Mother; and Mutual Friendship and Affection among themselves. He then kist his Wife, pray'd for his Children; and making the Sign of the Cross, recommended them to the Mercy of Christ. After This, looking upon all that were present; Yet before to Morrow-morning (says he) the Lord that sanctified the Morning, by Reviving upon it, will descend, out of his Infinite Mercy, to call this poor Soul of mine out of the Sepulchre of my Body, and the Darkness of This Mortality, into his Heavenly Light. I will not have ye tire your selves in your Tender Age with Unprofitable Watching; only let One wake with me, to read to me, and let the rest sleep by Turns. When he had past the Night; about Four in the Morning, the whole family being present, he caused that Psalm to be read, which our Saviour, praying, recited upon the Cross. When That was done, he call'd for a Taper, and a Cross; and taking the Taper, The Lord (says he) is my Light, and my Salvation, whom shall I fear? And then, kissing the Cross; The Lord (says he) is the Defender of my Life, of whom then shall I be afraid? By and by, with his hands upon his breast, and the Gesture of One Praying, and with his Eyes lifted up to Heaven, Lord Jesus (says he) receive my Spirit. And immediately he closed his Eyes, as if he were only about to sleep; and so, with a Gentle Breath, he deliver'd up his Spirit, as if he had only slumber'd, and not expir'd. MA. The least painful Death that ever I heard of. PH. His Life was as Calm as his Death. These two Men were both of 'em My Friends; and perhaps I am not so good a Judge which of them Dy'd the likest a Christian: But you that are Unbyass'd, may perhaps make a better Judgment. MA. I'll think of it; and give you my Opinion at Leisure.

XIII: THE EXORCISM; or, THE APPARITION.

A Dragon in the Air; with the Relation of an Artificial, and famous Imposture.

THOMAS, ANSELMUS.

TH. You have found a purchase sure, that ye laugh to yourself thus: What's the best News? AN. Nay, you are not far from the Marque. TH. If there be any thing that's Good, let your Friend take part with ye. AN. And welcome too; for I have been wishing a good while for some body that would be merry with me for Company. TH. Let's have it then. AN. I was told e'en now the pleasantest Story; and if I did not know the Place, the Persons, and every Circumstance, as well as I know you, I should swear 'twere a Sham. TH. You have set me a longing to hear it. AN. Do not you know Pool; Fawn's Son-in-Law? TH. Perfectly well. AN. He's both the Contriver of it, and the Chief Actor in the Play. TH. I'm apt enough to believe That; for he's a Man to do any part to the Life. AN. 'Tis Right: Do not you know a Farm that he has a little way from London? TH. Oh! very well. He and I have crackt many a Bottle together there. AN. There's a way, you know, betwixt two streight Roes of Trees. TH. A matter of Two Flight Shot from the House, upon the left hand. AN. That's it. One side of the way has a dry Ditch, that's over-grown with Brambles; and then there's a

Bridge, that leads into an Open Field. TH. I remember it. AN. There went a report among the Country People, of a Spirit that walkt there; and of hideous Howlings that were heard about That Bridge, which made them conclude it to be the Soul of some body that was Miserably Tormented. TH. Who was't that rais'd that Report? AN. Who but Pool; that made this the Prologue to his Comedy? TH. What put it in his head, I wonder, to invent such a Flam? AN. I know nothing more than the Humour of the Man; for he loves to make himself sport with silly people. I'll tell you a late Whimsie of his, of the same kind. We were, a good many of us, Riding to Richmond, and some in the Company that you would allow to be no Fools. The Day was so Clear, that there was not a Cloud to be seen, Pool, looking wishly up into the Air, fell on the suddain to crossing of himself, and, with a strange amazement in his Countenance; Lord, (says he to himself) what do I see. They that rode next him, asking him what it was that he saw; he Cross'd himself, more and more. In mercy (says he) deliver us from this Prodigy. They still Pressing him, more earnestly, to say what was the Matter. Then Pool, Fixing his Eyes, and pointing towards such a quarter of the Heaven, That Monstrous Dragon (says he) with Fiery Horns; (Don't you see him) and look how his Tail is turn'd up into a kind of a Circle? Upon their Denial that they saw any thing; and his urging them to look steadily just where he pointed; One of them, at last, for the Credit of his Eyes, yielded that he saw it too: and so one after another, they all saw it; for they were asham'd not to see anything that was so plain to be seen. In short, the Rumour of This Portentous Apparition was in Three days all over England; and it is wonderful, how they had amplifi'd the Story; and some were making Expositions upon the meaning of this horrid Portent. But in the mean time, the Inventor of it had the Satisfaction of seeing the Success of his Project. TH. I know the humour of the Man to a hair. But, to the Ghost again. AN. While That story was a foot, there comes, very opportunely, to Pool, one Fawn, a Priest; (one of those they call in Latin, Regulars) a Parish-Priest of a Village there in the Neighbour-hood. This Man took upon him to understand more than his Fellows, in Holy Matters. TH. Oh! I guess whereabout ye are. Pool has found out one Now to bear a part in the Play. AN. They were a Talking at Supper, of this Report of the Spectrum, at the Table; and when Pool found that Fawn had not only heard of it, but believ'd it, he fell to entreating the Man, that, as he was a Holy, and a Learned Person, he would do his best toward the Relieving of a Poor Soul out of that terrible Affliction. And if you make any doubt of the Truth on't, says he, sift out the Matter; and do but walk, about Ten a Clock, toward that little Bridge, and there you shall hear such Cries, and Groanings as would grieve your Heart: but I would advise ye, however, for your own Security, to take some Company that you like, along with you. TH. Well, and what then? AN. After Supper, out goes Pool, a Hunting, or about his usual Sports; and when it grew Duskish, out went Fawn, and was at last, a Witness of Those grievous Lamentations. Pool had hid himself thereabouts, in a Bramble-bush, and perform'd his part incomparably well. His Instrument was an Earthen Pot, that through the Hollow of it, gave a most Mournful Sound. TH. This Story, for ought I see, out-does Menanders Phasma. AN. You'll say more when you have heard it out. Away goes Fawn home in great Impatience, to tell what he Heard; while Pool, by a Shorter Cut, gets home before him. There does Fawn tell Pool all that past, with something of his Own to it; to make the matter more Wonderful. TH. Well, but could Pool hold his Countenance all this while? AN. He hold his Countenance? Why he carries his Heart in his Hand; and you would have sworn that the whole Action had been in earnest. In the End, Fawn, upon the pressing Importunity of Pool, Resolv'd to venture upon an Exorcism; and slept not one wink That Night his Thoughts were so taken up with the Consideration of his own safety, for he was most wretchedly afraid. In the first place; he got together the most powerful Exorcisms that he could find; to which, he added some New ones, as by the Bowels of such a Saint, the Bones of St. Winnifrede: and after This, he made Choice of a Place in the Field, near the Thicket of Bushes, whence the Noise came. He draws ye a Circle, a very large one, with several Crosses in it, and a Phantastical Variety of Characters; and all this was perform'd in Set Forms of Words. He had There also, a great Vessel, full of Holy Water, and the Holy Stole (as they call it) about his Neck; upon which, hung the Beginning of the Gospel of St. John. He had, in his Pockets, a little Piece of Wax, which the Bishop of Rome us'd to Consecrate once a Year, commonly call'd an Agnus Dei. With these Arms, in times past, they defended themselves against Evil Spirits, till the Cowl of St. Francis was found to be more Formidable. All these things were provided, for fear the Fiend should fall foul upon the Exorcist. And all This was not enough neither to make him Trust himself alone in the Circle; but he concluded to take some other Priest along with him, to keep his Company. This gave Pool an Apprehension; that by the joining of some Cunning fellow with him, the whole Plot might come to be discovered. So that he took a Parish-Priest thereabouts, whom he acquainted before-hand with the whole Design; (and it behov'd him to do so) Beside that, he was as fit as any man for such an Adventure. The next day, when everything was ready, and in order, about ten a Clock, Fawn and the Parish-Priest enter the Circle, Pool, that was gone before, Yels and Howls in the Brambles. Fawn gives a God-speed to the Exorcise. In the mean time, Pool steals away in the Dark, to the next Village, and from thence, brings another person to act his part; for there went a great many of them to the Play. TH. Well, and what are They to do? AN. They mount themselves upon Black Horses, and privately carry Fire along with them. When they came near, they shew'd the Fire, to fright Fawn out of the Circle. TH. Pool took a great deal of Pains, I see, to carry on the Work. AN. His Phancy lyes That way; But there fell out an accident that had like to have spoilt the Jest. TH. How so? The suddain flashing of the Fire, so startled the Horses, that the Riders could hardly keep the Jades upon their Legs, or themselves in the Saddle. And here's an end of the First Act.

Upon Fawn's Return, Pool askt him very Innocently what he had done, as knowing nothing at all of the matter; and then Fawn up with his Story, and tells him of two dreadful Cacodemons that appear'd to him, upon Black Horses, their Eyes Sparkling with Fire, and Flames coming out of their Nostrils; and what attempts they made to pass the Circle, but that by the Power, and Efficacy of his words, they were driven away with a Vengeance.

This Encounter put Fawn into Courage; so that the next day, with great Solemnity, he returned to his Circle. And when he had a long time, with much Vehemence, Provok'd the Spirit, Pool, with his Companion shew'd himself again, upon their Black Horses; and prest on, with a most Outrageous Outcry, as if they were fully determin'd to Storm the Circle. Th. Had they no Fire? An. None at all; for that did not succeed well: But you shall now hear of another device. They had a long Rope, which they drew Gently over the Ground; and then hurrying from one place to another, as if they had been frighted away by Fawn's Exorcisms, up went the heels by and by of both the Priests, and down come they upon the Ground with a great Vessel of Holy Water; the Priests and their Holy Water, Both together. Th. And this was t'other Priests Reward, for Playing of his Part. An. It was so; and yet he would have endur'd a great deal more, rather than quit the Design.

After this encounter, Fawn, upon his Return, makes a mighty business to Pool, of the Danger he had been in, and how valiantly he had defeated both the Devils, with his Charms: And he was, by this time, absolutely persuaded, that all the Devils in Hell had not the Power to force his Circle, or the Confidence so much as to attempt it. Th. This same Fawn, I perceive, is next dore to a Fool. An. Oh! you have heard nothing, yet, to speak of. When the Comedy was thus far advanc'd in very good time came Pool's Son-in-Law. He's a pleasant Droll, ye know; the Young man, that married Pool's Eldest Daughter. Th. I know him very well, and no man fitter for such an Exploit. An. Fitter saist thou? Why I will undertake he shall leave his dinner at any time, for such a Comedy. His Father-in-Law acquaints him with the whole Business, and who but he to act a Ghost. He undertakes his Part; has every thing provided, and wraps up himself in a Sheet, like a Corps, with a live Coal in a shell that shew'd through the Linnen, as if something were a burning. About night he goes to the place where the Scene of the Story Lay. There were heard most doleful Mones, and Fawn, in the mean time, lets fly all his Exorcisms. By and by, a good way off in the Bushes appears the Ghost, shewing Fire, by Fits, and groaning most rufully. While Fawn was beseeching of him to say who it was, immediately out leaps Pool, in his Devil's Habit, from the Thicket, and roaring and raging, This Soul, says he, is mine, and you have no Power over it; and with that, he runs up presently to the very Edge of the Circle, as if he were about to fall violently upon the Exorcist. After which, he looses Ground, and retreats, as if he had been either beaten off by the words of the Exorcism, or by the Virtue of the Holy-Water, which was thrown upon him in a great abundance. At last when the Spirits Protector was driven away, Fawn Enters into a Dialogue with the Ghost; which, after much intreaty, and importunity, confess it self to be the Soul of a Christian, and being askt the Name; My Name (says the Ghost) is Fawn. Why then (says Fawn) we are both of a Name; and the very thought of delivering his Namesake, made him lay the Matter more to Heart. Fawn put so many questions, that the Ghost began to fear, that a longer Discourse might make some Discovery, and so withdrew himself, upon pretence that his hour was come, that he was now permitted to talk any longer, and that he was not compell'd to go away, whither it pleased the Devil to carry him; but yet promis'd to return again the next day, at some Lawful Hour. They meet again at

Pool's House, who was the Master of the Shew; and There, the Exorcist talks of his Atchievement, and tho' in many things he help'd the Matter, he believ'd himself yet in all he said; so heartily was he affected to the business in hand. It was now manifest that it was the Soul of a Christian that was saln under the Power of some Unmerciful Devil; and in most Cruel Torments; so that their Endeavour is now wholly bent That way. There happen'd one pleasant kind of a Ridiculous Passage in this Exorcism. TH. I prethee what was That? AN. When Fawn had call'd up the Ghost; Pool, that acted the Devil, leap'd directly at him, as if without any more ado he would break into the Circle, Fawn fought with him a great while, with Exorcisms, and whole Tubs of Holy Water; and at last, the Devil cry'd out, He did not value all That any more than the Dirt under his Feet; You, Sirrah, (says he) have had to do with a Wench, and you are my own. Many a true word has been spoken in jeast; For so it prov'd, for the Exorcist finding himself touch'd with that word, retir'd presently to the very Centre of the Circle; and mumbled something, I know not what, in the other Priests Ear. Pool, finding That, withdrew, that he might not hear more than did belong to him. TH. A very Modest, and Religious Devil. AN. Very Right. Now the Action, you know, might have been blam'd, if he had not observ'd a Decorum. But he overheard the Priest, appointing his Satisfaction. TH. And what was the Satisfaction? AN. That he should say the Lords Prayer Three times over; from whence he gather'd that he had transgress'd thrice that night. TH. A most irregular Regular. AN. Alas, they are but Men; and this is but Humane Frailty. TH. But what follow'd next? AN. Fawn advances now, with more Courage, and Fierceness, up to the very Line of the Circle, and provok'd the Devil of his Own accord: But the Devils heart now fail'd him, and he fled back. You have deceiv'd me, says he; what a Fool was I, for giving you That Caution! Many are of Opinion, that what you once Confess to a Priest, is immediately struck out of the Devil's memory, so that he shall never twit you in the Teeth for't. Th. A very Ridiculous Conception! An. But to draw toward a Conclusion. This way of Colloquy with the Ghost continu'd for some days; and it came to This at last, That the Exorcist asking if there were any way to deliver the Soul from Torment? The Ghost answer'd him, That it might be done by restoring the Ill-gotten Money which he had left behind him. What (says Fawn) if it were put into the hands of Your People, to dispose of for Pious Uses? His Reply was. That it might do very well That way; which was a great Consolation to the Exorcist, and made him very diligently enquire to what Value it might amount. The Ghost told him, it was a mighty Sum, and a thing that might prove very Good, and Commodious. He told him the place too (but a huge way off) where this Treasure was bury'd under ground. Th. Well, and to what Uses? An. Three persons were to undertake a Pilgrimage: One of them to the Threshold of St. Peter, another, to James of Compostella; and the third, to kiss the Comb of our Saviour, which is at Tryers: And then a great number of services, and Masses were to be perform'd by several Monasteries; and for the rest he should dispose of them, as he pleas'd. Now Fawn's heart was wholly fixt upon the Treasure; which he had in a manner swallow'd already. Th. That's a common disease, tho' perpetually cast in the Priests Dish upon all

Occasions. AN. There was nothing omitted, that concern'd the business of money; and when that was done, the Exorcist (being put upon't by Pool) fell to question the Ghost, about Curious Arts, Chymistry, and Magique. But the Ghost put him off, for the present, with some light answer; only giving him the hopes of large Discoveries, so soon as ever he should get clear of the Devil's Clutches. And here's the end of the Third Act.

In the Fourth. Fawn began every where to talk high, and promise strange things, and to brag at the Table, and in all Companies, what a Glorious work he had in hand for the good of the Monasteries, and he was Elevated now into another manner of Stile, and behaviour. He went to the place where the Treasure was hid, and found the Marques, but durst not venture to dig for't, for the Ghost had put it into his Head, that it would be extreme dangerous to touch the money, before the Masses were said. By this time, there were a great many Cunning Snaps that had the Plot in the Wind; but yet he was still making Proclamation every where of his Folly, tho' divers of his Friends, and his Abbot, particularly, caution'd him against it; and advis'd him, That having a long time had the Reputation of a Sober Man, he should not take so much pains now to Convince the World of the Contrary. But his Mind was so possess'd with the Phancie of the thing, that all the counsel in Nature could not lessen his Belief in it. All his Discourses, nay his very Dreams, were of Spectres, and Devils: The very Habit of his Soul was got into his Face; so Pale, Shrivled, and Dejected, that he was rather a Spirite, than a Man. In one Word, he had certainly run stark mad, if he had not been seasonably prevented. TH. Now This is to be the Last Act of the Comedy. AN. It shall be so.

Pool, and his Son-in-Law, hammer'd out this Piece betwixt them. They Counterfeited an Epistle, written in a Strange Antick Character, and upon such a sort of Paper, as your Guilders use for their leaf-Gold; a kind of a Saffron-colour'd Paper you know. The Form of the Epistle was This

FAWN, That has long been a Captive, now Free; To Fawn his Gracious Deliverer. Greeting. It is not needful, (my Dear Fawn) that thou shouldst Macerate thy self any Longer, upon This Affair; Heaven had regarded the Pious Intentions of thy Mind and in Reward of Thy Merit, I am deliver'd from my Punishment, and live now happily among the Angels. Thou hast a place provided for thee with St. Augustin, which is the next Range to the Quire of the Apostles. When thou com'st hither, I'll give thee Publique Thanks: in the mean time, Live as Merrily as thou canst.

From the Empyreal Heaven, the Ides of September, 1498, *under the Seal of my own Ring.*

This Epistle was laid privately under the Altar, where Fawn was to Officiate; and there was One labour'd, upon the Conclusion of the Office, to advertise him of the thing, as found by chance: And the Good Man carries the Letter now about him; shews it, as a Holy Thing, and makes it an Article of his Faith, that it was brought from Heaven by an Angel. TH. This is no freeing the Man of his Madness, but only Changing the Sort of it. AN. Why truly so it is; for it is only a more Agreeable Phrenzie. TH. I never was very Credulous in the Common Tales of Apparitions, but I shall be less hereafter than ever I was; for I am afraid that many of those Relations that we hear of, were only Artifice, and Imposture, deliver'd over to the World for Truths, by Easie Believers, like our Fawn. An. And I am very much inclin'd to think as you do, of the Greater part of them.

XIV: THE HORSE-COURSER.

A Horse-Courser puts a Jade upon a Gentleman and the Gentleman cousens the Horse-Courser again with his own Jade.

Aulus, Phaedrus.

Au. Goodly, Goodly! The Gravity of Phaedrus! How he stands gaping into the Air? I'll put him out of his Dumps. What's the News with you to day? Ph. And why that question always? Au. Because that sowre look of yours has more of Cato in it, then of Phaedrus. Ph. Never wonder at That, Friend; for I am just now come from Confession. Au. My Wonder's over, then. But tell me now upon your honest word; have you confess'd all your Sins? Ph. All that I thought of, but One, upon my Honesty. Au. And what made ye reserve that one? Ph. Because it is a Sin that I am loth to part with. Au. Some pleasant Sin, I suppose. Ph. Nay, I am not sure that it is a Sin neither. But if you will, I'll tell you what it is. Au. With all my Heart. Ph. Our Horse-Coursers, you know, are Devilish Cheats. Au. Yes, yes. I know of them than I wish I did; for they have fetch'd me over many and many a time. Ph. I had an Occasion, lately, that put me upon a long Journey; and I was in great Haste: so I went to one of the Honestest, as I thought, of the whole Gang; and One for whom I had formerly done some Good Offices. I told him, that I was call'd away upon urgent business, and that I wanted a strong, able Gelding for my Journey. And I desir'd him, as ever he would do any thing for me, to furnish me with a Horse for my Turn. Depend upon me, says he, and I will use you, as if you were my own Brother. AU. Perhaps he would have Cousen'd him too. PH. He leads me into the Stable, and bids me take my Choice. At last I pitch'd upon One that I lik'd better than the rest. Well, Sir, (says he) I see you understand a Horse; I know not how many people have been at me for This Nag; but I resolv'd to keep him rather for a particular Friend, than to put him off to a Chance-Customer. All This Confirm'd by Oaths; and so we agreed upon the Price; the Money was paid; and up I got into the Saddle. Upon the First setting out, my Steed falls a Prancing, and shews all his Tricks; he was Fat, and Fair, and there was no ground would hold him. But by that time I had been some half an hour upon the way, he tyr'd with me, so downright, that neither Switch nor Spur would get him one step further. I had heard sufficiently of the Tricks of these Merchants, and how common a thing it was for them to make a Jade look fair to the Eye, and not be worthy One Penny yet; for Service. So soon as I found that I was caught; Come! (said I to my self) if I live to come back again, I may chance to shew this Fellow yet a Trick for his Trick. AU. But what became of you in the meantime? A Horse-man Unhors'd? PH. I consulted with necessity, and turn'd into the next Village, where I left my horse Privately, with an Acquaintance I had there, and Hired another in his Stead. I persu'd my Journey; Return'd; deliver'd up my Hired Horse, and finding my Own Jade in as good Case as I left him, I mounted him again, and so back to my Horse-Courser; desiring that he might stand in his Stable till I call'd for him. He askt me how he perform'd his Journey; and I swore as solemnly to him, as he had done to me, that I never came upon the back of a better Nag; and so Easie too, that me thought he carry'd me in the Air; beside that he was not the one bit the leaner for his Journey. The Man was so far perswaded of the Truth of what I said, that he began to think within himself that this Horse was better than he took him for. Before we parted; he askt me if I would put him off again; which I refus'd, at First; for in Case of any Occasion for such another journey, I could never expect to get the fellow of him. Not that I would not sell my very self, or any thing else, for Money, if I could but have enough for't. AU. This was playing with a Man at his own Weapon. PH. Briefly, he would not let me go, till I had set a Price upon him. I rated him at a great deal more than he cost me, and so I went my way. By and by, I gave an Acquaintance of mine some Instructions how to behave himself, and made him a Confident of my Design. Away he goes to the House, calls for the Horse-Courser; and tells him he wants a nag, but it must be a hardy one, for he was upon a long journey, and earnest business. The Ostler shews him the Stables, and still commended the Worst, but said nothing at all of the Horse he had sold to me, upon an Opinion that he was as good as I reported him. I had given my Friend a Description of that Horse, and told him his very Standing, and so he enquired, if that Horse (pointing to mine) were to be sold. The Horse-Courser went on commending Other Nags in the Stable; without any Answer to That Question. But when he found that the Gentleman would have That Horse or none, the Horse-Courser fell to reasoning the matter with himself. I was clearly mistaken (says he) in this Horse, but this Gentleman understands him better than I did: So that upon the Gentlemans Pressing, whether he would sell him or no; Well, says the Man, he may be sold, but 'tis at a Swinging Price; and so he made his Demand. Why this, says the Other, is no great price, in a Case of Importance; and so they came at last to an Agreement, the Gentleman giving a Ducate, Earnest, to bind the Bargain. (The Horse-Courser, set his Price much higher than I had rated him, to make sure of a Considerable Profit.) The Purchaser gives the Ostler a Groat, and bids him feed his Horse well, till he came back by and by to fetch him. So soon as ever I heard that the Bargain was struck away go I immediately, Booted and Spurr'd, to the Horse-Courser, and call my self out of Breath for my Horse. Out comes the Master, and asks what I would have? I bade him presently make ready my Horse, for I must be gone immediately upon Extraordinary Business. But (says he) you bade me take care of your Horse for some few days. That's true, said I, but I'm surpriz'd with an Occasion wherein the King is concern'd, and there must be no delay. You may take your Choice, says the Other, out of my Stables; but your Own is not to be had. How so, said I? He tells me that he is sold. Heaven Forbid! said I; pretending to be in a great Passion; for as the Case stands, I would not part with him to any Man for four times his Price. And so fell to wrangling about him, as if he had undone me; and in the Conclusion, he grew a little Testy too. There's no need (says he) of ill language, you set a price upon your Horse, and I sold him; and if I pay you your Money, you can do nothing to me: We are Govern'd here by Law; and you cann't compel me to bring your Horse again. When I had Clamour'd a good while, that he should either produce the Horse, or the Man that bought him, the Man at last, in a rage, throws down the Money: The Horse cost me fifteen Crowns, and I sold him for Twenty, he himself valu'd him at Two and Thirty; and so computed with himself that he had better make That Profit of him, than restore him. Away go I, like one in sorrow, and not at all pacifi'd with the receipt of the Money; The Man desiring me not to take it ill, and he would make me an amends some other way. This was the Cheater Cheated. His Horse is an Errant Jade; he looks for the Man to fetch the Horse, that gave him the Earnest, but that will never be. AU. But in the Interim, did he never Expostulate the Matter with you? PH. With what Face, or Colour, could he do That? I have met him over and over since, He only complain'd that the Buyer never came to take him away; but I have often reason'd the matter with him, and told him 'twas a just judgment upon him for selling away my Horse. This was a Fraud so well plaid, in my opinion, that I could not so much confess it for a Fault. AU. If it had been my Case, I should have been so far from Confessing it, as a Sin, that I should have challeng'd a Statute for it. PH. Whether you speak as you think or no, I know not; but it sets me agog however, to be paying more of these Fellows in their Own Quoyn.

XV: THE ALCHYMIST.

A Priest turns Quack, and engages an Eminent Gentleman (who was otherwise a Prudent man) in the Project of the Philosophers Stone. He drills him on, to the Expence of a great deal of Money: And when he has artificially countenanced the Cheat, through several disappointments; The Gentleman parts fairly with him, and gives him a sum of Money to keep Counsel.

PHILECOUS, LALUS.

PH. Lalus should have some pleasant Crochet in his head, by his giggling thus to himself. Bless me, how the Man is Tickled; and what a Stir he makes with the Sign of the Cross! I'll venture to spoil his sport. How is it, my best friend Lalus? Me thinks I read Happiness in thy very Countenance. LA. But I shall be much happier if I may tell thee what it is that pleases me. PH. Prethee make me Happy too, then as soon as thou canst. LA. Dost thou know Balbinus? PH. What? the Honest learned Old man? LA. Nay, he is all That; but it is not for any Mortal to be wise at all times, and to all purposes. And this Excellent Person, after all his Eminent Qualities, has his weak Side, as well as his Neighbours. His Beauty is not without a Mole; The Man runs raving mad, upon the Art of Chymistry. PH. Believe me, that which Thou call'st a Mole, is a dangerous Disease. LA. Whatever it is, he has been of late strangely wrought upon by Flatteries, and fair Words, tho' he has been sufficiently bitten formerly, by that sort of people. PH. In what manner? LA There was a

Certain Priest that went to him, saluted him with great respect, and in this fashion accosted him: You will wonder, perhaps, most learned Balbinus, at the Confidence of a Stranger, to interrupt your thoughts in the middle of your most Holy Studies. Balbinus, according to his Custom, Nods to him, being, you know, a Man of few Words. PH. An Argument of Prudence. LA. But the Other, as the wiser of the two, proceeds: You will forgive this my Importunity, says he, when I tell you what it was that brought me hither. Tell me in short then, says Balbinus. I will, says the Other, be as brief as possible. You know, most excellent of Men, that the Fates of Mortals are various; and I cannot say whether I should reckon my self among the Happy, or the Miserable; for looking upon my self one way, I account my self most Happy; and if I look Another way, I am of all Men the most Miserable; Balbinus pressing him to contract his Business; I shall have done Immediately, says he, most Learned Balbinus; and I may better shorten my discourse, because no Man knows more of the Affair I am about to speak of than your self. PH. You are drawing of an Orator, rather than of a Chymist. LA. We'll come to the Alchymist, by and by. I have been so happy, you must know, from a very child, as always to have had a Passion for this Divine Study, I mean the Chymical Study; which is indeed, the Marrow of all Philosophy. At the name of Chymistry, Balbinus a little rais'd himself, that is to say, in Gesture; but then fetching a hearty sigh, he bade him go on; and so he did. Miserable Man that I am! (says he) for not falling into the right way. Balbinus demanded of him what way he spake of; You know (says he) Incomparable, as you are, (for what is there, my Learned Sir, that you do not know)

You know (I say) that there are two ways in this Art; the One is called Longation, the other, Curtation. Now it has been my hard lot to fall upon Longation. Balbinus asking him about the difference of the ways: Impudent that I am, says he, to speak all this to a Person that knows all these things, no Man Better. And therefore it is, that I have with all Humility address'd to you, that you would take pity upon me, and vouchsafe to instruct me in the Blessed Way of Curtation. The more knowing you are, the less will be your trouble of communicating your Help to me. And therefore do not conceal so great a Gift of God, from your poor Brother, that is ready to Die with Grief. Heaven enrich ye with higher Endowments, as you assist me in this. When Balbinus saw no End of this Solemnity of Obtestations, he told him flat and plain, that he understood nothing at all of the Business of Longation, and Curtation, from one end to the other; and therefore desir'd him to explain the meaning of those Two words. Well, Sir, says he, tho' I know I am now speaking to my Master; Since it is your Pleasure to Command me, it shall be done. They that have spent their whole Life in This Divine Art, turn the Species of things, two ways, the One is shorter, but somewhat more Hazardous; the Other is longer, but safer. I account my self very unhappy, that have hitherto labour'd in that which does not so well agree with My Genius; and cannot yet find out any Man to teach me the Other; which I am so passionately in Love withal. But at length, Providence has put it into my Mind to apply myself to You, as a Person Conspicuous both for Piety and Learning. Your Knowledge instructs Ye to grant what I desire, and your Piety will dispose you to aid a Christian Brother, whose Life is in Your Hand. To make short with you, when this Juggler, with this Simplicity of Discourse, has clear'd himself from all Suspicion of a Design; and gain'd Credit for finding out one way, which was so certain; Balbinus began to have an Itch to be Medling; and at last, when he could hold no longer, away with your Methods (says he) of Curtation; for so far am I from Understanding, that I never so much as heard the Name of it. But tell me ingenuously, do you perfectly understand the way of Longation? Phy, phy, says he, the Length of it makes it so Irksome; but for the knack of it, I have it at my Fingers Ends. Balbinus askt him what time it would take? Too much, says he, little less than a Year: but then 'tis infallible. Never trouble your self for That, sayd Balbinus; tho' it should take up Two Years, if you can depend upon your Art. To shorten the Story. They came to an Agreement, and presently fell to work privately, in the House of Balbinus. Upon these Conditions, That the One should do the Work, and the Other be at the Charge, and the Profit to be equally divided; tho' the Modest Imposter, of his own accord, gave Balbinus the Benefit that came of it. There was enterchang'd an Oath of Privacy, after the manner of those that are initiated into Mysterious Secrets. And now the Money is immediately laid down for Pots, Glasses, Coals, and other Provisions for the furnishing of a Laboratory; and there our Chymist has his Wenches, his Gamesters, and his Bottle, where he very fairly consumes his Allowance. Ph. This is one way however of changing the Species of things. La. Balbinus pressing him to fall on upon the Main business; Do not you understand (says he) that what's well begun, is half done? 'Tis a great Work to get a good Preparation of Materials. After a time, he set himself upon the preparation of Building a Furnace; and Here there must be more Gold again; which was given, only as a Bait for more to come; As one Fish is taken from another, so the Chymist must cast Gold in, before he gets any out. In the mean while, Balbinus keeps close to his Arithmetique. If Four Ounces (says he) brings Fifteen, what will be the Product of Two Thousand? When This Money was gone, and Two Months spent, the Philosopher pretended to be wonderfully taken up about the Bellows, and the Coals. And when Balbinus askt him how the work went forward, he stood directly Mute: But upon redoubling the Question; Why, says he, as all great Works do, the main difficulty is the Entrance upon them. And then he picks a Quarrel with the Coal: Here they have brought Oak (says he) in stead of Beech, or Hazle. And there was a hundred Crowns lost, that supply'd him with more Dicing-Money. Upon giving him New Cash, he provided New Coals; and then fell to't again harder than before. As a Souldier that has had a Disaster by Mischance, repairs it by his Virtue. When the Laboratory has been kept warm for some months, and they expected the Golden Fruit; and that there was not so much as one grain of Gold in the Vessels (for the Chymist has wasted all that too) there was another obstruction found out. The Glasses they made use of were not of the Right Temper, for as every Block will not make a Mercury, so every Glass will not make Gold. The further he was In, the lother he was to give it off. PH. That's the right humour of Gamesters, as if they had not better lose some than all. LA. 'Tis just so The Chymist, he swears that he was never cheated since he was born before, but now he has found out the mistake, he'll see to the securing of all for the future; and to the making food of this miscarriage with Interest. The Glasses are chang'd and the shop, now a third time, new furnish'd. The Philosopher told him, that the Oblation of some Crowns to the Virgin Mother might probably draw a Blessing upon the Work; for the Art being Sacred, it needed the favour of the Saints, to carry it on with success. This advice exceedingly pleas'd Balbinus; being a man of great Piety, and one that never past a day without performing his Devotions. The Alchymist undertook the Religious Office, but went no further than the next Town, where the Virgins Mony went away in Tipple. Upon his Return, he seem'd to have great hope that all would be well, for the Virgin, he said, was wonderfully Delighted with the offering. After a long time spent upon the Project, and not one Crumb of Gold appearing, Balbinus, Reasoning the Matter with him, he protested that in all his days he was never thus disappointed. That for his Method it was impossible That should deceive him, and that he could not so much as imagin what should be the reason of this Failing. After they had beat their heads a long time about it, Balbinus bethought himself, and askt him if he had never mist Chappel some day or other, since this undertaking; or mist saying of the Horary Prayers (as they call them) which might be sufficient, perhaps, to defeat the Whole Work. You have hit the Bird in the Eye (says the Quack), Wretch that I am; for I do now call to mind that I have once or twice forgotten my self lately, rising from Dinner, I went my way without saying the Salutation of the Virgin. Why then, says Balbinus, 'tis no wonder that this great affair succeeds no better. Whereupon the Chymist engages himself to hear Twelve Services for the Two that he had omitted; and for that one Salutation, to become answerable for Ten. This lavish Alchymist came to want more mony again; and when he had no pretext left him for the Asking of more, he bethought himself of this Project; he went home, like a man distracted; and crying out with a lamentable voice, Oh! Balbinus I am undone, utterly undone; My Life's at stake. This amazed Balbinus; and made him extremely impatient to know what was the matter. Oh! says the Chymist our design has taken Air, they have gotten an inkling of it at Court, and I expect every hour to be carried away to Prison. This put Balbinus into a fit too. He turn'd as Pale as ashes, (for you know, 'tis Capital with us, for any man to practice Chymistry without the Princes Licence) not (says he) that I apprehend my being put to Death; for I should be glad if it were no worse; but there is a greater cruelty that I fear, which is (says he, upon Balbinus asking him the Question) I shall be carried away into some remote Prison, and be forced there to spend my Life in working for those People I have no mind to serve. Is there any Death now, that a man would not rather chuse, than such a Life? The matter was then debated; and Balbinus, that was a man well skill'd in Rhetorick cast his thoughts every way, to see if it were possible to avoid this Mischief. Cann't ye deny the Crime? (says he) Not possibly; (says the other) for the thing is known at Court, and they have Infallible Proof on't; and there's no defending of the Fact, for the Law is point-blank against it. When they had turn'd it every way, without finding any shift that would hold water, at last; We apply our selves (says the Alchymist that wanted present money) to show Counsels, Balbinus, when the matter requires an immediate remedy. It will not be long, before I am seiz'd, and carried away; and seeing Balbinus at a stand; I am as much at a loss (says he) as you, for we have nothing now to Trust to, but to fall like men of Honour: unless we should make Trial of this one Experiment, which in truth is rather Profitable than Honest; but Necessity is a hard Chapter. Your Pursuivants, you know, and Messengers (says he) are a sort of People greedy of mony, and so much the easier to be brib'd to secresie. 'Tis against the Statute, I must confess to give Rascals mony to throw away; but yet as the Case stands I see no other retreat. Balbinus was of that Opinion too; and laid down Thirty Crowns to be offer'd them for a Gratuity. Ph. This let me tell you was a wonderful Liberality in Balbinus. La. In an Honest Cause you should sooner have gotten so many of his Teeth. This Provision did the Chymist some service; for the danger he was in was the want of Mony for his Wench. Ph 'Tis a wonder, Balbinus should smoak nothing all this while. La. He's as quick as any man in all other Cases, but stark blind in This. The Furnace goes up again with New Mony, and only the promise of a Prayer to the Virgin Mother in favour of the Project; a whole year was now run out, and still some Rub or other in the way, so that all the Expence and Labour was lost In the Interim, there fell out one most Ridiculous chance Ph. What was that? La. The Chymist held a private Conversation with a Courtiers Lady. The Husband grew jealous, and watch'd him; and in conclusion having intelligence that the Priest was in his Bedchamber, he went home unexpected, and knockt at the door. Ph. Why what would he do to the man? La. Do? Why perhaps he would do him the favour to cut his Throat, or Geld him. The Husband threatn'd his Wife to force the door, unless she open'd it. They quak'd within, you may imagin; but considering of some present Resolution, and the Case bearing no better, they pitched upon This. The Man put off his Coat and not without both danger and mischief, Crept out at a narrow window, and so went his way. Such stories as these, you know, are soon spread; and it quickly came to Balbinus himself, the Chymist foreseeing as much. PH. There was no scaping for him now. LA. Yes he got better off here, than out at the Window: And observe his Invention now, Balbinus made no words on't, but it might be read in his very Countenance that he was no stranger to the talk of the Town. The Chymist knew Balbinus to be a man, at least Pious, if not Superstitious; and People of that way are easie enough to pardon any thing that submits, let the Crime be never so great. Wherefore when he had done his endeavour, he fell to talk of the success of his business, Complaining that it did not prosper as usual, or according to his wish: Adding withall, that he did infinitely admire what should be the reason of it. Upon this discourse Balbinus, who otherwise seem'd bent upon silence, was a little mov'd (as he was easie enough so to be) it is no hard matter (says he) to guess why we succeed no better. Our sins, our sins lie in the way, for pure Works should only pass through pure Hands. At this word, the Projector threw himself upon his Knees, and beating his Breast, It is True, Balbinus, 'tis True (says he with a dejected Countenance and Tone) our sins hinder us, but they are my sins, not yours; for I am not asham'd to confess my Uncleanness before you, as I would before my Father Confessor. The Frailty of my Flesh overcame me, Satan drew me into the Toil, and (Miserable Creature that I am) of a Priest I am become an Adulterer; and yet it is not wholly lost neither; for I had perished inevitably, if she had not protected me; for the Husband broke open the door upon me, and the Window was too little to get out at. In the Pitch of this danger, I bethought my self of the Blessed Virgin; I fell upon my knees, and besought her, that in Token of her acceptance of the Gift she would now assist me in my distress. Lo, without any delay, I went to the Window again, my Necessity lying hard upon me, and I found it my Miracle, so enlarg'd, that I got through it, and made my escape. Ph. Did Balbinus believe all This? La. Believe say you? Why he pardon'd it, and most religiously admonished the Imposter not to be Ingratefull to the Blessed Virgin, nay there was more Money laid down, upon this Jugglers Promise that he would not profane the Operation, for the time to come, with any further Impurity. Ph. But how did all End at last? La. 'Tis a long History, but I'le dispatch it now in a word. When he had made sport enough with these Inventions, and wheedled Balbinus out of a Considerable sum of money, there came a person in the Conclusion, that had known this Knave from a Child. And he easily imagining that he was not upon the same lock with Balbinus, as he had been elsewhere, he goes privately to Balbinus, shews him what a snake he had taken into his Bosom, and advises him to get quit of him as soon as he could; unless he had rather stay the Rifling of all his Boxes. Ph. And did not Balbinus presently order the fellow to be laid by the Heels? La. By the Heels? No, he gave him mony to bear his Charges away, and Conjur'd him by all that was Sacred to make no words of what pass'd betwixt them; and truly in my opinion, it was wisely done, rather to suppress the Story, than to make himself a Common Laughing-stock, and Table-Talk; and to run the Risque of a Confiscation besides; for the Chymist had no more skill than an Ass, so that he was in no danger, and in such a Case the Law would have favour'd him. If he had been charg'd with Theft, his character would have sav'd him from Hanging, and no body would have been at the Charge of maintaining him in Prison. Ph. I should pitty Balbinus, but that he took pleasure to be gull'd. La. I must now away to the Hall, and keep my other Foolish stories to another time. Ph. At your better Leizure I should be glad to hear 'em, and give you one for t'other.

XVI: THE ABBOT AND THE LEARNED WOMAN

An Abbot gives a Lady a Visit; and finding Latin and Greek Books in her Chamber, gives his reasons against womens meddling with Learning. He professes himself to be a greater Lover of Pleasure, than Wisdom: and makes the Ignorance of Monks, to be the most powerfull reason of their obedience.

ANTRONIUS, MAGDALIA.

An. This House methinks is strangely Furnisht. Ma. Why? Is't not well? An. I don't know what you call well; but 'tis not so proper methinks, for a Woman. Ma. And why not I pray ye? An. Why what should a Woman do with so many Books? Ma. As if you that are an Abbot, and a Courtier, and have liv'd so long in the world, had never seen Books in a Ladies Chamber before. An. Yes, French ones I have;

but here are Greek and Latin. MA. Is there no Wisdom then, but in French? AN. But they are well enough however for Court-Ladies, that have nothing else to do, to pass away their time withall. MA. So that you would have only your Court-Ladies to be women of Understanding, and of Pleasure. AN. That's your mistake now, to couple Understanding with Pleasure; for the One is not for a Woman at all; and the Other is only for a Woman of Quality. MA. But is it not every bodies business to live well? AN. Beyond all question. MA. How shall any man live Comfortably, that does not live well? AN. Nay, rather how shall any man live comfortably that does? MA. That is to say, you are for a Life that's easie, let it be never so Wicked. AN. I am of Opinion, I must confess that a Pleasant Life is a Good Life. MA. But what is it that makes ones Life Pleasant. Is it Sense or Conscience? AN. It is the Sense of Outward Enjoyment. MA. Spoken like a Learned Abbot, tho' but a Dull Philosopher. But tell me now, what are those Enjoyments you speak of? AN. Money, Honour, Eating, Drinking, Sleeping; and the Liberty of doing what a man has a mind to do. MA. But what if God should give you Wisdom, over and above all the rest? Would your Life be ever the Worse for it? AN. Let me know first, what is it that places the Felicity of Reasonable Nature in the Goods of the Mind, and tells us that a man is neither the Happier, nor the Better, for the External Advantages of Blood, Honour, or Estate. AN. If that be it, pray'e make the best of your Wisdom. MA. But what if I take more delight in a good Book then you do in a Fox-Chase, a Fuddling-bout, or in the shaking of your Elbow? Will you not allow me then to have a Pleasant Life on't. AN. Every one as they like, but it would not be so to me. MA. The question is not what Does, but what ought to Please you. AN. I should be loth, I do assure you, to have my Monks over Bookish. MA. And yet my Husband is never better pleas'd than at his Study. Nor do I see any hurt in't, if your Monks would be so too. AN. Marry hang 'em up as soon; It teaches 'em to Chop Logique, and makes 'em Undutiful. You shall have them expostulating presently, appealing to Peter, and Paul, and Prating out of the Canons and Decretals. MA. But I hope you would not have them do anything that Clashes with Peter, and Paul tho'? AN. Clash or not clash; I do not much trouble my head about Their Doctrine. But I do naturally hate a fellow that will have the last word, and Reply upon his Superior. And Betwixt Friends, I do not much care neither to have any of my people wiser than their Master. MA. 'Tis but your being wise yourself, and then there's no fear on't. AN. Alas! I have no time for't. MA. How so, I beseech you? AN. I'm so full of business. MA. Have you no time do you say to apply your self to Wisdom? AN. No, not a single minute. MA. Pray'e what hinders you; if a body may ask the question. AN. Why you must know, we have devilish long Prayers; and by that time I have lookt over my Charge, my Horses, my Dogs, and made my Coure, I have not a Moment left to spare. MA. Is this the mighty business then that keeps you from looking after Wisdom? AN. We have got a Habit of it; and Custom you know, is a great matter? MA. Put the Case now that it were in your power to transform your self; and all your Monks into any other Animals; and that a body should desire you to turn your self into a Hunting-Nag, and your whole flock into a herd of swine, would you do't? AN. No, not upon any terms. MA. And yet this would secure you from having any of your disciples wiser than your self. AN. As for my People; I should not much stand upon it what sort of Brutes they were; provided that I might still be a man myself. MA. But can you accompt him for a man, that neither is wise, nor has any inclination so to be? AN. But so long as I have wit enough for my own business—— MA. Why so have the Hoggs. AN. You talk like a Philosopher in a Petticoat methinks. MA. And you methinks something that's far from it. But what's your quarrel all this while to the furniture of this House? AN. A Spinning-wheel, or some Instrument for Good Huswifery were more suitable to your Sex. MA. Is it not to the duty then of a House-keeper to keep her Family in order, and look to the Education of her Children? AN. 'Tis so. MA. And is this Office to be discharg'd without understanding? AN. I suppose not. MA. This understanding do I gather from my Books. AN. But yet I have above Threescore Monks under my Care, and not so much as one Book in my Lodgings. MA. They are well Tutor'd the mean while. AN. Not but that I could endure Books too, provided they be not Latin. MA. And why not Latin? AN. 'Tis not a Tongue for a Woman. MA. Why what's your exception to't? AN. 'Tis not a language to keep a woman honest. MA. Your French Romances I must confess are great Provocatives to Modesty. AN. Well but there's something else in't too. MA. Out with it then. AN. If the women do not understand Latin, they are in less danger of the Priests. MA. But so long as you take care that the Priests themselves shall not understand Latin; where's the Danger? AN. 'Tis the

Opinion of the Common People however, because it is so Rare a thing for a Woman to understand Latin. Ma. Why what do you talk to me of the People? that never did any thing well: Or of Custom? that gives Authority to all Wickedness. We should apply our selves to that which is good, and turn that which was unusual, unpleasant, and perhaps scandalous before, into the Contrary. An. I hear you. Ma. Is it not a laudable Quality for a German Lady to speak French? An. It is so. Ma. And to what end? An. That she may be conversation for those that speak French. Ma. And why may I not as well learn Latin? to fit myself for the Company of so many wise, and Learned Authors; so many Faithfull Counsellors, and Friends. An. But 'tis not so well for Women to spend their Brains upon Books, unless they had more to spare. Ma. What you have to spare I know not; but for my small stock, I had much rather employ it upon honest studies, than in the Mumbling over of so many Prayers, like a Parrot, by Rote; or the Emptying of so many Dishes, and Beer-glasses till morning. An. But much learning makes a man mad. Ma. Your Topers, Drolls, and Buffons, are an Entertainment no doubt to make a body Sober. An. They make the time pass merrily away. Ma. But why should so pleasant Company as the Authors I converse with make me Mad then? An. 'Tis a common saying. Ma. But yet the Fact it self tells me otherwise; and that Intemperate Feasting, Drinking, Whoring, and Inordinate Watching is the Ready way to Bedlam. An. For the whole World I would not have a Learned Wife. Ma. Nor I an Unlearned Husband. Knowledge is such a Blessing, that we are both of us the Dearer one to another for't.

AN. But then there's so much Trouble in the getting of it; and we must Die at last too. MA. Tell me now by your favour if you were to march off to-morrow, whether had you rather die a Fool, or a Wise man? AN. Why truly if I could be a Wise Man without trouble. MA. Why there's nothing the World to be gotten without it, and when we have gotten what we can, (tho' with never so much difficulty) we must leave it behind us in the Conclusion: Wisdom only, and Virtue excepted, which we shall carry the Fruit of into another World. AN. I have often heard that One Wise Woman is Two Fools. MA. Some Fools are of that Opinion. The Woman that is truly wise does not think herself so; but she that is not so, and yet Thinks herself so, is Twice a Fool. AN. I know not how it is; but to my Phancie, a Packsaddle does as well upon an Ox, as Learning upon a Woman. MA. And why not as well as a Mitre upon an Ass? But what do you think of the Virgin Mary? AN. As well as is possible. MA. Do you not think that she read books? AN. Yes; but not such books as yours. MA. What did she read then? AN. The Canonical Hours. MA. To what purpose? AN. For the service of the Benedictines. MA. Well, and do you not find others that spent their time upon Godly Books? AN. Yes; but that way is quite out of fashion. MA. And so are learn'd Abbots too. For 'tis as hard a matter now a days to find a Scholar amongst them, as it was formerly to find a block-head: nay Princes themselves in times past were as Eminent for their Erudition, as for their Authority. But 'tis not yet so Rare a thing neither, as you Imagine, to find learned Women; for I could give you out of Spain, Italy, England, Germany, &c., so many Eminent Instances of our Sex, as if you do not mend your Manners, may come to take Possession of your very Schools, your Pulpits and your Mitres. AN. God forbid it should ever come to That. MA. Nay do you forbid it; for if you go on at the rate you began, the People will sooner endure Preaching Geese, then Dumb Pastors. The World is come about ye see, and you must either take off the Vizour, or expect that every man shall put in for his part. AN. How came I to stumble upon This Woman? If you'l find a time to give me a Visit, you may promise your self a better Entertainment. MA. And what shall that be? AN. Wee'l Dance, Drink, Hunt, Play, Laugh. MA. You have put me upon a Laughing Pin already.

XVII: THE BEGGERS' DIALOGUE.

The Practises, and Cheats and Impostures of Crafty Beggers: with the Advantages and Privileges of That Condition of Life.

IRIDES, MISOPONUS.

IR. What new thing have we got here? I know the Face, but the Clothes methinks do not sute it I am much mistaken if this be not Misoponus. I'le venture to speak to him, as tatter'd as I am. Save thee Misoponus. MI. That must be Irides. IR. Save thee, Misoponus, once again. MI. Hold your Tongue, I say. IR. Why what's the Matter? May not a Man salute ye? MI. Not by that name. IR. Your Reason for't? You have not chang'd your name, I hope, with your Clothes. MI. No, but I have taken up my Old Name again.

Ir. What's that? Mi. Apicius. Ir. Never be asham'd of your Old Acquaintance; it may be you have mended your Fortune since I saw you, but 'tis not long however, since you and I were Both of an Order. Mi. Do but comply with me in this, and I'le tell thee what thou'lt ask me. I am not asham'd of Your Order, but of the Order that I was first of my self. Ir. What Order do ye mean? That of the Franciscans? Mi. No, by no means, my good Friend; but the Order of the Spendthrifts. Ir. You have a good many Companions sure of That order. Mi. I had a good Fortune, and laid it on to some tune as long as it lasted; but when that fail'd, there was no body would know Apicius. And then I ran away for shame, and betook myself to your College; which I lookt upon to be much better than digging. Ir. 'Twas wisely done. But how comes your Carkas to be in so good case of late? Your Change of Clothes, I do not so much wonder at. Mi. How so? Ir. Because Laverna (The Goddess of Thieves), makes many of her Servants Rich of a Sodain. Mi. You do not think I got an Estate by Stealing, I hope. Ir. Nay, by Rapine perhaps, which is worse. Mi. No; neither by Stealing, nor by Rapine. And This I swear by the Goddess you adore; (Thats Penia, or Poverty) But I'le first satisfie ye as to my Constitution of Body, that seems to you so wonderfull. Ir. While you were with us you were perpetually Scabby. Mi. But I have had the kindest Physician Since. Ir. Who was that? Mi. Even my own self; and I hope no body loves me better. Ir. The first time that ever I took you for a Doctor. Mi. Why all that Dress was nothing but a Cheat; daub'd on with Frankincense, Sulphur, Rosin, Birdlime, and bloody Clouts; and when I had a mind to't I could take it off again. Ir. Oh! Imposture! And I took thee for the very Picture of Job upon the Dunghill. Mi. This was only a Complyance with my Necessities, tho' Fortune may sometimes change the very skin too. Ir. But now you speak on't, tell me a little of your Fortune; Have you ever found a Pot of Money? Mi. No; But I have found out a Trade that's somewhat better than yours yet. Ir. What Trade could you set up, that had nothing to begin upon? Mi. An Artist will live anywhere. Ir. I understand ye. Picking of Pockets, I suppose, the Cutpurse's Trade. Mi. A little Patience, I pray'e; I am turn'd Chymist. Ir. A very apt Scholar, to get That in a Fortnight, (for 'tis thereabouts since we parted) that another Man cannot learn in an Age. Mi. But I have found out a nearer way to't. Ir. What may that be? Mi. When I had gotten up a stock of about four Crowns, by Begging; by great good luck, I met with an old Companion of mine, of about my Estate; we drank together, and (as 'tis usual) he up and told me the History of his Adventures, and of an Art he had got. And we came at last to an Agreement, that if I paid the reckoning, he should teach me his Art, which he very honestly performed, and that Art now is my Revenue. Ir. Might not I learn it too? Mi. I'le teach thee it gratis; if it were but for old Acquaintance sake.

The World, ye know, is full of People that run a Madding after the Philosophers Stone. Ir. I have heard as much, and I believe it. Mi. I must hunt for all Occasions for Insinuating my self into such Company. I talk Bigg; and wherever I find an Hungry Buzzard, I throw him out a Bait. Ir. And How's that? Mi. I give him Caution, of my own accord, to have a Care how he trusts men of That Profession; for they are most of them Cheats, and Impostors; and very little better than Pickpockets, to those that do not understand them. Ir. This Prologue, methinks, should never do your business. Mi. Nay I tell him plainly that I would not be trusted my self neither, any further, then a man would Trust his Own Eyes, and Fingers. Ir. 'Tis a strange Confidence you have in your Art. Mi. Nay, I will have him to look on, while the Metamorphosis is a Working, and to be attentive to't; and then to take away all Doubt, I bid him do the whole Work himself, While I'm at a distance; and not so much as a little finger in't. When the matter is dissolv'd, I bid him purge it himself; or set some Goldsmith to do it; I tell him the Quantity it will afford; and then let him put it to as many Tests as he pleases. He shall find the precise weight; the Gold, or the Silver, Pure; (for Gold, or Silver, 'Tis the same thing to me. Only the latter Experiment is the less dangerous). Ir. But is there no Cousenage in all this? Mi. An Absolute Cheat from one end to the other. Ir. I cannot find where it lies. Mi. I'le shew ye then. First we agree upon the price, but I touch no Money, till I have given proof of the thing itself. I deliver him a certain Powder, as if That did the whole business. I never part with the Receipt for it, but at an Excessive Rate; and then I make him swear most horridly too, that for six Months he shall not impart the Secret to any thing that lives. Ir. But where's the Cheat yet? Mi. The whole mystery lies in a Coal that I have fitted, and Hollow'd for the purpose; and into That do I put as much Silver, as I say shall come out again. After the Infusion of the Powder, I set the Pot in such a manner, that it shall be, in effect, cover'd with Coals; as well as Coals under, and about it; which I tell them is a Method of Art. Among the Coals that lie a Top I put in one or more that has the Gold, or the Silver, in't. When that comes to be dissolv'd, it runs to the rest, whether it be Tin, or Copper, and upon the Separation, 'tis found, and taken out. Ir. A Ready way. But how will you deceive him that does the whole business himself? Mi. When all things are done according to my Prescription, before we begin the Operation, I come and look about, to see that everything be right, and then I find a Coal or two wanting upon the Top; and under Pretence of fetching it from the coal-heap, I privately convey one of mine; or else I have it ready laid there before hand, which I can take; and no body the Wiser. Ir. But what will you do, when the Trial is made of This without ye? Mi. I'm out of danger when I have the money in my Pocket: Or I can pretend that the Pot was crack'd, the Coals naught, they did not know how to Temper the Fire; and then it is one Mystery in our Profession never to stay long in a place. Ir. But will the profit of this give a man a livelihood? Mi. Yes, and a very brave one: And if you are Wise, you'll leave your wretched Trade of Begging, and turn Quack too. Ir. Now should I rather hope to bring you back again to us. Mi. What, to take up a Trade again, that I was weary of before?. And to quit a Good one, that I have found Profitable. Ir. But this profession of ours is made pleasant by Custome. How many are there that fall off from St. Francis and St. Benedict? But ours is an order of Mendicants, that never any man forsook, that was acquainted with it. Alas! You were but a few months with us; and not come yet to taste the comforts of this kind of Life. Mi. But I tasted enough on't, tho, to know the misery of it. Ir. How comes it then that our people never leave us? Mi. Because they are naturally wretched. Ir. And yet for all this wretchedness, I had rather be a begger, than a Prince; and there are many Princes I doubt not, that Envy the Freedom of Us Beggers. Whether it be War, or Peace, we are still safe. We are neither prest for Souldiers, nor Taxt, nor put upon Parish Duties. The Inquisition never concerns it self with us, There's no scrutiny into our Manners; and if we do any thing that's Unlawfull, who'l sue a Begger. If we assault any man, 'tis a shame to Contend with a Begger: whereas neither in Peace nor in War, are Kings at Ease. And the Greater they are, the more have they to fear. Men pay a Reverence to Beggers, as if they were Consecrated to God: And make a Conscience of it not to abuse us. Mi. But then how nasty are ye in your Raggs, and Kennels? Ir. Those things are without us, and signifie nothing at all to True happiness: and for our Rags, 'tis to them we ow our Felicity. Mi. If that be your Happiness I'm afraid ye will not enjoy it long. Ir. Why so? Mi. Because they say we shall have a Law for every City to maintain its own Poor; and for the forcing of those to Work, that are Able to do it, without wandring up and down as they did formerly. Ir. How comes that? Mi. Because they find great rogueries committed under pretence of Begging, and great Inconveniences to the Publique from your Order. Ir. Oh! they have been talking of this a long time; and when the Devil's Blind, it may be they'll bring it to pass. Mi. Too soon perchance for your Quiet.

XVIII: CYCLOPS; *or,* THE GOSPEL CARRIER.

An Invective against Hypocrites; and such as have the Gospel continually in Their Hands or Discourses, and do not Practice it in their Lives.

POLYPHEMUS, CANNIUS.

CA. Why how now Polyphemus, what are you Hunting for? Po. Do you call him a Huntsman, that has neither dogs nor Lance? Ca. Upon the Chace perhaps of some Lady of the wood here. Po. Shrewdly guess'd believe me, and here's the Device I have to catch Her. CA. What's the meaning of this? Polyphemus with a Book in's hand? A Hog in Armour? They agree as well as Puss and my Lady Γαλῆ κρακωτὸν (a Cat in a Lac'd Petticoat). Po. Nay, I assure ye here's Vermilion, and Azure upon my Book, as well as (Crocus) or Saffron. CA. I do not speak of Crocus (which is Saffron), but you mistake Crocoton (which is a Greek word) for Crocus. Is it a Military Book that same? For by the Bosses and Plates upon't, it seems to be Arm'd. Po. Look into't. CA. I see what 'tis; and 'tis very fine, but not so fine as it might be tho'. Po. Why, what wants it? CA. You should do well to put your Arms upon't. Po. What Arms? CA. An Asses Head looking out of a Hogshead. What's the subject of it, the Art of Drinking? Po. You'll speak Blasphemy before you're aware. CA. Why so? Is there any thing in't that's Sacred? Po. If the Holy Gospel be not sacred, I pray'e what is? Ca. The Lord deliver us; what has Polyphemus to do with the Gospel? Po. And pray'e let me ask you, what a Christian has to do with Christ? Ca. Truly methinks a Halbert would become you a great deal better: For if any Man that did not know ye, should meet ye at Sea, he would certainly take ye for a Pirate; or in a Wood, for a Highwayman. Po. But the Gospel teaches us not to Judge men by Outward Appearance. For tho' 'tis true, that many a Knaves Head lies under a Cowl, yet it falls out sometimes, that a Modish Wigg, a Pair of Spanish Whiskers, a Stern Brow, a Buff-coat and a Feather in the Cap, accompany an Evangelical Mind. Ca. And why not; as well as a Sheep sometimes in the Skin of a Wolf? And if we believe Emblems, many an Ass lurks under the Coat of a Lion. Po. Nay I know a man myself that looks as innocent as a sheep, and yet's a Fox in's Heart. I could wish he had as candid friends as he has Black Eyes; and that he had as well the Value of Gold, as he has the Colour of it. Ca. If he that wears a Woollen Hat, must consequently wear a Sheeps Head; what a Burthen do you march under, that carry an Estrich in your Cap, over and above? But he is more monstrous yet, that is a Bird in his Head, and an Ass in his Breast. Po. That's too sharp. Ca. But it were well if you were as much the Better for your Book, as That is the Gayer for you; And that in exchange for colours, it might furnish you with Good manners. Po. I'le make it my care. Ca. After the Old way. Po. But Bitterness aside; Is it a Crime, do you think, for a man to carry the Gospel about with him? Ca. Not in the least (minime Gentium). Po. Will you say that

I am the Least in the World, that am by an Asses head Taller than yourself. Ca. That's little too much, even tho' the Ass should prick up his Ears. Po. By an Ox-head I dare say. Ca. That comparison does well enough: But I said minime the Adverb not minime the Vocative Case of the Adjective. Po. Pray'e what's the Difference betwixt an Egg, and an Egg? Ca. And what's the Difference (say you) betwixt the Middle-finger and the Little Finger. Po. The Middle is the longer. Ca. Most Acute. And what's the difference betwixt the Ears of an Ass, and those of a Wolf? Po. A Wolf's Ears are shorter. Ca. Why there's the point. Po. But I am us'd to measure Long, and Short by the Span, and by the Yard, not by the Ears. Ca. Well said. He that carry'd Christ was call'd Christopher: so that instead of Polyphemus I shall call you the Gospel-bearer. Po. Do not you account it a Holy thing then to carry the Gospel? Ca. No, not at all; unless you'l allow me that Asses are the greatest Saints. Po. What do you mean by that? Ca. Because one Ass will carry at least Three thousand such Books; and I am persuaded if you were but well hamper'd, that you would be able to carry as many your self. Po. In That sense I think there's no Absurdity to say an Ass may be Holy. Ca. And I shall never Envy you That Holyness. If ye have a mind to't, I'le give welcome of the Reliques to Kiss, of the very Ass that our Saviour rode upon. Po. You cannot oblige me More; For that Ass could not but be Consecrated by the Contact. Ca. But there was Contact too in those that smote our Saviour. Po. But tell me seriously, is it not a Pious thing for a man to carry the New Testament about him? Ca. If it be done out of Affection, and without Hypocrisie, it is piously done. Po. Tell the Monks of your Hypocrisie; what has a Souldier to do with it? Ca. But tell me first, what is the meaning of Hypocrisie? Po. When a man seems to be one thing, and is really another. Ca. But what signifies the carrying of the Gospel about you? Does it not intimate a Holy Life? Po. I suppose it does. Ca. Now where a man's life is not sutable to his Books, is not that, Hypocrisie? Po. It may be so. But what is that you will allow to be carrying the Gospel as we ought? Ca. Some carry it about in their Hands, as the Franciscans do the Ruse of St. Francis; and at That Rate, a Porter, an Ass, or a Gelding, may carry it as well as a Christian. There are Others that carry it as well as a Christian. There are others that carry it in their Mouths; and only Talk of Christ and the Gospel; and those are Phaiisees. And there are others that carry it in their Hearts: But those are the True Gospel-Bearers, that have it in all Three; their Hands, their Mouth, and their Heart. Po. But where are Those? Ca. What do you think of those that Minister in the Churches; that both carry the Book, Read it to the People; and meditate upon it? Po. As if any man could carry the Gospel in his Heart, and not be a Holy-man. Ca. Let us have no Sophistry. No man carries the Gospel in his Heart, that does not love it with all his Soul; and no man loves it as he ought to do, that does not Conform to it in his Life. Po. These are Subtilties out of my Reach. Ca. I'le be plainer then: For a man to carry a Flaggon of Wine, upon his shoulder, it's a Burthen. Pa. No doubt of it. Ca. What if a man swills a soup of wine in his Mouth, and throws it out again? Po. He's never the better for it. Tho' that's none of my way. Ca. But to come to your way then? what if he Gulps it down? Po. There's nothing more Divine. Ca. It warms his body, brings his Blood into his Cheeks, and gives him a merry Countenance. Po. Most Certain. Ca. And so it is with the Gospel. He that takes it affectionately into his Soul, finds himself, presently a New man after it. Po. And you think perhaps, that I do not lead my Life according to my Book. Ca. That's a Question only to be Resolv'd by your self. Po. I understand none but Military Divisions. Ca. Suppose any man should give ye the Lie to your Face, or call you Buffle-head; what would you do? Po. What would I do? Why I'd give him a Box o' th' Ear. Ca. And what if he should give you another? Po. Why then I'd cut his throat for't. Ca. And yet your Book teaches you another Lesson, and bids you return good for Evil: and that if any body strikes you on the Right cheek, you should offer him the Left also. Po. I have read some such thing, but I had forgot it. Ca. I suppose you Pray often Po. That's too pharisaicall. Ca. Long Prayers are Pharisaicall indeed, if they be accompt with Ostentation. Now your Book tells you that you should pray always, but with Intention. Po. Well, but for all this I do Pray sometimes. Ca. At what times? Po. Sometimes when I think on't. It may be once or twice a week. Ca. And what's your Prayer? Po. The Lord's Prayer. Ca. How often? Po. Only once; For the Gospel forbids Repetition. Ca. Can you go through the Lords Prayer without thinking of any thing else? Po. I never try'd it. Is it not enough that I pronounce it? Ca. I cannot tell that God gives notice of anything in Prayer, but the Voice of the Heart. Do ye Fast often? Po. No, never. Ca. And yet your Book recommends Fasting, and Prayer. Po. And I should approve on't too; but my Stomach will not bear it. Ca. But St. Paul tells us that he's no Servant of Jesus Christ, that serves his Belly. Do you Eat Flesh every day? Po. Yes when I have it. Ca. And yet you have a Robust Constitution that would live upon Hay with a Horse, or the Barks of Trees. Po. But the Gospel says that those things that go into a man, do not defile him. Ca. Neither do they, if they be taken moderately, and without giving Scandal. But St. Paul that was a Disciple of the Saviour, would rather Starve than offend a Weak Brother: And he exhorts us to follow his Example of becoming all things to all men. Po. Paul is Paul, and Polyphemus is Polyphemus. Ca. But it is Aegon's Duty to Feed Goats. Po. But I had rather eat them (malim esse). Ca. Had you rather BE a Goat say ye? That's a Pleasant wish Po. But I meant Esse, pro Edere. Ca. Very Pretty. Do you give liberally to the Poor? Po. I have nothing to give. Ca. But if you'd live soberly, and take pains, you might have something to give. Po. It's a pleasant thing for a man to take his Ease. Ca. Do ye keep the Commandments? Po. That's a hard task. Ca. Do you repent your self of your Sins? Po. Christ has made Satisfaction for us. Ca. How can you say now that you love the Gospel? Po. I'le tell ye, we had a certain Franciscan that was perpetually thundering out of the Pulpit, against Erasmus's New Testament: I caught the fellow once by himself, took him by the hair with my left hand, and with my Right I buffeted him so well favourably that ye could see no eyes he had; and was not this done now like a man that loves the Gospel? After this, I gave him absolution, and knocking him over the Coxcomb three times with this book, I made three bunches upon his Crown, and so absolv'd him in Form. Ca. This was Evangelically done, without Question, and a way of Defending one Gospel with another. Po. I met with another of his Fellows that was still raging too against Erasmus, without either end, or measure. My Gospel Zeal mov'd me once again, I brought him on his Knees, to this Confession, that he said, was by the Instigation of the Devil: I look'd upon him, like the Picture of Mars, in a Battle, with my Partizan over him, to cut off his Head if he had not done it in point; and this was acted in the Presence of a great many Witnesses. Ca. I wonder the man was not frighted out of his wits. But to proceed: Do you keep your Body Chast? Po. When I come to be old, it may be I shall. But shall I tell ye the Truth, Cannius? Ca. I'm no Priest: And if you have a mind to Confess your self, you may seek some body else. Po. I use to confess to God, but for once, I'le do't to You. I am as yet (not perfect but) a very Ordinary Christian. We have four Gospels, and we, Military Gospellers, propound chiefly to our selves these four Things, First, to take Care for our Bellies; Secondly, that nothing be wanting Below; Thirdly, to put money in our Pockets; and Lastly to do what we list. When we have gain'd these four points we drink and sing as if the Town were our Own: And this is to Us the Reign of Christ, and the life of the Gospel. Ca. This is the Life of an Epicure, not of a Christian. Po. I cannot much deny it; but the Lord is almighty ye know, and can make us Other men in an instant, if he pleases. Ca. Yes, and he may make us Swine too; with more likelihood perhaps then good men. Po. I would there were no worse things in the World than Hogs, Oxen, Asses, and Camels. You shall have a great many People that are Fiercer than Lions, more ravenous than Wolves, more lustfull than sparrows, that will bite worse than dogs, and sting worse than Vipers. Ca. But it is time for you now to turn from a Brute-animal to a Man. Po. Ye say well; For I find in the Prophecies of these times, that the World's near an end. Ca. There's so much the more reason to repent betimes. Po. I hope Christ will give me his helping hand. Ca. But it is your part to make your self sit matter to work upon. But how does it appear that the world is so near an end? Po. Because People, they say, are now doing just as they did in the days before the Floud; they are Eating and Drinking, Marrying and giving in Marriage; they whore, they Buy, they Sell; they take to use, they put to se, they Build, Kings make Warr; Priests study to encrease their Revenues; Schoolmen make Syllogisms; Monks run up and down the World, the Rabble, Tumult, Erasmus writes Colloquies; In fine, all's naught; Hunger and Thirst, Robberies, Hostilities, Plagues, Seditions, and a scarcity of all things that are Good. And does not all this agree now that the world is near an End? Ca. Now of all this Mass of Mischief, which is your greatest Trouble? Po. Guess. Ca. That the Spiders perhaps make Cobwebs in your Empty Baggs. Po. The very Point, or let me perish. I have been drinking hard to day, but some other time when I'm sober, wee'l have another touch at the Gospel. Ca. And when shall I see ye sober. Po. When I am so. Ca. And when will ye be so? Po. When you see me so: In the Interim, my dear Cannakin, be Happy. Ca. In requitall, mayst thou long be what thou'rt call'd. Po. And that I may not be outdone in Courtesie; may the Can never fail Cannius, whence he has borrow'd his Name.

XIX: THE FALSE KNIGHT

The Insolencies of men in Power; And the Impostures that are put upon the World, by Ignorance, and Impudence, instead of Wisdom, and Honour.

HARPALUS, NESTORIUS.

HA. If you could help me Out now, I am not a man to forget a Courtesie. NE. It shall be your Own Fault if I do not make ye what you could be. HA. But it is not in your Power to be born Noble. NE. What you want in Blood, you must supply with Virtue, and lay the Foundation of your own Nobility. HA. That's such a Devilish way about. NE. Away, Away, you may have it at Court for a Trifle. HA. But the People are so apt to laugh at a man that buyes his Honour. NE. Well! And if it be so Ridiculous, why would you so fain be a Knight? HA. Oh! I could shew ye Twenty reasons for That; if you could but put me in a way to make my self Honourable in the Opinion of the World. NE. What would the name signifie, without the Thing? HA. But still if a Man has not the Thing it self, 'tis something however to have the Reputation of it. But give me your Advice at a Venture; and when ye know my Reasons, you'l say it was worth my while. NE. Why then I'le tell ye. You must, First remove yourself to some place where ye are not known. HA. Right. NE. And then get your self into the Company of Men of quality. HA. I understand ye. NE. People will be apt to judge of you by the Company ye keep. HA. They will so. NE. But then you must be sure to have nothing about ye that's Vulgar. HA. As how? NE. I speak of your Cloths, If they were silk 'twere better; but if ye cannot go to the price of silk, I would rather have them canvas than cloth. HA. Y'are in the right. NE. And rather than wear anything that is whole, you shall cut your very Hat too, your Doublet, Breeches, Shoes; and rather than fail, if it would be handsomely done, your very Finger ends. If you meet with any Traveller that comes from Vienna, ask him what he thinks of the Peace with France? How your Cousen of Fustemberg had his Health there? And you must enquire after all the jolly Officers of your Old Acquaintance. HA. It shall be done. NE. And you must be sure to have a Seal Ring upon your Finger. HA. Good; if my Purse would reach to't. NE. You may have a brass ring, Gilt, with a Doublet, for a small matter. But then you must charge a Scocheon with your Coat of Arms. HA. And what Bearing? NE. Two Milking Pails, and a Pot of Ale. HA. Come leave your Fooling. NE. Were ye ever in a Battle? HA. Alas I never saw a Naked Sword in my whole life. NE. Did you ever cut off the head of a Goose, or a Capon? HA. Many times, and with the Resolution of a man of Honour too. NE. Why what do ye think then of three Goose-Caps or, and a Whinyard, Argent? HA. And what would you have the Field? NE. What should it be but Gules? in token of the Bloodshed. HA. 'Tis not amiss, for the blood of a Goose is as Red as that of a Man: But go forward. NE. Wherever ye pass, let your Coat be hung up over the Gate of the Inn. HA. And how the Helmet? NE. That's well thought of; A Mouth Gaping from

Ear to Ear. HA. Your Reason for that? NE. First to give you Air; and then 'Tis more suitable to your Dress. And what Crest? HA. What say you to that? NE. A Dogs head with a pair of bangling Ears. HA. That's Common. NE. Why then let him have two Horns; That's Extraordinary. HA. That will do well; But what Supporters? NE. Why, for Stags, Talbots, Dragons, Griffins, they are all taken up already by Kings and Princes: what do ye think of two harpies? HA. Nothing can mend it. NE. But now for your Title; you must have a Care, that you do not call your self Harpalus Comensis; but Harpalus a Coma; Not Norfolk Booby (for the Purpose) but a Booby of Norfolk. The One's noble, the Other, Pedantique. HA. 'Tis so. NE. Is there anything now that you can call your self the Lord of? HA. No; not so much as a Pig-sty. NE. Were ye born in any Eminent City? HA. To make ye my Confessor, I was born in a Pittifull obscure Village; There must be no lying in the case, when a man asks Counsel. NE. Come, all's well enough. But is there ever a Famous Mountain near ye? HA. Yes, there is. NE. And is there ever a Rock near That? HA. A very steep one. NE. Why then you shall be Harpalus of the Golden Rock. HA. But most great men I observe have their peculiar Motto. As Maximilian, Keep within Compass; Philip, He that Will; Charles, Further yet, &c. NE. Why yours then shall be turn every stone. HA. Nothing more Pertinent. NE. Now to confirm the World in their Esteem of you, you must have Counterfeit Letters from such and such Illustrious Persons, and there you must be treated in a Stile of Honour, and with bus'ness of Estates, Castles, Huge Revenues, Commands, Rich Matches, &c. These

Lètters you must either leave behind ye, or drop them some where by chance, that they may be found, and taken notice of. HA. I can do that as easily as drink; for I'le Imitate any mans hand alive so exactly, that he shall not know it from his own. NE. Or you may leave them in your Pockets, when you send your Breeches to the Tailors, and when he finds them, you may be sure 'twill be no secret. But then you must be extreamly troubled that you should be so careless. HA. Let me Alone for Ordering my Countenance without a Visor NE. The great skill is, to have the Matter publish'd so, that no body smell it out. HA. For that Matter I'le warrant ye. NE. You must then furnish your self with Companions (Or 'twill do as well, if they be servants) that shall stand Cap in hand to ye, and make Legs to your Worship at every turn. And never be discouraged at the Charge for you'l find young Fellows enow that will bear this part in the Comedy, if it were but for the Humours sake, and for God a'mercy. And then you must know that there are a great many Scribling Blades here, that are strangely infected with the Itch, (I had like to have said the Scab) of Writing; And a Company of Hungry Printers, that will Venture upon anything for Money. You must engage these People to make honourable mention of your Quality, and Fortune in your Own Country, in the Pamphlets and your name to be still set in CAPITALS. This is a Course that will give ye honour, even if the Scene were laid in Japan; and One Book spreads more than a Hundred Talkative Tongues. HA. I am not against this way, but there must be Servants yet maintained. NE. Servants, must be had, but there's no need of your Feeding 'em. They have fingers, and when they are sent up and down, something or other will be found. There are divers Opportunities, ye know, in such Cases. HA. A word to the Wise; I understand ye. NE. And then there are Other inventions. HA. Pray'e let's hear 'em. NE. If you do not understand Chards, and Dice, Whoring, Drinking, and Squandering, the Art of Borrowing, and Bubbling, and the French Pox to boot, there's no body will take ye for a Person of Condition. HA. These are Exercises I have been train'd up to: but where's the Money that must carry me through? NE. Hold a little, I was just coming to that point. Have ye any Estate. HA. Truly a very small one. NE. Well but when ye are once settled in the Reputation of a great man, you can never fail of finding Fools to Trust you. Some will be affraid, and others be asham'd to deny you. And there are Tricks for a man to delude his Creditors. HA. I know something of That too. But they are apt to be Troublesome yet, when they find that there comes nothing but Words. NE. Nay on the Contrary, no man has his Creditors more at his Command, than he that Owes Money to a great many. HA. How so? NE. Your Creditor pays ye that Observance, as if he himself were the Person obliged; for fear ye should take any thing ill, and Cousen him of his money. No man has his Servants in such aw, as a Debtor has his Creditor: And if you pay 'em never so little, 'tis as kindly taken as if you gave it. HA. I have found it so. NE. But then you must have a care how you engage your self to little people: For they care not what Tragedies they raise, for peddling Summs; whereas men of Competent Fortunes are more tractable. They are either restrain'd by Good nature, led on by Hope, or kept in order by fear, for they know the Danger of meddling with men of Power. Or in conclusion, when we are no longer able to stand the shock, 'tis but changing of your Quarters, and still upon earnest Business removing from one place to another. And where's the shame of all this? for a Knight to be in the same Estate with his Imperial Majesty. If you find yourself prest by a Fellow of mean condition, you are to bless your self at his Confidence: And yet 'tis good to be paying of something: but neither the whole Sum, nor to all your Creditors. But whatever ye do, set a good Face on't, as if ye had money in your Pocket still, tho' the Devil a Cross. Ha. But what shall a man brag of that has Nothing? Ne. If you have laid up any thing for a Friend, let it pass for your own. But it must be taken notice of only as by Chance. But in This Case, 'tis good to borrow Money, and shew it up, tho' ye pay it again the next hour. You may put Counters in your pocket; and 'tis but taking a right Crown or two out, and making the rest Chink; You may imagine—— Ha. I understand ye. But yet at last I must necessarily sink under my Debt. Ne. But Knights ye know, will handle us as they please. Ha. 'Tis very True; and there's no Remedy. Ne. I would advise ye to have diligent Servants about ye; or no matter if it were some of your poor kindred: such as must be kept however. They'l stumble now and then upon some Merchant upon the way; or find something perhaps in the Inn, in the House, or in the Boat, that wants a Keeper, Do ye conceive me? Let 'em Consider that men are not fingers for Nothing. Ha. If this could be done with safety. Ne. You must be sure to keep them in Handsome Liveries, and be still sending of 'em with Counterfeit Letters, to This Prince or That Count. Who shall dare to suspect them, if anything be missing; or if they should suspect them, who shall dare to Own it, for fear of the Knight their Master? If they chance to take a Booty by Force, 'tis as good as a Prize in War; for This Exercise is but a Prelude to War itself. HA. A Blessed Counsellor! NE. Now This Statute of Knighthood must be ever observ'd, that it is Lawfull for a Knight upon the Road to ease a Common Traveller of his Money. For what can be more Dishonourable than for a Pittyfull Fellow of Commerce to have Money at Will, and a Knight want it to supply him with Necessaries for Whores, and Dice? Be seen as much as possible in the Company of Great Men, though you pin your self upon them. You must put on a Brazen Face; and especially to your Host; and let nothing put ye out of countenance. And therefore ye should do well to pass your time in some Publique Place, as at the Baths, or Waters; and in the most frequented Inns. HA. I was thinking of that. NE. In such places you will meet with many fair Opportunities. HA. As how I beseech ye? NE. You'l find now and then a Purse dropt, or the Key left in the door, or so; you Comprehend me. HA. But—— NE. What are ye afraid of? A Person that Lives and Talks at your rate; the Knight of the Golden Rock, who shall presume to suspect Him, or however to open his Mouth against him at the worst? They'l rather cast it upon some body that went away the day before. You'l find the Family in disorder about it, but do you behave yourself as a person wholly unconcern'd. If this accident befalls a man that has either modesty or brains, hee'l e'en pass it over without making any Words on't; and not cast away his Credit after his Money, for looking no better to't. HA. 'Tis very well said; for I suppose you know the Count of the White Vulture. NE. Yes, yes; why not?

Ha. I have heard of a certain Spaniard, a Handsom Gentile Fellow that lodg'd at his house; he carry'd away a matter of threescore pounds stirling, and the Count had such a Reverence for his Person, that he did not so much as open his Mouth upon the Matter. Ne. So that there's a precedent. You may send out a Servant now and then for a Souldier, as ye see Occasion, and he falls in upon the Rifling of a Church, or a Monastery; and there's a Fortune made by the Law of Arms. Ha. This is the safest expedient we have had yet. Ne. Well, and there's another way now of raising Money. Ha. And let's have That too, I pre'thee. Ne. When ye find People that have Money in their Pockets, 'tis but picking a quarrel with 'em, especially if they be Churchmen, for They are strangely Hated, now a days. One broke a jest upon ye; another fell foul upon your Family; this man spake, or t'other man wrote something to your Dishonour; and here's a ground for the denouncing of a War without Quarter, but then you must breath nothing but destruction, fire and Sword; and That Naturally brings the matter to a Composition. Be sure then that ye do not sink below your Dignity, and you must ask out of Reason, to bring them up to't. If you demand Three Thousand Crowns, the Devil's in 'em if they offer ye less than Two Hundred. Ha. I, and I can threaten Others with the Law. Ne. That is not so Generous tho'; but yet it may help in some degree. But hark ye, Harpalus, we have forgotten the Main point; Some Young Wench or other, with a good Fortune might be handsomely drawn, methinks, into the Noose of Matrimony; and you carry a Philtre about with ye; a Young Spruce, Drolling, Grinning Rascal! Let it be given out that you're call'd away to some great Office in the Emperors Court; the Girls are Coupling with the Nobility. HA. I know some that have made their Fortunes this way: But what if all this Roguery should come out now; my Creditors fall upon the Back of me, and your Imaginary Knight come to have Rotten eggs thrown at him? For a man had better be taken robbing a Church, than in the Course of such a Cheat. NE. In this case, you must put on the brazen face I told ye of. And I'le tell ye This for your comfort, that Impudence never past so current for Wisdom, since the Creation of the World, as it does at this Day. You must betake yourself to your Invention, and tell your Tale as well as ye can; ye shall find some Fools or other that will savour it; Nay and some, that out of pure Candor, and Civility, tho' they understand the Abuse, will yet make the best on't. But for your Last Refuge, shew a fair Pair of Heels for't; thrust yourself into a Battle, or a Tummult; for as the Sea covers all mischief, so War covers all Sins; And the Truth of it is, he that has not been train'd up in This School, is not fit to be a Commander. Here's your Sanctuary when all fails, and yet let me advise ye to turn every stone before ye come to't. Many a Man is undone by Security. Wherefore have a Care of Little Damn'd Towns, that a man cannot let a fart in, but the people presently take the Alarum. In Great and Populous Cities a body is more at Liberty, unless it be in such a place as Marseilles. Make it your bus'ness to know what the People say of ye. If ye hear that they come to talk at This rate; what does This man here so long? Why does he not go Home again; and look after his Castles with a Pox? What does he talk to us of his Pedigree? I wonder how the devil he lives? These are Bugg-words; and if you find this humour once to grow upon the People up with your Baggage and be jogging, before it be too late. But you must make your Retreat, like a Lion, not like a Hare. You are call'd away by the Emperor, to take Possession of a great Charge, and it will not be long perhaps before they see you again at the Head of an Army. Those that have anything to lose will be quiet enough, when y'are gone; but of all People, have a care of your Peevish, Malitious Poet: They throe their Venom upon their Paper, and what they write is as Publique as the Air. HA. Let me Die if I be not strangely pleased with thy Counsel: and you shall never Repent ye, either of your Scholar, or of your Obligation. The First good horse, that I take upon my Patent of Knighthood, shall be yours. NE. Be as good as your word now: But what is the Reason that you should so strangely dote upon a false Opinion of Nobility? HA. Only because they are in a manner Lawless, and do what they please; And is not this a considerable Inducement? NE. When all comes to all, you ow a Death to Nature, tho' you liv'd a Carthusian; and he that dies of the Stone, the Gout, or the Palsie, had better have been broken upon the wheel. 'Tis an Article of a Souldiers Faith that after Death, there remains nothing of a Man, but his Carkass. HA. And that's my opinion.

XX: THE SERAPHIQUE FUNERAL.

A Bitter Discourse upon the Habit, Life, Opinions, and Practices of the Franciscans: Their Institution, and the Blasphemous Fundamentals of Their Order.

THEOTIMUS, PHILECOUS.

PH. Why where have you been Theotimus, that ye look so wonderfully Grave, and Devout? TH. How so? PH. You look so severe methinks, with your Eyes upon the Ground, your Head upon your left shoulder, and your Beads in your hand. TH. My Friend, if you have a mind to know a thing that does not belong to ye, I have been at a Shew. PH. Jacob Hall perhaps, or the Jugler; Or some such bus'ness, it may be. TH. 'Tis somewhat thereabouts. PH. Y'are the First man sure that ever brought such an Humour back from a Publique Spectacle. TH. But this was such a Spectacle, let me tell ye, that if you your self had been a Spectator, you would have been more out of Order perchance than I am. PH. But why so extreamly Religious, pre'thee, on a sodain? TH. I have been at the Funeral of a Seraphim PH. Nay, Pray'e tell me, do the Angels die? TH. No, but Angels Fellows do. But to put ye out of your pain, you know Eusebius, I suppose, a famous and a Learned Man. PH. What do you mean. Eusebius, the Pelusian; he that was First degraded from his Authority, to the state of a Private man, and of a Private man was made an Exile, and of an Exile, within a little of a

Begger? (I had like to have said worse). Th. That's the man. Ph. But what's come to him? Th. He's this day bury'd, and I am just now come from his Funeral. Ph. It must needs be a doleful business sure, to put you into this dismal mood. Th. I shall never be able to tell ye the story without weeping. Th. Nor I to hear it without laughing. But let's have it however. Th. You know that Eusebius hath been a long time infirm. Ph. Yes, yes, he has not been a man this many a year. Th. In these slow, and Cönsumptive Diseases, 'Tis a Common thing for a Physician to foretell a man how long he shall live, to a precise day. Ph. It is so. Th. They told their Petient that all that the Art of man could do towards his preservation, had been done already, and that God might preserve him, by a Miracle; but that he was absolutely past all Relief of Physique; and according to humane Conjecture, he had not above three days to live. Ph. And what follow'd. Th. The wasted Body of the Excellent Eusebius, was presently drest up in Franciscans Habit, his Head Shaven, his Ash-colour'd Cowl, and Gown, his Knotted Hempen Girdle, and his Franciscan Shoes; all put on. Ph. As departing this Life? Th. Even so; and with a Dying Voice, declaring that if it should please God to restore him to the Health that his Physician despair'd of, he would serve under Christ, according to the Rule of St. Francis, and there were several Holy men call'd in to bear Witness to his Profession. In this Habit, dy'd this Famous man; at the very point of time that had been foretold by his Physicians. There came abundance of the Fraternity, to assist at his Funeral Solemnity. Ph. I would I had been one of the number myself. Th. It would have gone to the Heart of ye, to see with what Tenderness the Seraphique Sodality washt the Body, fitted the Holy Habit to him, laid his Arms, one over an Other in the form of a Cross, uncover'd, and Kiss'd his Naked Feet; and according to the Precept of the Gospel chear'd up his Countenance with Ointment. Ph. What a Prodigious Humility was this, for the Seraphique Brethren to take upon them the Parish Offices of Bearers; and Washers? Th. After this, they laid the Body upon the Biere; and according to the direction of St. Paul (bear ye one anothers Burthen) Galat. 6, The Brethren took their Brother upon their Shoulders, and carry'd him along the Highway to the Monastry, where they Interr'd him with the Usual Songs, and Ceremonies. As this Venerable Pomp was passing upon the Way, I observ'd a great many People that could not forbear weeping; to see a man that us'd to go in his Silk, and Scarlet, wrapt up now in a Franciscans Habit, girt with a Ropes End, and the whole Body disposed in such a posture, as could not chuse but more Devotion. For his Head, as I said, was laid upon his Shoulder, his Arms, a Cross; and every thing else too carry'd a wonderful appearance of Holiness. But then the March of the Seraphique Troop it self, Hanging down their Heads, with their eyes fixt upon the Earth, and their mournfull dirges, (So mournfull; that in Hell it self there can't be nothing beyond it). All this, I say, drew sighs, and Tears in Abundance from the Beholders. Ph. But had he the five wounds too of St. Francis? Th. I dare not affirm that for a Certain; but I saw Blewish Scars on his Hands, and Feet; and he had a hole in his left side of his Gown; but I durst not look too narrowly, For many people have been undone they say, by being too curious in these Matters. Ph. But did ye not take notice of some that laught too?

TH. Yes I did observe it; but they were Heretiques, I suppose; there are e'en too many of them in the World. PH. To Deal honestly with them, in my Conscience, if I had been there myself, I should laught too for Company. TH. I pray God thou hast not a spice of the same Leaven. PH. There's no danger of that, Good Theotimus! For I have had a Veneration of St. Francis, even from a Child. He was one that was much more acceptable both to God and man, for the strict Mortification of his affections, than for any Worldly Learning, or Wisdom; and those are His True Desciples, that so live in the flesh, as if they were dead to it, and Liv'd only in Christ But for the Habit itself; and I would fain know what is a dead man the Better for a Garment? TH. It is the Lords Precept, ye know, not to give Holy things to Dogs, or cast Pearls before Swine; And beside, if ye ask Questions to make yourself Merry with them, I'le tell ye nothing at all. But if ye have an honest desire to be inform'd, I am content to tell ye as much as I know. PH. My Bus'ness to learn, and you shall find me a diligent, a Docile, and a Thankful Disciple. TH. You know, First, that some People are so possess'd with Pride, and Vanity, that their Ambition accompanies them to the very grave; and they are not Content, unless they be bury'd with as much Pomp as they liv'd. It is not that the Dead feel anything; but yet by the force of Imagination they take some pleasure in their Lives, to think of the Solemnity, and Magnificence of their Funerals. Now ye will not deny it, I suppose to be some degree of Piety to renounce this weakness. PH. I'le confess it, if there be no other way to avoid the Vanity of this Expence. But I should think it much more Humane, and Modest, even for a Prince to recommend his Body to a Course Winding Sheet, and to be laid in the Common Burying place by the Ordinary Bearers. For to be carry'd to the Grave, as Eusebius was is rather the Change of a Vanity, then the Avoidance of it. TH. It is the Intention that God accepts, and it is God alone that can judge of the Heart. But This that I have told ye is a small matter, there are greater things behind. PH. What are they? TH. They profess themselves of the Order of St. Francis, upon the point of Death. PH. And he is to be their Protector in the Elysian Fields. TH. No, but in This World, if they happen to recover; and it pleases God many times, that when the Physicians have given a man for Lost, so soon as ever he has put on This Holy Robe, he recovers. PH. And so he would have done, whether he had put it on or no. TH. We should walk with simplicity in the Faith; but if there were not somewhat Extraordinary in the Case, why should so many Eminent and Learned men, especially among the Italian, make such a bus'ness to be bury'd in This Holy Habit? But these you'l say are Strangers to ye. What do you think then of the famous Rodolphus Agricola; (one that I'm sure you have an Esteem for) and then of Christopher Longolius, who were both bury'd so? PH. I gave no heed to what men do when they are under the Amusements of Death. Pray'e tell me now, what does it signifie to a man, the Professing, or the Clothing of him, when he comes to be assaulted with the Terrors, and distractions of his approaching Fate? Vows should be made in sound sense, and sobriety; they are frivolous else; there should be mature Deliberation, without either Force, or Guile; Nay they are Void, even without all this, before the Year of Probation be out; at which time, and not before, they are commanded to wear the Coat and Hood; (for so say the Seraphiques) so that if they recover, they are at Liberty in two respects, For neither does That Vow bind that is made by a man under an Astonishment, betwixt the Hope of Life, and the Fear of Death, nor does the Profession oblige any man, before the wearing of the Hood. Th. Whether it be an obligation, or not, 'Tis enough that they think it one; and God Almighty accepts of the Good will: and This is the Reason that the Good works of Monks (caeteria Paribus) are more acceptable to God than those of Other people, because they spring from that Root. Ph. We shall not make a question in this Place, the Merit of a mans Dedicating himself wholly to God, when he is no longer in his own Power. Every Christian, as I take it, delivers himself up wholly to God in his Baptism; when he Renounces the Devil and all his Works, the Pomps and Vanities of the Wicked World, and all the Sinfull Lusts of the Flesh, and lists himself a Souldier to fight under Christ's Banner, to his Lives end. And St. Paul speaking of those that Die with Christ, that they may live no longer to Themselves, but to Him that is Dead for them, does not mean this of Monks only, but of all Christians. Th. You have minded me seasonably of our Baptism, but in times past, if they were but Sprinkled at the last Gasp, there was hope yet promis'd them of Salvation. Ph. 'Tis no great matter what the Bishops promise, but it is a matter of great uncertainty, what God will vouchsafe to Do; For if there went no more to Salvation, than the Sprinkling of a little Water, what a Gap were there open'd to all sorts of Carnal Appetites, and License? When men had spent their lives, and their strength in Wickedness, till they could sin no longer, two or three drops of Water would set all Right again. Now if the same Rule holds in your Profession, and This Baptism, it would make well for the Security of the Wicked, if they might Live to Satan and Die to Christ. TH. Nay, if a man speak what he hears, of the Seraphique Mystery, the professing of a Franciscan is more Effacious than his Baptism. PH. What is't ye say? TH. Only our Sins are wash'd away in Baptism; but the Soul, tho' it be purg'd is left naked; But he that is invested with This Profession, is presently endow'd with the Merits and Sanctimony of the most Holy Sodality. PH. And what do ye think of him that is by Baptism ingrafted into the Body of Christ? Is he never the better; neither for the Head, nor for the Body. TH. He's nothing at all the better for this Seraphique Body; unless he entitle himself to it by some special Bounty or Favour. PH. From what Angel, I beseech ye, had they this Revelation? TH. From what Angel do ye say? Why. St. Francis had This, and a great deal more, Face to face from Christ himself. PH. Now as thou hast any kindness for me in the World, tell me, for the love of God, what were those Discourses? TH. Alas! those Holy and Profound Secrets are not for Profane Ears. PH. Why profane, I pre'thee? For I have ever been a Friend to this Seraphique Order, as much as to any other. TH. But for all that, you give 'em shrewd Wipes sometimes. PH. That's a sign of Love, Theotimus: The great Enemies of the Order are the Professors of it themselves, that by ill lives bring a Scandal upon the Habit. And that man does not love it, that is not offended with the Corruptors of it. TH. But I'm afraid St. Francis will take it ill, if I should blab any of his Secrets. PH. And why should ye fear that from so innocent a person?

Th. Well, well! But what if I should loose my eyes, or run Mad upon't? As I am told many have done, only for denying the Print of the Five Wounds. Ph. Why then the Saints are worse natur'd in Heaven, than they are upon Earth. We are told that St. Francis was of so meek a Disposition, that when the Boys in the streets would be playing the Rogues with his Cowl, as it hung down at his Back, and throwing Milk, Cheese, Dirt, Stones, at it, the Saint walkt on cheerfull, and Pleasant without any Concern at all. And shall we believe him Now then to be Cholerique, and Revengefull? One of his Companions once call'd him Thief, Sacrilegious, a Murtherer, an Insestuous Sot, and all the Villeins in the world. His Reply was only, that he gave him thanks, and confess'd himself Guilty. But one of the company wondering at such an Acknowledgment; I had done worse than all this says St. Francis, if Gods Grace had not restrained me. How comes St. Francis now then to be Vindictive. Th. So it is; for tho' the Saints will bear anything upon Earth, they'l take no Affronts in Heaven. Was ever any man Gentler than Cornelius; Milder than Anthony, or more Patient than John the Baptist, when they liv'd upon Earth? but now they are in Heaven if we do not worship them as we ought, what Diseases do they send among us? Ph. For my own Part, I am of Opinion, that they rather Cure our Diseases than Cause them. But however, assure your self that what ye say to me is spoken to a man that's neither Profane, nor a Blab. Th. Go to then. I will tell ye in Confidence, what I have heard as to this Matter: Be it spoken without offence to St. Francis, or the Society. St. Paul, ye know, was indu'd with a Profound and Hidden Wisdom; which he never publish'd but only whisper'd it in Private to those Christians that were perfected. So have these Seraphiques certain mysteries also, that they do not make Common; but only communicate them in Private, to Rich Widows, and other Choice, and Godly People that are well wishers to the Society. Ph. How do I long for the Opening of this Holy Revelation. Th. It was at First, foretold by the Lord to the Seraphique Patriarch, that the more the Society encreased, the more Provision he would make for them. Ph. So that at first dash here's That Complaint answer'd that their Growing so Numerous is a Grievance of the People. Th. And then he revealed this further too; that upon his Anniversary Festival, all the Souls of that Fraternity, and not only Those that were of the Clothing, but the Souls of their Friends also, should be deliver'd from the Fire of Purgatory. Ph. But was Christ so familiar with St. Francis? Th. He was as Free with him, as one Friend or Companion is with another. As God the Father in former times, Communed with Moses, Moses receiv'd the Law First, from God himself, and then deliver'd it to the People. Our Saviour published the Gospel; and St. Francis had two copies of his Peculiar Law under the Hands of an Angel; which he deliver'd to That Seraphique Fraternity. Ph. Now do I look for a Third Revelation. Th. That famous Patriarch, fearing now, that when the good Seed was sown, the Enemy should come, while men slept, and sowing Tares among the Wheat, they should both be plucked up together. St. Francis was eas'd of This Scruple, by a Promise from the Lord, that he would take care that this Tribe of half-shodd and Rope-girt people should never fail, so long as the World endur'd. Ph. Why what a Mercifull Providence was This now? for God would have had no Church else. But Proceed. TH. It was reveal'd, in the Fourth place; that no Lewd Liver could long persevere in That Order. PH. But it is not taken for a Defection from the Order, if a man live Wickedly? TH. No; no more than it is for Renouncing Christ; tho' in some Respects, it may be so taken, when a man denies in his Actions, what he professes in his Words. But whosoever casts off this Holy Habit, that man is Irrecoverably lost to the Society. PH. What shall we say then of so many Convents, that hoard up Money, Drink, Play, Whore, keep their Concubines Publiquely, and more than I'le speak of? TH. Those People neither wear St. Francis's gown, nor his Girdle. And when they come to Knock at the Door the Answer will be, I know ye not; for ye have not on the Wedding Garment. PH. Is there any more? TH. Why ye have heard nothing yet. The Fifth Revelation was This: That the Enemies of this Seraphique Order (as they have but too many the more's the Pity) should never arrive at half the age that God otherwise appointed them, without making away themselves; but that they should all die miserable, before their Times. PH. Oh! we have seen many instances of This; as in the Cardinal Mattheus, who had a very ill opinion of this Society, and spake as hardly of them; he was taken away, as I remember, before he was Fifty years of age. TH. 'Tis very True, but then he was an Enemy to the Cherubique Order, as well as to the Seraphique; for he was the Cause they say, of burning the four Dominicans at Berne; when the matter might otherwise have been Compounded with the Pope, for a Sum of Money. PH. But these Dominicans, they say, had set up most Horrible Opinions, which they labour'd to support by False Visions, and

Miracles, as that the Blessed Virgin was tainted with Original Sin; nay that St. Francis's Prints of the Five Wounds were Counterfeited: They gave out that St. Catharin's were more Authentique. But the Perfectest of all, they promised to a Layrick Proselite they had got, whom they made use of for this Action; abusing the Lords Body in the Government of this Imposture, even with Clubbs, and with Poyson. And they say further, that this was not the Contrivance of One Monastery alone, but of the Principals of the Whole Order. TH. Let it be which way it will, that divine Caution holds good However, Touch not mine Anointed. PH. Is there any thing more to come? TH. Yes, you shall have the Sixth Apocalyps; wherein the Lord bound himself by an Oath to St. Francis, that all the Favourers of This Seraphique Order, let them live never so wickedly, should find Mercy in the Conclusion, and end their days in Peace. PH. Why what if they should be taken away in the act of Adultery? TH. That which the Lord hath promised, he will certainly make good. PH. But what must a man do, to entitle himself to a Right of being call'd Their Friend? TH. What? do ye question that? He that presents them, he that clothes them, he that makes the Pot Boyl; That man gives Evidence of his Love. PH. But does not he love, that Teaches, or Admonishes them? TH. That's water into the Sea; they have a great deal of This at home: And it is their Profession to bestow it upon others, not to receive it from them. PH. Our Saviour promised more, I perceive, to St. Francis's Disciples, than ever he did to his Own. He takes that as done unto himself, which for his sake one Christian does to Another; But I do not find where he promises Eternal Salvation to Unrepenting Sinners.

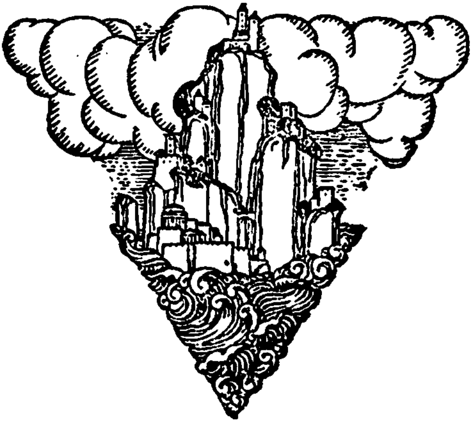
TH. That's no wonder, my Friend, for the Transcendent Power of the Gospel is reserv'd to This order. But ye shall now hear the Seventh, and Last Revelation. PH. Let's have it then. TH. Our Saviour sware further, to St. Francis, that no man should ever make an ill end, that dy'd in a Franciscan's habit. PH. But what is it that you call an ill end? TH. When the Soul goes directly out of the Body, into Hell; from whence there is no Redemption. PH. So that the Habit does not free a man from Purgatory. TH. No; not unless he dies upon St. Francis's Day. But is it not a great matter, do ye think, to be secur'd from Hell? PH. The greatest of all, no doubt. But what becomes of those that are put into the Habit when they are Dead already? for they cannot be said to die in't. TH. If they desire it in their Life-time, the Will is taken for the Deed. PH. But I remember once in Antwerp, I was in the Chamber with some Relations of a Woman that was just giving up the Ghost. There was a Franciscan by, (a very Reverend Man) who observing the Woman to Yawn, and just upon her last stretch, he put one of her Arms into his Sleeve, and so recover'd That Arm, and part of the Shoulder. There was a dispute rais'd upon't, whether the whole body should be safe for't, or only That part which he had touch'd. TH. There is no doubt, but the whole Woman was secur'd; as the Water upon the Forehead of a Child makes the whole Child a Christian. PH. 'Tis a strange thing, the dread that the Devils have of this Habit. TH. Oh! they dread it more than the Sign of the Cross. When the Body of Eusebius was carry'd to the Grave, there were Swarms of Black Devils in the Air, as thick as Flies, that would be buzzing about the Body, and striking at it, but yet durst not touch it; I saw

This my self, and so did many others. Ph. But methinks his face, his hands, and his Feet should have been in Danger, because (ye know) They were Naked. Th. A Snake will not come near the Shadow of an Ash, let it spread never so far; Nor the Devil, within smell of That Holy Garment; 'Tis a kind of Poison to them. Ph. But do not those Bodies Putrifie? For if they do, the Worms have more Courage than the Devils. Th. What you say, is not improbable. Ph. How Happy is the very Louse, that takes up his abode in that Holy Garment! But while the robe is going to the grave, what is it that protects the Soul? Th. The Soul carries away with it the Influence of the Garment, which preserves it to such a degree that many people will not allow any of that Order to go so much as into Purgatory. Ph. If This be True, I would not give this part of the Revelation, for the Apocalyps of St. John: For here's an Easie, and a ready way cut out, without labour, Trouble, or Repentance; to Live Merrily in This world, and secure our selves of Heaven, Hereafter. Th. And so it is. Ph. So that My wonder is over, at the great Esteem that is paid by the World to this Seraphique Order. But I am in great Admiration on the other side, that any man should dare to open his Mouth against them. Th. You may observe wherever ye see them, that they are men given Over to a Reprobate sense, and blinded in their Wickedness. Ph. I shall be wiser for the future than I have been; and take Care to Die in a Franciscan Habit. But there are some in this age, that will have Mankind to be justifi'd only by Faith, without the Help of Good Works; But what a Privilege is it, to be saved by a Garment, without Faith? Th. Nay, not too soft, Phileous. It is not said, simply without Faith, but it is sufficient for us to Believe, that the things I have now told ye were promised by our Saviour to the Patriarch of the Order. PH. But will This Garment save a Turk too? TH. It would save Lucifer himself; if he had the Patience to put it on, and could but believe This Revelation. PH. Well, thou hast won me for ever. But there's a Scruple or two yet, that I would fain have clear'd. TH. Say then. PH. I have been told that St. Francis's Order is of Evangelical Institution. TH. True. PH. Now I have thought that all Christians had profess'd the Rule of the Gospel. But if the Franciscans be a Gospel-Order, it looks as if all Christians were bound to be Franciscans; and Christ with his Apostles, and the Virgin Mother at the Head of them. TH. It would be so indeed, but that St. Francis (ye must know) has added several things to the Gospel. PH. What are those? TH. Ash-colour'd Garment, a Hempen Girdle, naked feet. PH. And by those Marques we may know an Evangelical Christian from a Franciscan. TH. But they differ too, upon the Point of Touching mony. PH. But I am told that St. Francis forbids the Receiving of it, not the touching of it. But the Owner, the Proctor, Creditor, the Heir, or a Proxy, does commonly Receive it: and tho' he draws it over in his Glove, so that he does not Touch it, he does yet Receive it. Now I would fain know whence this Interpretation came, that not Receiving should be expounded to be not Touching? TH. This was the Interpretation of Pope Benedict. PH. Not as a Pope; but only as a Franciscan. And again, the strictest of the Order, do they not take Money in a Clout, when it is given them, in all their Pilgrimages? TH. In a case of Necessity they do. PH. But a man would rather die, than violate so super-Evangelical a Rule; and then do they not receive money every where by their Offices? Th. Yes, they do.. Thousands and Thousands many times; and why not. Ph. But the Rule says, that they must not receive Money, either by Themselves or by Others. Th. Well, but they don't touch it. Ph. Ridiculous! If the Touch it self be Impious, they Touch it by Others. Th. But That's the Act and Deed of their Proctors, not their own. Ph. Is it not so? Let him try it that has a mind to't. Th. Do we ever read that Christ touch'd Mony? Ph. Suppose it. It is yet probable, that when he was a Youth, he might buy Oil and Vineger, and Sallads for his Father. But Peter and Paul, beyond all Controversie, Touch'd Money. The Virtue consists in the Contempts of Money, and not in the Not Touching of it. There is much more Danger, I'le assure ye, in touching of Wine, than of Money. And why are ye not as scrupulous in This Case as in other? Th. Because St. Francis did not forbid it. Ph. They can frankly enough offer their hands, (which they keep fair, and soft with care, and idleness) to a pretty Wench. But if there be any Touching of Money in the Case, bless me! how they start, and Cross themselves as if they had seen the Devil? And is not this an Evangelical Nicety? I cannot believe that St. Francis (tho' never so illiterate) could be so silly, as absolutely to interdict all Touching of Money whatsoever. Or if that were his Opinion, to how great a Danger did he expose all his Followers, in commanding them to go Bare-foot? For money might lie upon the Ground, and They tread upon it, at unawares. Th. But they do not touch it with their Fingers. Ph. As if the sense of Touching were not Common to the whole Body.

TH. But in case any such thing should fall out, they dare not Officiate after it, till they have been at Confession. PH.` 'Tis Conscienciously done. TH. But Cavilling apart; I'le tell ye plainly how it is. Money ever was, and ever will be, an Occasion to the World of Great Evils. PH. 'Tis confest. But then it is an Enablement of as much good to some as Ill to Others. The Inordinate Love of Money I find to be condemn'd, but not the Money it self. TH. You say well. But to keep us the further from an Avaricious Desire of Money, we are forbidden the very Touching of it: As the Gospel forbids Swearing at all, to keep us from Perjury. PH. Are we forbidden the sight of Money? TH. No we are not; for it is easier to Govern our Hands, than our Eyes. PH. And yet Death it self enter'd into the World, at Those Windows. TH. And therefore your true Franciscan draws his Cowl over his Eye-brows, and walks with his Eyes cover'd, and so intent upon the Ground, that he sees nothing but his way: As we do our Waggon-horses, that have a Leather on Each side of their Heads to keep them from seeing any thing but what's at their Feet. PH. But tell me now; are they forbidden by their Order, to receive any Indulgences from the Pope? TH. They are so. PH. And yet I am inform'd that no men living have more; insomuch that they are allow'd either to Poyson, or to Bury alive, such as they themselves have Condemn'd, without any danger of being call'd to account for't. TH. There is something I must confess in the story; for I was told once by a Polander, (and a man of Credit too) that he was got drunk, and fast asleep in the Franciscans Church, in the Corner where the Women sit to make their Confessions; Upon the singing of their usual Nocturns he awak'd, but durst not discover himself.

And when the Office was over, the whole Fraternity went down into a place, where there was a large, deep grave ready made; and there stood two young men, with their hands ty'd behind them: They had a sermon there, in praise of Obedience; and a promise of Gods Pardon for all their sins; and not without some hope of Mercy from the Brotherhood, upon condition, that they should voluntarily go down into the Pit, and lay themselves upon their Backs there. So soon as they were down, the Ladders were drawn up, and the Earth presently thrown upon them by the Brethren, where they bury'd them alive. PH. But did the Polander say nothing all this while? TH. Not one syllable; for fear he himself should have made the Third. PH. But can they justifie This? TH. Yes, they may; when the Honour of the Order is in question: For see what came on't. This Man, when he had made his Escape, told what he had seen, in all Companies wherever he came; which brought a great Odium upon the Seraphique Order: And had it not been better now, that this man had been Bury'd alive? PH. It may be it had. But these Niceties apart: How comes it that when their Principal has order'd them to go bare-foot, they go now commonly half-shod? TH. This Injunction was moderated, for two Reasons. The One for fear they should tread upon Money at Unawares: The Other, for fear they should catch cold, or take any harm by Thorns, Snakes, sharp stones, and the like: For these people are fain to beat it upon the Hoof, all the world over. But however, for the Dignity of the Injunction, the Rule is sav'd by a Synecdoche: For ye may see Part of the Foot, naked through the Shoe, which, by That figure stands for the Whole. PH. They value themselves much upon their Profession of Evangelical

Perfection, which (they say) consists in Gospel Precepts: But about those Precepts, the Learned themselves are in a manner at Daggers-drawing. Now among those Gospel Precepts, which do you reckon to be the most Perfect? TH. That of the Fifth of St. Matthew, where ye have This Passage. Love your Enemies, Do good to them that Hate, and Pray for them that Persecute and Revile ye, that ye may be the Children of your Father which is in Heaven, who maketh his Sun to shine upon the Good, and upon the Evil, and sendeth Rain upon the Just and upon the Unjust. Therefore be ye Perfect, as your Heavenly Father is Perfect. PH. That's well said. But then our Heavenly Father is Rich, and Munificent to all People; Asking nothing of Any man. TH. And These, our Earthly Fathers, are Bountifull too; but it is of Spiritual Things, as of Prayers, and Good Works, of which they have enough for themselves, and to spare. PH. I would we had more Examples among them, of That Evangelical Charity, that returns Blessings for Cursings, and Good for Evil. What is the meaning of That Celebrated saying of Pope Alexander, There's less danger in affronting the most powerfull Prince or Emperor, than a single Franciscan or Dominican. TH. It is Lawfull to vindicate the Honour of the Order; and what's done to the least of them, is done to the whole Order. PH. And why not t'other way rather? The Good that is done to One, Extends to all. And why shall not an Injury to One Christian, as well engage all Christendom in a Revenge? Why did not St. Paul, when he was beaten, and stoned, call for succour against the Enemies of his Apostolical Character? Now if, according to the saying of our Saviour, it be better to Give, then to Receive; certainly he that lives and teaches well, and gives out of his Own to those that want, is much Perfecter, than he that is only upon the Receiving hand. Or else, St. Paul's Boast of Preaching the Gospel Gràtis, is Vain, and Idle. It seems to me, to be the best Proof of an Evangelical Disposition, for a man not to be mov'd with malicious Reproaches, and to preserve a Christian Charity, even for those that least deserve it. What does it signifie, for a man to Relinquish something of his Own, and then to live better upon another bodies; if when he has laid down his Avarice, he still reserves to himself a Desire of Revenge? The world is full every where of This Half-shod sort of People, with their Hempen Girdles; but there's not one of a Thousand of them, that lives according to the Precepts of our Saviour, and the Practice of his Apostles. TH. I am no stranger to the Tales that pass in the world for Current, among the Wicked, concerning That sort of People; but for my own Part, wherever I see the Sacred Habit, I reckon my self in the presence of the Angels of God; and That to be the Happiest House, where the Threshold is most worn by the Feet of These men. PH. And I am of Opinion too, that women are in no place so Fruitfull, as where These Holy men have most to do. St. Francis forgive me, Theotimus, for my great Mistakes; but really I took Their Garment to be no more than my Own; not one jot better, than the Habit of a Skipper, or a Shoemaker; setting aside the Holiness of the Person that wears it: As the Touch of our Saviour's Garment, we see cur'd the Woman of her Bloody Issue: And then I could not satisfie my self, supporting such Virtue in a Garment, whether I was to thank the Weaver, or the Taylor for it. TH. *Beyond* doubt, he that gives the Form, gives the Virtue. PH. Well, since so it is, I'le make my Life Easier thereafter, than it has been; and never trouble my self any more with the Fear of Hell, the Wearisom Tediousness of Confessions, or the Torments of Repentance.



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